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PHOLIAN SOCIETY

THE

MARTYRS;

OR,

THE TRIUMPH

OF THE

CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

C 3

FROM THE

ORIGINAL FRENCH

OF

F. A. DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

WITH NOTES.

VOL. II.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY WHITING AND WATSON.
John Forbes, Printer.

1812.

District of New-York, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the fourth day of May, in the thirty-sixth year of the independence of the United States of America, Whiting and Watson of the (L. S.) said district, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words and figures following, to wit:

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CHARLES CLINTON,
Clerk of the District of New-York.

02-3-33 Jur

THE

MARTYRS;

OR,

THE TRIUMPH

OF THE

CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

THE ARGUMENT.

Continuation of the recital of Eudorus. Eudorus at the court of Constantius. He passes over to the isle of the Britons. He obtains the honour of a triumph. He returns to Gaul. Is appointed governor of Armorica. The Gauls. Armorica. Episode of Velleda.

Gift
Tappan Presb. Assn.
1-17-1933

THE MARTYRS, &c.

BOOK IX.

Too faithful to her promises, the Dæmon of voluptuousness has penetrated into the gilded apartments of the disciple of false-wisdom. She awakens in his heart the half-smothered flame; she presents to his disordered mind the image of the daughter of Homer; she pierces him with an arrow dipped in the waters which cover the smoking ruins of Gomorrha. Could Hierocles have beheld the priestess of the muses resigning herself, at that very moment, to the influence of another love—could he have seen her eyes fixed upon Eudorus, as he prepared to resume his suspended narrative—what jealousy would not have raged in the soul of this enemy of the Christians! Alas, the terrible effects of that jealousy are but for a few days delayed! The family of Lasthenes enjoys with its guests the last moments of peace

which heaven grants to it here below. Assembled, as before, at the dawn of day, Lasthenes, his daughters and his spouse, Cyrillus, Demodocus and Cymodocea, seated at the gate of the orchard, lent an attentive ear to the words of the repenting warrior:

" I mentioned to you, my fathers, that Zachariah left me upon the frontiers of Gaul. Constantius was then at Lutetia.* After a fatiguing journey of many days, I arrived among the Belgæ of the Sequana.† The first object which struck my eyes in the marshes of the Parisii, was an octagonal tower, consecrated to eight Gallic gods. At the distance of two thousand paces south of Lutetia, and beyond the river that forms the island on which it stands, is seen the temple of Hesus ;‡

* Lutetia, now Paris.

† The inhabitants of the Isle of France. Ch. The Sequana separated the Belgæ from the Celtæ, and is now called the Seine.

‡ The Supreme Being was worshipped by the Gauls and Britons under the name of Hesus, a word expressive of Omnipotence—as *hizzur* is in the Hebrew. (Ps. xiv, 8.) But when the plurality of gods was introduced, Hesus was adored only as a particular divinity, who, by his great power, presided over war and armies, and was the same with Mars. And as the Germans, Gauls and Britons were a warlike people, they were great worshippers of Hesus, whose favour and assistance they endeavoured to gain by such cruel and bloody rites as could be acceptable only to a being who delighted in the destruction of mankind.

still nearer to the city, in a prairie upon the river's bank, rises a second temple dedicated to Isis ;* and, upon a hill towards the north, you behold the ruins of a third temple, formerly erected in honour of Teutates.† This hill is called the

* Antiquarians are not agreed, whether the Egyptian Isis was or was not adored in Germany. Tacitus says expressly (de Mor. Germ. § ix.) that "in some parts of the country of the Suevians, the worship of Isis is established." Brotier, in his annotations upon this passage, says, that inscriptions to Isis and Serapis (or Osiris, the mythological consort of Isis), have been frequently found in Germany: and Tacitus argues that the figure of a ship, the symbolic representation of the goddess, clearly proves that her worship was imported. The same conclusion must necessarily arise, when we recollect that one of the principal ceremonies in the celebration of the festival of Osiris consisted, as we learn from Plutarch (in Isid. et Os. p. 366), in bearing the Baris or sacred ark of Osiris to the sea. This ark, we are further informed by the same author, *(in loc. cit.)* contained within it the figure of a little boat in gold. Now there is every reason to believe that this golden boat was no other than the symbol of Isis, or of the noetic ark, and that Osiris, who according to Plutarch, p. 356, was compelled by Typhon or the Ocean to enter into an ark on the seventeenth day of the month Athyr, (the very day on which Noah and his family took refuge in the ark). See Genesis, c. vii, v. 11 and 13,) is in fact the same as Noah. If so, the reason why Isis was worshipped among the Suevii under the figure of a ship, is readily explained, and enforces the probability of her being the same allegorical personage adored by the Egyptians. See note, vol. i, p. 261.

† See note, p. 15, infra.

Mount-of-Mars, and is the place where Dennis received the palm of martyrdom.

"On approaching the Sequana, I perceived through a curtain of willows and walnut trees, its pure and transparent waters, which are sweet and wholesome, and which scarcely ever increase or diminish. Gardens, planted with fig-trees, which were bound with straw to preserve them from the frost, were the only ornaments of its banks. It was not without difficulty that I could discover the city of which I was in search, and which bears the name of Lutetia; that is to say, the beautiful stone, or the beautiful column.* A rustic at length pointed it out to me in the middle of the Sequana, on an island which extends itself in the form of a boat. Two wooden bridges, guarded by two castles, at which the tribute of Cæsar is collected, connect this miserable hamlet to the two opposite banks of the river.

"I entered into the capital of the Parisii by the northern bridge, and I beheld, in the interior of the village, nothing but huts of wood and earth, covered with straw and warmed by earthen stoves. I remarked only one monument; it was an altar erected to Jupiter by a company of mariners. But without the isle, on the opposite shore of the southern arm of the Sequana, I beheld, upon the

* Lutetia is supposed by some to have received its name from the quantity of clay, *lutum*, found in its neighbourhood.

hill Lucotitius, a Roman aqueduct, a circus, an amphitheatre, and the palace of the Thermæ,* inhabited by Constantius.

" As soon as Cæsar understood that I was at his palace gate, he exclaimed:

" Let the friend of my son enter!"

" I threw myself at the prince's feet; he raised me with affection, honoured me with eulogiums before his court, and taking me by the hand, made me accompany him into the council chamber. I related to him my adventures among the Franks. Constantius appeared delighted that these people had at length consented to lay aside their arms, and he instantly despatched a centurion to treat with them respecting the terms of peace. I remarked, with grief, that the paleness and debility of Constantius had increased.

" In the palace of the Cæsar I found collected the most illustrious among the Faithful of Gaul and of Italy. There shone Donatianus and Rogatianus, amiable brothers; Gervasius and Protasius, the

* The Thermæ were magnificent buildings erected by the Romans, and appropriated, like the Gymnasia of the Greeks, to every species both of bodily and mental recreation. Some confine the signification of this word to the warm baths, which were common to all those structures and considered a great luxury among the ancients.

Orestes and Pylades of the Christians ;* Proculus, of Marseilles; Justus, of Lugdunum; in fine, the son of the prefect of Gaul, Ambrose, the model of science, of firmness and of candour. It has been said of him, as it was of Xenophon, that he was nourished by bees; the church will find in him an orator and a great man.†

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* The friendship of Pylades and Orestes, as well as that of Damon and Pythias, has long been proverbial.

† Ambrose, first Consular of Liguria, and afterwards bishop of Milan, was one of the great fathers of the Christian Church. He was one of the most vigorous opposers of the then fashionable doctrines of Arius, and displayed the most admirable firmness in opposing the progress of those sectaries, although supported by the whole influence of the emperor Valentinian and his mother Justina. The same energy of character was again exhibited by him upon the occasion of the horrible massacre of the inhabitants of Thessalonica, by order of the great Theodosius, in which 7000, some say more than 15000, victims were offered to the manes of the murdered Botheric. Ambrose heard the account of the massacre with horror and anguish; he reproached Theodosius with the enormity of his crime; admonished him not to receive the holy sacrament with hands still dripping with the blood of an innocent populace; and stopping him in his approach to the church of Milan, declared to his sovereign, in a tone and language worthy of the ambassador of heaven, that private contrition was not sufficient to atone for a public fault, or to appease the justice of an offended Deity. When Theodosius replied, that David, the man after God's own heart, had been guilty both of murder and adultery, the undaunted Ambrose rejoined, "You have imitated David in his crime; imitate him then in

"I was extremely anxious to learn from the mouth of Constantius the changes that had taken place at the court of Dioclesian during the time of my captivity. He soon afterwards requested me to attend him in the palace gardens, which descend in the form of an amphitheatre upon the hill Lucotitius, to the prairie in which stands the temple of Isis, upon the border of the Sequana."

"Eudorus," said he, "we are about to march against Carausius,* and to deliver Britain from

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his repentance." It was not until the lapse of eight months, that Theodosius was restored to the privilege of communion; in the interval of which he appeared, stripped of the insignia of royalty, in a suppliant posture, in the church of Milan, soliciting the pardon of his sins, and also signed an edict enjoining a space of thirty days between any sentence of death, or confirmation, and its execution. (Vide Gibbon's Decline, &c. v. iii, p. 432 et seq.) What a striking comment is this upon the beautiful sentiment with which Eudorus concludes his delineation of the character of the young prince Constantine. "Ah! how unfortunate are princes in being promptly obeyed!" &c. See vol. 1, p. 113.

* Carausius was a native of Menapia, or Maritime Flanders; and although his birth was mean, *vilissime natus*, as Eutropius says of him, he so advanced himself by his naval skill as a pilot, and by his experience and valour in maritime expeditions under Probus and his successors, that becoming obnoxious on account of his treachery and ambition to Maximian, he ventured to assume in Britain the imperial purple, and the title of Augustus, and at length bade defiance to his injured sovereign. This event happened soon after the association of Dioclesian and Maximian. Carausius at length

that tyrant who has usurped the imperial purple. But before we depart for this province, it will be proper to make you acquainted with the state of affairs at Rome, in order that you may regulate your conduct respecting what I am going to impart to you. You, perhaps, remember, that when you first joined me in Gaul, Dioclesian had gone to quell the disturbances in Egypt, and that Galerius was engaged in a war with the Persians. The latter has obtained a victory: from this moment his pride and his ambition know no bounds. He has espoused Valeria, the daughter of Dioclesian, and he openly manifests his thirst of empire, by his endeavours to force his father-in-law to abdicate the purple. Dioclesian, who begins to grow old, and whose mind is enfeebled by disease, can scarcely resist any longer the efforts of this ungrateful Cæsar. The creatures of Galerius triumph. Your enemy, Hierocles, is in the highest favour; he has been appointed pro-consul of Peloponnesus, your native country. My son is exposed to a thousand dangers. Galerius has sought to destroy him; once by obliging him to

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succeeded so far as to extort from the temporary weakness of the emperors a reluctant acknowledgement of his assumed titles, which he enjoyed for seven years; when the Roman arms acquiring new vigour, the war was again commenced against the usurper, and the command of the expedition committed to the brave Constantius. The event was as stated in the text.

fight against a lion, and a second time by charging him with the command of a dangerous enterprize against the Sarmatians.* In fine, Galerius favours Maxentius, the son of Maximian, although in reality he likes him not, except as he shews himself the rival of Constantine. Thus do all things, Eudorus, announce an approaching revolution. But as long as breath is left me, I fear not the jealousy of Galerius. Let my son but escape from his guards, let him only join his father, they shall learn, should they dare to attack me, that the affections of his people are a prince's impregnable rampart."

"A few days after this conversation, we set out for the isle of the Britons, which the ocean separates from the rest of the world. The Picts had attacked the wall of Agricola, which Tacitus has rendered immortal.† On the other side, Carausius, in order more effectually to defend himself against Constantius, had revived the an-

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* Both these facts are recorded by an anonymous writer quoted by Gibbon. See Decline, &c. v. 2, p. 6.

† This wall consisted of a chain of strong forts extending across the whole island of Great Britain from the Frith of Forth to the Clyde, a distance of about 30 miles. See Tac. Life of Agricola § xxii. Upon the same line, Lollius Urbicus, governor of Britain, under the reign of Antoninus Pius, erected a wall or rampart, some of the ruins of which, as well as of the forts of Agricola, are still to be found.

See Gordon's Itinerary, p. 20.

cient feuds between Caractacus and queen Boadicea. Thus were we plunged at the same time into the troubles of civil discord and the horrors of foreign war. A small portion of the courage inherent in the blood from which I sprung, and a course of fortunate events, conducted me from rank to rank to the station of first-tribune of the Britannic legion. I was soon afterwards created master of the horse, and I commanded the army when the Picts were vanquished under the walls of Petuaria;* a colony planted by the Parisii of the Gauls upon the banks of the Abus.† I attacked Carausius upon the Thamesis,‡ a river covered with reeds, and which washes the marshy village of Londinium.§ The usurper had chosen this field of battle, because the Britons fancied themselves, when in that place invincible; there, arose an ancient tower,¶ from whose summit a bard announced, in prophetic strains, that Christian tombs would one day render that tower illustrious. Carausius was vanquished; and was afterwards assassinated by his own soldiers. Constantius yielded to me all the glory of the victory. He despatched my letters to the Emperor encir-

* Beverly, in the county of York in England. Ch.
† The Thames. Ch.
‡ The Humber. Ch.
§ London. Ch.
¶ Westminster. Ch.

cled with laurel.* He solicited and obtained for me the statue and the honours which supply the place of a triumph. We soon afterwards returned into Gaul, and Cæsar, wishing to give me a new proof of his powerful friendship, appointed me governor of Armorica. I prepared to depart for those provinces where the religion of the Druids still flourished, and whose borders were often insulted by the Barbarians of the North.

"When the necessary preparations for my journey were completed, Rogatian, Sebastian, Gervasius, Protasius, and all the Christians of the palace of Cæsar, came to bid me adieu.

"We will, perhaps, meet again at Rome, said "they, in the midst of trials and persecutions. "May religion again unite us at the hour of death, "as old friends and faithful Christians!"

"I continued several months among the Gauls, previous to departing for my province. Never will any country present a similar mixture of manners, of religion, of civilization, and of barbarism. Divided between the Greeks, the Romans and the Gauls, between the Christians and the worshippers of Jupiter and of Teutates,† it displays every variety of contrast.

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* "The laurel" says Pliny, "is always affixed by the Romans to their letters, and to the spears and javelins of the soldiers, as a messenger of joy and victory."

† Teutates was, like Hesus, another name or attribute of

" Immense Roman ways traverse the forests of the Druids. In the colonies of the victors, in the midst of savage wilds, you behold the most beautiful monuments of Grecian and Roman architecture—aqueducts of three rows of arches suspended over torrents—amphitheatres—capitols—temples of the most finished elegance; and not far from these colonies, you find the round huts of the Gauls, their fortresses of logs and of stones, upon whose gateways are nailed paws of wolves, carcases of owls, and bones of the dead. At Lugdunum, at Narbonne, at Massilia, at Burdigalia, the Gallic youth successfully exercise themselves in the art of Demosthenes and of Cicero; at a small distance from these places, in the mountain, you hear only a gross language, like the hoarse croaking of the raven. A Roman castle appears upon the summit of a rock; a Christian chapel rears its head from the bottom

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the supreme Being, being compounded of the two British words, "Deu-Tatt," or God the Father, and was worshipped by the Gauls and Britons as a particular divinity. By the progress of idolatry, Teutates was degraded into the sovereign of the infernal world, and became the same with Dis, or Pluto of the Greeks and Romans, or, as others think with Mercury, and was worshipped in such a manner as could be agreeable to none but an infernal power. (See Baxter, Gloss. Brit. p. 277. Cæs. de Bell. Gall. lib. 6, c. 18. Dionys. Halicarn. lib. 1, p. 16.)

of a valley near the altar where the Eubage* slaughters the human victim. I have seen the legionary soldier watching in the bosom of a desert upon the ramparts of a camp—and the Gaul, become a senator, entangling his Roman toga in the thickets of his native woods. I have seen the vines of Falernus ripening upon the hills of Augustodunum, the olive tree of Corinth flowering at Massilia, and the bee of Attica diffusing fragrance throughout the province of Narbonensis.

" But the chief subject of admiration in Gaul, and that which forms the principal characteristic of the country, is its forests. Here and there are found, scattered throughout their vast bosoms, Roman camps which are now abandoned. Skeletons of the horse and his rider are discovered buried under the earth. The grain which the soldiers formerly sowed for their sustenance, exhibits the appearance of a foreign and civilized colony in the midst of the wild and native productions of the Gauls. I could not recognize but with an emotion of tenderness these domestic plants, some of which were originally from Greece. They were scattered upon the hills and along the vallies, according to the peculiarities of their natal soil: thus is it with exiled families; they always

* The Eubages were priests of the Druids, and were held in the greatest estimation.

prefer those scites which bear some resemblance to their native country.

" I still recollect an encounter which I had with a man among the ruins of one of those Roman camps; he was a Barbarian herdsmen. Whilst his famished herd were fast destroying the work of the masters of the world, by tearing out the roots that grew under its walls, he, tranquilly seated upon the remains of a decuman gate,* pressed under his arm a bag filled with wind; he thus animated a kind of flute whose notes varied in softness according to his taste. In contemplating the profound indifference with which this rustic trampled upon the camp of the Cæsars, how much he preferred his rude instrument and his goatskin dress to the high and lofty recollections of grandeur and magnificence, I ought to have felt how small and trifling are the essential requisites of life; and that after all, in a period of so short a duration, it is a matter of equal indifference whether we frighten the earth by the

* The Roman Camp had four gates. 1. The Porta principalis dextra, or principal gate on the right: 2. The Porta principalis sinistra, or principal gate on the left. 3. The Porta extraordinaria, or as it was otherwise called the Porta Prætoria, or Prætorian gate, which was sometimes on the eastern side, and sometimes on the side next to the enemy; and 4. the Porta decumana, the Decuman gate, immediately opposite the porta prætoria, Vegetius de Re Militari, lib. 1, cap. 23.

flourishing of the clarion, or charm the woods by the soft strains of the bag-pipe.*

" I at length arrived among the Rhedones.† Armorica presented to my view nought but heaths, forests, deep and narrow vallies, traversed by small rivers which the sailor never navigates, and which bear their unknown waters to the ocean: a solitary, gloomy, tempestuous region, enveloped in fogs, resounding with the roar of winds, and whose coasts, bristling with rocks, are lashed by a stormy sea.

" The castle at which I commanded, situated a few miles from the ocean, was an ancient Gallic fortress, enlarged by Julius Cæsar during his wars against the Veneti and the Curiosolitæ. It was built upon a rock, protected in the rear by a forest, and washed by the waters of a lake.

" There, separated from the world, I lived for several months in uninterrupted solitude. This retreat was of use to me. I descended into my

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* The bag-pipe was not unknown to the ancients. It was called by the Greeks, *ασκαυλος*; by the Romans, *tibia utricularis*. The Italians call it *piva, cornamusa;* the Spaniards *gaita, cornamusa;* the French *musette* and *chalumeau*. In the first edition of the Encyclopedie Francoise there is a minute and elaborate description of this instrument, its construction, scale, &c. By the ornaments mentioned, it must have been admitted into good company.

† The Rhedones were a people who inhabited the banks of the Rhine.

dared to touch since my separation from Zachariah; I engaged in the study of religion. I lost every portion of that bitter inquietude which is nourished and increased by an intercourse with mankind. I already calculated upon a victory, which required a strength far superior to what I at that time possessed. My soul was still feeble from the effects of its former indifference and vicious habits; I even found in the doubts of my mind and in the laxity of my sentiments, a charm which captivated my reason and soothed my conscience; my passions were like seductive females who fascinate by their caresses.

"These pursuits were suddenly interrupted by an event, the result of which was to prove to me a matter of the highest importance.

"The soldiers informed me that, for some days past, a female had been seen to issue, at night-fall, from the woods, enter into a bark, traverse the lake, land upon the opposite shore, and there disappear.

"I was not ignorant that the Gauls entrust to their women secrets of the utmost moment; that they often submit, to a council of their wives and daughters, affairs which they are unable to settle among themselves.* The inhabitants of own heart; I probed the wounds which I had not

* It was a common practice among all the Celtic nations for the women to assist in their deliberations respecting peace or war. The origin of this custom is related by Plutarch in

Armorica had preserved their primitive manners and bore the Roman yoke with impatience. Brave, as are all the Gauls, even to temerity, they are distinguished by a peculiar frankness of character, by violent love and hatred, and by an obstinacy of opinion which nothing can change or conquer.

" One circumstance somewhat re-assured me; there were a great number of Christians in Armorica, and the Christians are faithful subjects; but Clair, pastor of the church of the Rhedones, an excellent man, was then at Condivicnum;* and he only could give me the information that I wished. The smallest degree of negligence would have ruined me with Dioclesian, and involved my protector, Constantius. I determined, therefore, not to neglect the report of the soldiers. But as I was aware of the brutality of these men, I determined to take upon myself the charge of watching the motions of the Gaul.

" Towards night I put on my arms, which I covered with a cloak, and issuing secretly from

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his Treatise on the Virtues of the Female Sex. The same attention was paid to the sex among the Germans, as we learn from Cæsar (com. lib. 1, § 50), among the Cimbri, as we are told by Strabo (Geogr. ch. vii), among the inhabitants of Bretagne according to Mela (de Situ Orbis, lib. iii, c. 6.), and still prevails as we well know among many of the Indian tribes of our own country.

* A small town of Gaul, now Nantes.

the castle, I repaired to the border of the lake and stationed myself near the spot that had been pointed out to me by the soldiers.

" Concealed among the rocks, I waited for some time without seeing any person appear. All at once my ear is struck with sounds which the wind bears to me from the middle of the lake. I listen, and distinguish the accents of a human voice. At the same instant, I perceive a skiff suspended upon the summit of a billow; it descends, it disappears between two waves, and again mounts upon the swelling surge; it approaches the shore; a female impels it; she sings as she labours against the tempest, and seems to delight in the raging of the winds; you would have said that the storm was subject to her will—so calmly did she brave its dangers. I saw her cast from time to time into the lake, by way of sacrifice, pieces of cloth, scraps of wool, morsels of wax, and small fragments of gold and silver.

" She soon strikes the shore, leaps upon the bank, fastens her bark to the trunk of a willow, and enters the wood, supporting herself upon a poplar branch which she held in her hand. She passed close by my side without observing me. Her stature was tall; a black tunic, short and without sleeves, scarcely served to cover her nakedness. She wore a golden sickle suspended to a girdle of brass, and her head was crowned

with a branch of the sacred oak.* The whiteness of her arms and of her complexion, her blue eyes, her lips which vied with the blushing rose, her long flaxen hair which floated lightly upon her shoulders, announced a daughter of the Gauls, and formed a striking contrast with her fierce and savage air. She sang with a sweet and melodious voice words of horrid import, and her naked bosom rose and fell like the white surge of the ocean.

"I followed her at a distance. She first traversed a grove of chesnuts, whose tops were almost all withered by the hand of time. We then marched for more than an hour upon a heath covered with moss and fern. At the termination of this heath we found a wood, in the bosom of which we came to another heath of several miles in circumference. Its surface had never been disturbed by the husbandman, and was so thickly covered with stones as to render it wholly inaccessible to the scythe or the plough. At the extremity of this plain arose one of those isolated

* "The Druids (says Pliny) have so high an esteem for "the oak, that they do not perform the least religious cere- "mony, without being adorned with garlands of its leaves. "These philosophers believe, that every thing which grows "upon that tree comes from heaven; and that God hath cho- "sen that tree above all others."

Plin. Nat. Hist, l. 16, c. 44.

rocks which the Gauls call Dolmen, and which serve to point out some warrior's tomb. The ploughman will one day contemplate, in the midst of his furrows, these shapeless pyramids: astonished at the prodigious magnitude of the monument, he will perhaps attribute to invisible and malicious powers that which is only a proof of the strength and rudeness of his ancestors.*

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* I apprehend this to be the same kind of stone deity described by Dr. Borlase in his account of Cornwall, under the name of Tolmen, which, according to him, signifies, *the hole of stone.* "It consists, says he, of a large orbicular stone, supported by two stones, betwixt which there is a passage. The most astonishing monument of this kind, is in the tenement of Men, in the parish of Constantine, Cornwall. It is one vast egg-like stone, placed on the points of two natural rocks, so that a man may creep under the great one, and between its supporters, through a passage about three feet high, and as much wide. The longest diameter of this stone is thirty-three feet, pointing due north and south, end to end; it is fourteen feet six inches deep; and the breadth in the middle of the surface, where widest, was eighteen feet six inches wide from east to west." "This stone, he continues, is no less wonderful for its position than its size; for, although the under part is nearly semicircular, yet it rests on the two large rocks; and so light and detached does it stand, that it touches the two under stones, but as it were on their points." And again, "it is remarkable that these Tolmens rest on supporters, and do not touch the earth, agreeably to an established principle of the Druids, who thought that every thing that was sacred would be profaned by touching the ground; and therefore, as I imagine, ordered it so, as that these deities should

" Night had now fallen. The youthful female stopped not far from the pile, clapped her hands three times, while she pronounced with a loud voice these mysterious words:

" New-year to the misletoe!"

" A thousand lights instantly appeared in the bosom of the wood; each oak seemed to give birth to a Gaul; the Barbarians issued in crowds from their retreats: some were completely armed; others bore a branch of oak in their right hands, and a torch in their left. Under favour of my disguise, I mingled with the troop: the confusion which at first prevailed was soon succeeded by order and tranquillity, and they formed a solemn procession.

" The Eubages marched at their head, leading two white bulls intended as victims; then followed the Bardi* singing upon a kind of guitar the praises of Teutates; after them came the disciples; they were accompanied by a herald at arms habited in white; his head was covered with a hat ornamented with two wings, and he held in his

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rest upon the pure rock, and not be defiled by touching the common earth." For further information relative to this curious monument of Druidical worship, its probable uses, &c. see Borlase's Antiquities, historical and monumental, of the county of Cornwall, &c. p. 174.

* The Bardi, or Bards were the heroic, historical and genealogical poets of the Gauls and Britons.

hand a branch of vervain entwined by two serpents. Three Senanes,* representing three Druids, advanced in the suit of the herald at arms: one carried a loaf of bread, another a vase filled with water, and the third an ivory hand. At length appeared the Druidess (I now recognized her profession) who closed the solemn train. She occupied the place of the Arch-Druid from whom she was descended.

"They advanced towards the oak of thirty years, on which they had discovered the sacred misletoe. At the foot of the tree they prepared an altar of turf. The Senanes burned upon it a little bread and sprinkled it with a few drops of pure wine. Then an Eubage, clothed in white, mounted the oak, and, with the golden sickle of the Druidess, severed the misletoe from its trunk; a white sagum stretched out under the tree, received the holy plant; the other Eubages felled the victims, and the misletoe, divided into equal parts, was distributed throughout the assembly.†

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* Gallic philosophers who succeeded to the Druids.

† The Gauls and Britons had several annual festivals, which were observed with great devotion; of this kind was the august solemnity of cutting the misletoe from the oak, which was performed by the arch-druid; and is thus described by Pliny: "The Druids held nothing so sacred as the misletoe of the oak; as this is very scarce and rarely to be found, when any of it is discovered, they go with great pomp and ceremony on a certain day to gather it. When they have got

"This ceremony being ended, they returned to the tomb; they planted a naked sword into the ground to designate the centre of the Mallus or council: at the foot of the Dolmen were fixed two other stones supporting a third which lay horizontally upon them.* The Druidess mounts upon this tribunal. The Gauls, armed and standing, surround her, whilst the Senanes, and the Eubages, raise their torches: their hearts are melted by this scene which recals to their minds the recollection of their ancient freedom. Warriors, whose locks are whitened by age, shed tears

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every thing in readiness under the oak, both for the sacrifice and the banquet which they make on this great festival, they begin by tying two white bulls to it by the horns, then one of the Druids, clothed in white, mounts the tree, and with a knife of gold, cuts the misletoe, which is received in a white sagum; this done, they proceed to their sacrifices and feastings." Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 14, cap. 44. This festival is said to have been kept as near as the age of the moon permitted to the 10th of March, which was their New-year's day. The misletoe is a plant as rare as it is extraordinary. It grows only upon another tree, generally the oak, and its name imports, *the curer of all ills.* See the Abbe St. Pierre's Fragments of Arcadia.

* This was the *crom-leche.* They are common in Ireland, the remote parts of Scotland and the neighbouring isles. Mr. Toland says that they were places of worship, so called from bowing, the word *crom-leche* being derived from *crom* or *crum*, which in Armoric, Irish, or Welsh signifies "*bent*," and *lech* or *leac*, a broad stone; thus *crom-leche* being literally the "*bowing stone.*" See Toland's Hist. of the Druids.

which fall in large drops, and roll along their bucklers. Bending before her, and resting upon their lances, they seem already listening to the words of the Druidess.

" She moved her eyes for some time over these warriors, the representatives of a people who first dared to say to mankind: " Woe to the vanquished!" Impious curse, it has now fallen upon their own heads! The countenance of the Druidess betrayed the emotions which she experienced from this example of the vicissitudes of fortune. But she soon recovered, and thus addressed the attentive multitude:

" Faithful children of Teutates, ye who, whilst " your country lies buried in slavery, have pre- " served the religion and the laws of your fathers, " I cannot behold you thus assembled without " shedding tears of sorrow! Is this the remnant " of that nation which once gave laws to the " world? Where are those flourishing States of " Gaul, that council of females, to which the great " Hannibal became subject? Where are those " Druids who educated in their sacred colleges " thousands of ingenious youth? Proscribed by " the tyrants, a few only exist, unknown, in wild " and savage caves! Velleda, a feeble Druidess, " is all that now remains to you! O isle of Sayna,*

* Perhaps the isle of Jersey. Ch. Pomponius Mela tells

" venerable and sacred isle, of nine virgins who " officiated at thy sanctuary, I alone remain. " Soon will Teutates possess neither priests nor " altars. But why should we despair? I have " to announce to you the assistance of a power- " ful ally; must the picture of your sufferings be " again held up to you, in order to excite you to " arms? Slaves from your birth, ye have passed " but a few years under the education of your " Roman masters. What are ye? I know not. " Arrived at the age of manhood, you must die " upon the frontiers in the defence of your ty- " rants, or till the fields which give them nourish- " ment. Doomed to the severest toils, you cut " down your forests, you form, with unheard of " labour, roads which are to introduce slavery " into the very bosom of your country: servitude, " oppression and death, uttering cries of exulta- " tion, rush forward through these avenues as " soon as you lay them open. In fine, should you " survive these outrages, you will be transported " to Rome: there, confined in an amphitheatre, " you will be be compelled to turn your arms

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us (de Situ Orbis, b. III, c. 6) that, in an island on the coast of Brittanny, there was an ancient oracle where nine virgins attended as priestesses, and issued their responses. Besides their prescience of futurity, they had the power to imprison the winds, or by their incantations to raise storms and tempests.

" against each other, to amuse by your agonies " a cruel and ferocious populace. Gauls, there is " a nobler way to visit Rome! Recollect that " your name signifies a traveller. Present your- " selves before the Capitol, like those terrible " travellers your fathers and predecessors. They " ask for you at the amphitheatre of Titus? Go! " Obey the illustrious crowd by whom you are " demanded. Go teach the Romans how to die; " —but in a manner quite different from that of " pouring out your blood at their feet: long enough " have they studied the lesson—now make them " practise it. I do not propose what is impossi- " ble. The tribes of the Franks which were " established in Spain, are now returning to their " country; their fleet may be seen from your " coasts; they wait only the signal to fly to your " aid. But should heaven crown not our efforts, " should the fortune of the Cæsars still prevail, " it is well; we will seek with the Franks a cor- " ner of the world where slavery is unknown! " Whether foreign nations grant or refuse to us " a country, a place can never be wanting in " which to live or to die."

" It is impossible, my fathers, to describe to you the effect of this discourse, pronounced by the light of torches, upon a heath, near a tomb, in the blood of half slaughtered oxen, whose last roarings mingled with the blast of the tempest; such are represented to us those assemblies of

the Spirits of darkness which magicians convoke at midnight in places of gloomy and terrific wildness. Their heated imaginations left no authority to reason. They resolved without deliberation to unite themselves with the Franks. Three times did a warrior endeavour to oppose their resolve: three times did they force him to silence, and at the third time the herald at arms cut off the skirt of his mantle.

"This, however, was but the prelude to a scene of horror. The crowd demanded, with loud cries, the sacrifice of a human victim, that they might the better ascertain the designs of heaven. The Druids always preserved for these sacrifices some malefactor whom the laws had already condemned. The Druidess was obliged to declare that, since no victim had been prepared, religion demanded an aged man as an offering the most agreeable to Teutates.*

"An iron basin was immediately produced to receive the blood of the old man to be sacrificed

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* That human victims were sacrificed by the Druids to their two principal gods Hesus and Teutates, we learn from Lactantius, de Fals. Relig. lib. 1, c. 21, and from Lucan's Pharsalia l. 1, v. 445.

Et quibus immitis placatur sanguine diro
Teutates, horrensque feris altaribus Hesus.
And you, where Hesus' horrid altar stands,
And dire Teutates human blood demands.
Rowe's Lucan.

by Velleda. The basin was placed before her upon the earth. She had not descended from the funeral tribunal from which she harangued the people; but she was seated upon a triangle of brass, her garments disordered, her hair dishevelled, holding a poniard in her hand, whilst a torch lay blazing under her feet. I know not how this scene would have ended: perhaps I myself, might have fallen under the swords of the Barbarians in endeavouring to interrupt the sacrifice; but heaven, in its goodness, or in its wrath, put an end to my horrible situation. The stars sunk in the west. The Gauls feared lest they should be surprized by day-light. They resolved to postpone the sacrifice until Dis,* the god of darkness, should enshroud the heavens in another night. The crowd dispersed over the heath and the lights were extinguished. A few torches only, agitated by the wind, gleamed here and there in the bosom of the woods, whilst the distant chorus of the Bardi rose upon the ear, singing as they retired these inauspicious words:

"Teutates will have blood; he has spoken in

* Dis is a contraction of the Latin word dives, riches: and is used as a synonyme both of Plutus, the god of riches, and Pluto, the king of the gloomy regions, or Hell. Lempriere and some other mythologists say, that Plutus and Pluto are two entirely different personages—See Lemp. Clas. Dic. in voc. But Cicero (de Nat. Deor. lib. 11, c. 26)—Fulgentius, (Mythol. l. 1, c. 4.) and Julius Firmicus (de Err. Prof. Rel. p. 17) assure us that they were the same.

"the oak of the Druids. The sacred misletoe "has been cut with a golden sickle, at the sixth "day of the moon,* on the first day of the year. "Teutates will have blood; he has spoken in the "oak of the Druids."

"I hastened to return to the castle: I called together the Gallic tribes. When they were all assembled at the foot of the fortress, I declared to them my knowledge of their seditious convocation and of their conspiracy against Cæsar.

"The Barbarians were petrified with horror. Surrounded by Roman soldiers, they believed their last moment had arrived. Shrieks and groans suddenly filled the air. A troop of females burst from the assembly. They were Christians, and carried in their arms their newly baptized infants. They fell at my feet, they demanded pardon for their husbands, their sons, their brothers; they presented to me their newborn offspring and besought me, in the name of that peaceful generation, to be mild and merciful.

"How could I have resisted their prayers? How could I have forgotten the lessons of the

* The Druids divided the year into lunations, commencing with the sixth day of one moon and terminating with the same day of another; and the first day of every lunar month according to their mode of reckoning, or the sixth, according to our computation, was held as a religious festival. The reason of this is, because the moon is by that time grown strong enough, though not arrived at half its fulness. See Plin. Nat. Hist. l. 16, c. 44.

charitable Zachariah? I raised the females from their supplicating posture:

"My sisters," said I, "I grant the pardon which "you demand in the name of Jesus Christ, our "common master. You shall be answerable for "your husbands, and I will be satisfied with your "promise that they will remain faithful to Cæsar."

"The Armoricans uttered cries of joy, and extolled to the skies a clemency which cost me nothing. Before dismissing them, I obtained from them a promise to renounce those horrid sacrifices, which had already been proscribed by Tiberius and even by Nero himself. I demanded also that they should put into my hands as hostages the Druidess Velleda, and her father Segenax, the first magistrate of the Rhedones. On the same evening the hostages were delivered; I gave them a residence in the castle. I despatched a fleet which encountered that of the Franks and compelled it to abandon the shores of Armorica. Tranquillity again prevailed. This adventure was attended with important consequences to myself, of which you still remain to be informed."

Here Eudorus suddenly stopped. He appeared embarrassed; his eyes fell, but turned unconsciously upon Cymodocea, who blushed as though she had penetrated into the thoughts of Eudorus. Cyrillus perceived their confusion, and immediately addressing himself to the spouse of Lasthenes:

"Sephora," said he, "I wish to offer up the holy

sacrifice for Eudorus when he shall have ended his story. Will you go and prepare the altar?"

Sephora arose, and her daughters followed her example. The timid Cymodocea dared not remain alone with the old men: she accompanied the females, but not without a pang of regret.

Demodocus, who saw her trip over the velvet turf like a sprightly fawn, full of joy exclaimed:

"What glory can equal that of a father who beholds his offspring shoot up and expand their beauties under his eyes! Jupiter loved his son Hercules with the utmost tenderness: immortal as he was, he was sensible to the fears and the bitter pangs of mortality, for he had assumed the heart and the feelings of a father. Beloved Eudorus, thou givest birth to the same anxieties and the same delights in the bosom of thy parents. Continue thy story. I love thy Christians: children of Prayers, they appear every where, like their parents, in the train of Injustice, to repair the evils which she creates. They are courageous as lions, and tender as doves; their hearts are peaceful and intelligent; 'tis much to be lamented that they are ignorant of Jupiter! But, Eudorus, I still speak notwithstanding my wish to hear your narration. My son, such are old men: when they begin to discourse, they are inchanted by their own wisdom: a god animates them, and they cannot restrain the impulse."

Eudorus resumed his narrative.

THE ARGUMENT.

Continuation of the recital. Conclusion of the episode of Velleda.

BOOK X.

"I OBSERVED to you, my fathers, that Velleda was to dwell with her parent in the castle. Vexation and restlessness soon brought upon Segenax a burning fever, during the continuance of which I rendered him every assistance that humanity required. I went every day to visit the father and the daughter in the tower to which they had been conveyed. This conduct, so different from that of other Roman governors, charmed the unfortunate pair: the old man was restored to health, and the Druidess, who had exhibited the greatest depression of mind, appeared tranquil and contented. I encountered her, wandering alone, with a gay and joyous air, in the courts of the castle, in the halls, in the galleries, the secret passages, the winding stairs which led to the top of the fortress; she multiplied under my steps, and often, when I believed her with her father, she would suddenly appear, like an apparition, in the dark recesses of a gloomy corridor.

"This female was above the common grade. Like all the Gauls, she displayed a character at once capricious and attractive. Her eye was

quick, the expression of her mouth somewhat disdainful, and her smile singularly sweet and spiritual. Her manners were sometimes cold, sometimes voluptuous; her deportment exhibited a compound of negligence and dignity, of artfulness and unaffected simplicity. I would have been astonished at finding in a kind of savage a profound acquaintance with the literature of Greece and with the history of her own country, had I not known that Velleda was descended from the family of the Arch-Druid, and that she had been educated by one of the Senanes, with the express view of being attached to the order of the Gallic priests. Pride predominated in the character of this Barbarian, and her sentiments often arose beyond the bounds of propriety and order.

"I continued one night walking alone to a late hour in a hall of arms, from which the heavens were invisible, except through some long and narrow crevices between the thick stones of the ceiling. A few rays of star-light which penetrated through these openings, were brilliantly reflected from the lances and eagles that were ranged in order along the walls. I had not lighted a torch, and was walking in the midst of darkness.

"Suddenly, at one extremity of the gallery, a faint twilight fell upon the gloom. It increased by degrees, and I soon beheld Velleda. She carried in her hand one of those Roman lamps which are usually suspended by a chain of gold. Her

flaxen locks, gathered after the manner of the Greeks upon the top of her head, were ornamented by a crown of vervain, a plant esteemed sacred among the Druids. Her only covering was a white tunic: no prince's daughter could have displayed more beauty, dignity and grandeur.

"She suspended her lamp by the straps of a buckler, and approaching me, she said;

"My father sleeps;—seat yourself;—listen."

"I took from the wall a trophy composed of pikes and of javelins, placed it upon the earth, and we seated ourselves upon this pile of arms, immediately in front of the lamp.

"Knowest thou," said the young Barbarian, "that I am a fairy?"

"I asked the meaning of this word.

"The Gallic fairies," she replied, "possess the power of exciting tempests, of commanding them, of rendering themselves invisible, of assuming the forms of different animals."*

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* The superstitious belief in the existence and powers of a species of supernatural beings called fairies, is of a very ancient date. They are evidently of eastern origin, though the period of their introduction into Europe is not certainly known. They were probably invented by the Persians and Arabs, whose history, religion and popular legends, abound with accounts of fairies, inchanters, dragons, &c. The Persians call them Peri, and the Arabians, Ginn; attributing to them, as every reader of the Arabian Nights, the Arabian Tales, the Tales of the Genii, &c. will recollect, a peculiar

"I do not believe in such a power, said I gravely. How can you rationally fancy yourself possessed of a power which you have never exercised? My religion forbids such superstitions. The whirlwind and the tempest are subject to God alone."

"I do not speak to thee of thy God," answered she with impatience. "Tell me; didst thou hear last night the murmuring of a fountain in the woods, and the moaning of the breeze in the grass which grows upon thy window? It was I who sighed in the fountain and in the breeze! I have found that thou lovest the murmuring of waters and of winds.

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country which they were supposed to inhabit, called by them Ginnistan, and by us Fairy-land. For particular descriptions of these fanciful beings, see Spencer's Fairy Queen, the whole machinery of which is composed of fairies—Shakspeare's Midsummer-Night's Dream—and the well written story of Henry Fitzowen, in the first volume of Drake's Literary Hours, in which are finely contrasted the superstitious doctrine respecting the "awful ministration of the spectre,"

"Of ghastly fear and darkest midnight born,
Far in a blasted dale,
Mid Lapland's woods and noisome wastes forlorn,
Where lurid hags the moon's pale orbit hail;

And that which relates to the "innocent gambols of the fairy,"

Of Hesper born and Cynthia pale,
That wont the same rude name to bear,
Yet gentle all and void of fear."

" I pitied the infatuated girl: and she read the sentiment upon my countenance.

" I pity thee," said she. " But if thou believest me the child of folly, it is owing only to thyself. Why hast thou shown so much compassion towards my father? Why hast thou treated me with so much kindness? I am a virgin—a virgin of the isle of Sayna; whether I preserve or violate my vows, 'tis equal. I must die—and thou wilt be the cause. This is what I came to tell thee. Farewell!"

" She arose, took down her lamp, and disappeared.

" Never, my fathers, have I experienced a pang such as I then felt. Nothing is so painful as the consciousness of having disturbed the bosom of innocence. I slumbered in the midst of dangers, satisfied with observing in myself a respect for virtue and a vague intention of one day returning to the fold. This luke-warmness was to be punished. I had fostered the passions in my heart with complacency, and it was just that I should undergo the chastisement of the passions!

" Heaven, for this end, deprived me of every means that might have enabled me to avoid the danger. Clair, the Christian pastor, was absent; Segenax was as yet too feeble to leave the castle, and I could not, without inhumanity, separate the daughter from the father. I was therefore obli-

ged to guard against my internal enemy, and to expose myself, however reluctantly, to its attacks. In vain did I cease to visit the old man; in vain did I shun the presence of Velleda: I found her every where; she waited whole days in places which I could not avoid, and there would she compel me to listen to her tales of love.

"I felt, it is true, that Velleda would never inspire me with a real attachment; she wanted for me that secret charm which forms the destiny of our lives; but the daughter of Segenax was young, she was beautiful, she was passionate: and when burning words fell from her lips, my brain took fire, and reason and virtue often seemed ready to abandon me.

"At some distance from the castle, in one of those groves which the Druids call sacred,* stood

* Groves, appropriated to the celebration of religious rites, and therefore held sacred, were very common throughout Germany and Gaul. In the Annals of Tacitus (l. iv, § 73) we find a grove sacred to Hercules—and another sacred grove occurs in his History, (l. iv, § 14). One of these Druidical groves is thus described by Lucan:

Not far away, for ages past had stood
An old unviolated sacred wood:
Whose gloomy boughs thick interwoven made
A chilly cheerless everlasting shade:
There nor the rustic gods nor satyr's sport,
Nor fawns, and sylvans with the Nymphs resort;
But barb'rous priests some dreadful power adore,
And lustrate every tree with human gore.

the trunk of a dead tree which the sword had

If mysteries in times of old receiv'd,
And pious ancientry be yet believ'd,
There not the feather'd songster builds her nest,
Nor lonely dens conceal the savage beast:
There no tempestuous winds presume to fly,
E'en lightnings glance aloof and shoot obliquely by.
No wanton breezes toss the dancing leaves,
But shiv'ring horror in the branches heaves.
Black springs with pitchy streams divide the ground,
And bubbling tumble with a sullen sound.
Old images of forms mishapen stand,
Rude and unknowing of the artist's hand;
With hoary filth begrim'd, each ghastly head
Strikes the astonish'd gazer's soul with dread.
No gods, who long in common shapes appear'd,
Were e'er with such religious awe rever'd;
But zealous crowds in ignorance adore,
And still the less they know, they fear the more.
Oft (as fame tells) the earth in sounds of woe
Is heard to groan from hollow depths below;
The baleful yew, though dead, has oft been seen
To rise from earth, and spring with dusky green;
With sparkling flames the trees unburning shine,
And round their boles prodigious serpents twine.
The pious worshippers approach not near,
But shun their gods, and kneel with distant fear:
The priest himself, when, or the day or night,
Rolling have reach'd their full meridian height,
Refrains the gloomy path with wary feet,
Dreading the Dæmon of the grove to meet;
Who, terrible to sight, at that fix'd hour,
Still treads the round about his dreary bower.

Rowe's Lucan, b. iii, l. 394.

stripped of its bark. Strongly marked by its pallid hue, in the dark recesses of the forest, it appeared like some apparition from the tombs. Worshipped under the title of Ermensul,* it had become a formidable divinity among the Barbarians, who, in their pleasures as well as in their pains, have nothing to invoke but death. Around this idol, some oaks, whose roots had been bathed with human blood, bear, suspended upon their branches, the arms and military ensigns of the Gauls; the wind agitated them upon the boughs, and they emitted, as they struck against each other, hollow and inauspicious murmurs.

This description of the grove is given by the poet as preparatory to his account of its having been cut down by the command of Cæsar.

The cause of the awful impressions which the gloomy stillness of a thick grove makes upon the mind is well described by Seneca in his 41st epistle—and the younger Pliny says (epist. 12), we adore the gloom of woods and the darkness that reigns around us. "Lucos, atque in iis silentia ipsa adoramus." And in Congreve's Mourning Bride we have the following poetical description of similar effects upon the mind in a Gothic Church:

Now all is hushed, and still as death:—'tis dreadful!
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made stedfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight.

* Ermensul was an idol of the ancient Saxons, supposed to

" I often went to visit this sanctuary, absorbed in reflections upon the ancient race of the Celtæ. I one day repaired to this place. The north wind roared at a distance, and tore from the trunks of the trees, bunches of ivy and of moss. Velleda suddenly appeared.

" You fly me," said she—" you seek the most desert places in order to avoid my presence: but it is in vain: the tempest brings to you Velleda, like this withered moss that falls at your feet."

" She placed herself before me, crossed her arms, regarded me attentively, and said:

" I have much to say to you; I know that you are wearied by complaints; I know that they have no tendency to excite your love for me; but, cruel man, I am intoxicated by my own confessions; I love to nourish the flame that burns

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be the same as the bloody Mars. The gods of the Druids were not worshipped under any particular form, or likeness, but only under certain visible emblems or symbols. "All " the Celtic nations," says Maximus Tyrius (Diss. 38), " wor- " shipped Jupiter, whose emblem or representation among " them was a lofty oak." And these oaks were always truncated, like the description given in the text, being considered as better emblems in this form of unshaken firmness and stability. Thus Lucan:

" ——Simulacraque mœsta deorum
Arte carent, cæsisque extans informia truncis."
" ——Strong knotted trunks of oaks stood near,
And artless emblems of their gods appear."
Rowe's Lucan, b. iii, v. 608.

within my bosom, and to make you experience the extent of its power! Ah, was but my affection returned, how unspeakable would be our felicity! We would find for the expression of our love a language worthy of heaven; at present words are wanting to me, because your soul answers not to mine."

A blast of wind shook the forest, and a low and mournful sound issued from the brazen bucklers. Velleda raised her head in terror, and looking stedfastly at the suspended trophies:

"They are the arms of my father which emit that fearful sound; they augur some misfortune."

"After a moment's silence she added:

"There must be some reason for thy indifference: so much love could not be wholly lost upon thee. Thy coldness is most extraordinary."

"Again she abruptly ceased. Suddenly starting as if from a profound reverie, she exclaimed:

"I have found the cause of thy dislike. Thou wouldst not that I should love thee, because I have nothing to offer thee worthy of thy acceptance!

"Then, approaching me with an air of wildness, and placing her hand upon my breast:

"Warrior, thy heart beats calmly under the hand of love, but perhaps a throne might cause it to palpitate? Speak; is the empire thy wish?

A Gallic female promised it to Dioclesian*—a Gallic female offers it to thee; she was but a simple prophetess; I am a prophetess and a lover. I can do any thing for thee. Thou knowest it: often have we disposed of the purple. I will secretly arm our warriors. Teutates will favour thee, and I, by my art, will compel heaven to second thy designs. I will cause the Druids to issue from their forests. I myself will march to the combat, bearing in my hand a branch of the sacred oak. And, should fate oppose us, there still are caves in Gaul where, a new Eponine, I may conceal my husband. Alas, wretched Velleda, thou speakest of a husband and thou wilt never even be beloved."

"The voice of the young Barbarian expired; the hand which lay upon my breast fell lifeless by her side; her head drooped upon her bosom and

* It is said of Dioclesian, that while still an inferior officer under Probus, a female Druid, in whose house he lodged, upbraided him one day with covetousness. "I shall be more generous," answered Dioclesian, "when I am emperor." "You are joking," returned the Druidess; "but I tell you in good earnest, that you will obtain the empire after you have killed a boar." When Dioclesian upon his elevation to the imperial throne, plunged his sword into the breast of Aper, the father-in-law and murderer of his predecessor Numerian, he exclaimed: "I have at length killed the fatal boar." Aper signifying a boar.

the ardour of her feelings was relieved by a torrent of tears."

"This conversation filled me with dismay. I began to fear that longer resistance would be useless. When Velleda ceased to speak, my heart was extremely affected, and I felt a burning sensation, during the whole day, upon the spot where her hand had lain. Desirous of making at least one more effort for my safety, I adopted a resolution calculated as I thought to prevent the evil, but which tended only to augment it; thus, when God prepares to punish us, he turns our wisdom against ourselves, and regards not that prudence which comes too late.

"I mentioned to you, my fathers, that I still permitted Segenax on account of his extreme weakness, to remain at the castle; but as the strength of the old man was daily increasing, and my situation becoming more and more alarming, I pretended to have received letters from Cæsar commanding me to restore the prisoners. Velleda sought to speak with me before her departure; I refused seeing her, in order to spare both her and myself the pain of a formal separation; her filial piety permitted her not to abandon her father, and she, as I had foreseen, accompanied him. The next day she appeared before the gates of the castle; she was informed that I had departed on a journey; she hung her head and returned to the woods in silence. She continued

thus to present herself for many days, and always received the same answer. The last time she remained for a long while leaning against a tree, her eyes stedfastly fixed upon the walls of the fortress. I happened to behold her through a window and could not restrain my tears. She retired with a slow step and returned no more.

" I now began to taste a little repose; I trusted that Velleda was at length cured of her fatal love. Tired of the prison to which I had kept myself confined, I wished to breathe the free air of the country. I threw a bear's skin over my shoulders, armed myself with a hunter's lance, and issuing from the castle, I ascended a high hill which commanded a view of the British Channel.

" Like Ulysses regretting his Ithaca, or like the Trojans exiled to the plains of Sicily, I contemplated the vast extent of the sea, and wept. Born at the foot of mount Taygetus, said I to myself, the mournful murmuring of the ocean was the first sound that fell upon my ear as I entered into life. The same billows which I now contemplate, upon how many shores have I not since seen them break? Who could have told me, that in a few years I should hear dashing upon the coasts of Italy, the shores of Batavia, of Britain and of Gaul, the same waves which I then beheld foaming upon the beautiful sands of Messenia? When will my pilgrimage have an end?

Happy would I have been had death surprised me before I commenced my wanderings upon the earth, when I had as yet no adventures to recount!

" Such were my reflections, when I heard near me the sound of a voice accompanied by a guitar. The music, interrupted by pauses of silence, by the soft murmurings of the woods and of the ocean, by the cries of the curlew and of the sea-lark—had something in it wild and inchanting. I soon discovered Velleda seated upon the heath. Her dress announced the disorder of her mind: she wore around her neck a collar composed of the berries of the eglantine. Her guitar was suspended upon her bosom by a cord of ivy and withered fern; a white veil was thrown over her head and descended to her very feet. In this singular attire, her cheeks pale, and her eyes red with weeping, she still displayed the most captivating beauty. She was standing behind a thicket partly stripped of its leaves: so does the poet represent the shade of Dido appearing in the myrtle wood, like the new-moon in a misty cloud.*

" The motion which I made in endeavouring to

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* ——————Phœnissa recens à vulnere Dido
Errabat in silva magna: quam Troius heros
Ut primum juxta stetit, agnovitque per umbram
Obscuram; qualem primo qui surgere mense
Aut videt aut vidisse putat per nubila lunam.
Æneid. lib. vi, v. 450.

recognize the daughter of Segenax attracted her attention. A troubled joy appeared in her countenance on beholding me. She made a mysterious sign to me and said:

"I well knew that I would attract you hither. "Nothing can resist the potency of my song."

"She began to chant:

"Hercules, thou descendedst into the green "Aquitania. Pyrene, who bestowed her name "upon the mountains of Iberia—Pyrene, daugh-"ter of king Bebrycius, espoused the Grecian "hero; for the Greeks have ever fascinated the "female heart."

"Velleda arose, advanced towards me and said:

"I know not what inchantment constrains me to follow thy footsteps; I wander around thy castle, and I mourn that its entrance is barred against me. But I have been preparing charms; I am going to seek the selago:* I shall first offer an oblation of bread and wine: I shall be robed in white—my feet shall be naked—my right hand concealed under my tunic shall grasp the plant, and my left hand shall steal it from my right.

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* The selago a kind of hedge-hyssup, resembling savin, was like the misletoe, much admired by the Druids both of Gaul and Britain for its supposed medicinal virtues, particularly in all diseases of the eyes: but its efficacy greatly depended, as they superstitiously conceived, upon the peculiar mode of gathering it. See Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 24, c. 12.

Then nothing can resist me. I will glide into thy dwelling upon the rays of the moon; I will assume the form of the ring-dove, and fly to the summit of the tower which thou inhabitest. If I knew thy desire.....I might—But no; I would be loved for myself alone; it would be infidelity to love me under a borrowed form."

"At these words, Velleda uttered cries of despair.

"Soon changing the train of her thought and fixing her eyes upon mine as if to read the very secrets of my soul:

"Oh yes, it is that," cried she—"Roman virgins have possessed thy heart! Too much dost thou love them! Are they then so superior to Velleda? Swans are less fair than the daughters of Gaul; our eyes have the hue and the brilliant lustre of the heavens; our locks are so beautiful that Roman virgins borrow them of us to cover their own heads;—but the foliage has no grace except upon the tree that produces it. Dost thou behold the hair which flows upon my shoulders? Had I been willing to part with it, it would now have shaded the brows of the Empress; it is my diadem, and I have preserved it for thee! Knowest thou not that our fathers, our brothers, our husbands, perceive in us something divine? Lying report may perhaps have said, that the Gallic maidens are capricious, light, unfaithful? Believe it not. Among the children

of the Druids, the passions are serious, and their consequences terrible."

"I took the hands of this poor unfortunate, and held them between both of mine. I pressed them tenderly.

"Velleda," said I, "if you really love me, there is but one method of proving it: return to your father's house—he needs your support. Do not abandon yourself to a passion which affects your reason and fills me with anxious fears."

"I descended from the hill and Velleda followed me. We advanced into the country by unfrequented roads which were covered with grass.

"Didst thou love me," said Velleda, "with what delight would we traverse these verdant fields! What happiness would I enjoy in wandering with thee in these solitary paths, like the tender lamb whose fleeces still hang upon the spiny shrub."

"She ceased, looked at her wasted arms, and said with a smile:

"I also am lacerated by the briars, and daily do I leave behind me some vestige of my wounds."

"Relapsing into her reveries:

"Upon the borders of this rivulet," said she—"at the foot of that tree—along this hedge and those furrows, whence rises the tender blade whose ripened fruit I shall never again behold—would we have admired the mild effulgence of the setting sun. Often sheltered, during the storm,

in some lonely mansion, or among the ruins of a shepherd's cabin—would we have listened to the winds as they swept over the deserted roof. Thou thinkest, perhaps, that in my dreams of happiness, I sigh for treasures, palaces, or pomps? Alas, my wishes are much more moderate—and yet they have not been granted me. I have never beheld in the corner of a wood the movable cottage of the goatherd, without thinking, that, humble as it was, with thee for my companion, it would be amply sufficient. Happier than the Scythians, of whom I have heard the Druids speak, we would remove our cabin from solitude to solitude, and our habitation should last no longer than our lives."

"We arrived at the entrance of a forest of pines and larch-trees. The daughter of Segenax stopped, and said to me:

"My father dwells in this forest; I would not that thou shouldst enter his dwelling: he accuses thee of having seduced the affections of his daughter. Thou mayest endure, without much pain, the contemplation of my sufferings—because I am young and full of strength; but an old man's tears sink deep into the heart. I will meet thee at the castle."

"In saying these words, she hastily left me.

"This unforeseen encounter gave the last stroke to my reason. So dangerous are the passions, that we are intoxicated by the very atmos-

phere which plays around them. Twenty times, whilst Velleda was pouring in my ear sentiments so tender and so affecting—twenty times was I upon the point of throwing myself at her feet, of astonishing her by her victory, of delighting her by acknowledging my defeat. At the moment when I was about to yield, I owed my safety only to the compassion which I felt for this unfortunate female. But this compassion which at first saved me, was in the end the cause of my destruction; for it deprived me of the little strength which still remained. I no longer possessed any firmness against Velleda; I accused myself of being, by my over-strained severity, the cause of her mental derangement. So melancholy a proof of courage disgusted me with courage itself; I fell into my accustomed weakness, and no longer depending upon myself, I placed all my hope in the return of Clair.

"Several days had passed away, and Velleda appearing not at the castle as she had promised, I began to fear lest some fatal accident had befallen her. Full of anxiety, I was about to repair to the abode of Segenax, when a soldier, who had just arrived from the sea shore, came to inform me that the fleet of the Franks had re-appeared upon the coast of Armorica. I was obliged instantly to depart. The weather was lowering, and every thing foretold an approaching storm. As the Barbarians almost always choose the mo-

ment of a tempest to disembark their troops, I used redoubled vigilance. I fortified such places as were any way exposed, and stationed soldiers wherever their services might be needful. The whole day was spent in these labours, and the night, in bringing on the tempest, filled us with new anxieties.

" At the extremity of a dangerous coast, upon a shore whose steril sands scarcely afforded nourishment to a few scattered weeds, appeared a long range of druidical stones, like the tomb where I had formerly encountered Velleda. Exposed to the winds, the rains and the waves, they there erected their solitary heads between the sea, the earth, and the heavens. Their origin and their end were equally unknown. A monument of druidical science, are they intended to display some secrets of astronomy,* or some mysteries of

* Astronomy seems to have been a favourite study among the Druids of Gaul and Britain; Cæsar tells us, that they had many disquisitions concerning the heavenly bodies and their motions, in which they instructed their disciples; and P. Mela observes, that they professed to have great knowledge of the motions of the heavens and stars. The circumstances of the Druids were extremely favourable to the study of astronomy; the sun and moon, and perhaps the planets were the great objects of their adoration, and therefore attracted their frequent attention; and the places of their worship, in which they spent much of their time, both by day and night, were all uncovered, and situated on eminences, from

divinity? None know their use. But the Gauls never approach them without exhibiting the profoundest terrors: They say that they there behold wandering fires, and that from thence the voices of phantoms strike upon the ear.

"The solitude of this place, and the fears which it usually inspired, made me think it favourable to the descent of the Barbarians. I determined therefore to station a guard near it, and to pass the night there myself.

"A slave, whom I had charged with a letter to Velleda, returned bringing the letter back with him. He had not found the Druidess: she had left her father about the third hour of the day, and had not since been heard of. This information served but to increase my alarm. Overcome with vexation, I seated myself in a retired spot, at some distance from the soldiers. Suddenly I heard a noise, and imagined that I saw something flit across the shade. I arose, drew my sword, and pursued the flying phantom. What was my surprize, when I found that I had seized Velleda!

"What, said she in a low voice, it is thou! Thou knewest then that I was here?"

"No, I replied: but thou—betrayest thou the Romans?

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which they had a full view of the celestial bodies. Vid. Plin. lib. 16, c. 44. Cæs. de Bell. Gall. Plut. &c.

Plutarch de Defectu Oracul. et de Facie in orbe Lunæ.

" Betray! answered she indignantly. Have I not sworn to undertake nought against thee? Follow me, thou shalt behold what brings me here."

" She seized me by the hand, and conducted me upon the highest point of the furthermost druidic rock.

" The sea broke beneath us with a horrid noise. Its billows, driven by the wind, dashed against the rock, and covered us with foam and sparks of fire. Clouds flew across the heavens over the face of the moon, which seemed to traverse with fearful rapidity through the dark and dismal chaos.

" Listen well to what I am about to unfold to you," said Velleda. " Upon this coast live fishermen whom you know not. When night shall have travelled half her course, they will hear a knocking at their doors, and a voice calling to them in a low and stifled tone. Then will they hasten to the shore, ignorant of the power which attracts them. They will there behold what they will suppose empty barks; and yet will these barks be so heavily laden with the spirits of the dead, that they will scarcely be able to ride upon the waves. In less than one hour will the fishermen have performed the voyage of a day, and conducted the spirits to the isle of the Britons. They will behold no one, either in the voyage or in the disembarkment; but they will hear a voice counting the passengers to the guardian of the spirits.

Should there happen to be a wife in the barks, the voice will declare the name of her husband. Thou knowest, cruel man, whether mine can be named."

" I endeavoured to combat the superstitions of Velleda.

" Be silent—said she, as if I had been guilty of impiety. Thou shalt soon behold the fiery billow which will announce the passage of the dead. Dost thou not already hear their cries?"

" Velleda ceased, and listened with anxious attention.

" After a few moments of silence, she said:

" When I shall be no more, promise me to inform my father of my fate. When any one dies, thou wilt write letters to me, which thou must cast upon the funeral pile; they will be received by me in the regions of the dead; I will read them with transport, and thus will we hold sweet converse, although on different sides of the tomb."

" At this moment, a furious wave came rolling towards the rock and caused it to tremble on its foundations. A blast of wind opened the clouds, and the moon shed a pale light over the surface of the waters. Fearful noises were heard along the shore. The ocean, with its foaming billows and its hollow moans, produced a sound like the cry of distress uttered by a drowning man: the frightened centinel calls out to arms. Velleda leaps forward, extends her arms, and cries:

" They wait for me!"

" And plunges into the waves. I retain her by her veil . . . . .

" O Cyrillus, how shall I continue this recital. I blush with shame and confusion; but I make an open avowal of my crimes; I submit them, without diminution, to the tribunal of your experienced wisdom. Alas, after my fatal shipwreck, I shelter myself in your charity, as in a haven of compassion!

" Exhausted by my own internal combats, I could not resist this last expression of Velleda's love. So much beauty, so much passion, so much despair deprived me, in my turn, of reason: I was conquered.

" No," said I in the midst of the night and of the tempest—" no, I have not strength to be a Christian!"

" Seizing Velleda in my arms, I cried with a kind of delirious rage—" thou shalt be beloved!" Hell gave the signal of this baleful marriage; the Spirits of darkness howled in the abyss; the chaste spouses of the Patriarchs turned away their heads, and my protecting angel veiling himself with his wings remounted towards the skies!

" The daughter of Segenax consented to live, or rather had not resolution to die. She remained mute, in a kind of stupor, at once a frightful punishment and an ineffable delight. Love, remorse, shame, fear, and above all astonish-

ment, agitated the bosom of Velleda: she could not believe that I was the same Eudorus who had been until then so cold and insensible; she doubted if she was not deceived by some phantom of the night, and she touched my hands and my hair to assure herself of the reality of my existence. My happiness seemed to resemble despair, and whoever had beheld us at that moment, would have taken us for two guilty wretches about to receive the fatal sentence of death.

"In that very moment did I feel myself branded with the seal of divine reprobation: I doubted of the possibility of my safety, and of the all-powerful nature of God's compassion. Thick darkness, like a smoky cloud, settled upon my soul, which seemed to be suddenly possessed by a legion of rebellious Spirits. I conceived ideas unknown to me before, and the language of Hell flowed spontaneously from my lips:

"Velleda, let us hereafter think of living only "for each other: let us renounce our gods, and "stifle our remorse in pleasure. Why have those "gods implanted within us passions which are in "their nature invincible? Let them punish us, "if they will, for the gifts which we have received "from their own hands. I have imbibed from "thy bosom the fury of thy love, and since our "virtue exists no longer, let us at least merit the "punishments of eternity by enjoying the transports of the present life."

" Such were my execrable sentiments. Confounding already the name of Christ with that of Teutates, I uttered the blasphemies of those abodes which resound with howlings, and cries of eternal anguish.

" Weeping and smiling alternately, the happiest and most wretched of beings, Velleda spake not. Day began to whiten the east. The enemy did not appear. I returned to the castle—my victim followed me. Twice did the star which marks the last steps of day conceal our blushes in the shades, and twice did the star which announces the returning light renew our shame and our remorse. On the third morn, Velleda mounted my chariot to visit her father Segenax. Scarcely had she disappeared among the oaks, when I perceived a column of fire and smoke rising above the forest. At the same moment, a centurion came to inform me, that he had heard passing from village to village, the cry uttered by the Gauls when they communicate tidings of importance. I imagined that the Franks had made a descent upon some part of the coast, and I hastened to collect my soldiers.

" I soon perceived peasants running from every quarter. They united, forming a large body, and advanced towards me.

" I marched at the head of the Romans towards the rustic battalions. Arrived within the reach of a javelin, I halted my soldiers, and advancing

singly, with my head uncovered, between the two armies:

"Gauls, said I, what is the cause of this tumult? Have the Franks descended upon the shores of Armorica? Do you come to offer your aid, or do you take up arms as the enemies of Cæsar?

"An aged man advanced from the ranks. His frame trembled under the weight of his cuirass, and his hands were armed with weapons which he could not wield. Astonishment! I fancy I recognize one of those suits of armour which I had seen suspended in the wood of the Druids. O confusion! O horror! The venerable warrior was—Segenax!

"Gauls," cried he, "by these arms of my youth which I have retaken from the trunk of Erminsul to whom I had consecrated them, there is the man who has dishonoured my hoary locks. An Eubage followed my daughter, whose mind is disordered: he witnessed in the darkness of night the crime of the Roman. The virgin of Sayna, a vestal, has been dishonoured. Avenge your daughters and your wives: avenge the Gauls and your gods."

"He ceased, and discharged at me a javelin, but with a feeble hand. The dart fell harmless at my feet: I would have blessed him had it pierced my heart. The Gauls, uttering a cry, rush against me; my soldiers advance to my assistance. In

vain do I endeavour to restrain the combatants. It is no longer a transient tumult; it is a real combat, the noise and clamor of which ascend to the skies. It seems as if the divinities of the Druids have left their forests to animate the Gauls to carnage! Careless of the blows which menace my own head, I think only of saving Segenax; but whilst endeavouring to get him out of the hands of the soldiery, and to shelter him behind an oak, a javelin, launched from the midst of the crowd, comes, with a horrid hissing, and buries itself deep into the old man's bosom; he falls under the tree of his ancestors, like the aged Priam under the laurel that shaded his domestic altars.

"At this moment, a chariot appears at the extremity of the plain. Bending over the coursers, a female with dishevelled hair excites their ardour, and seems as though she wished to give them wings. Velleda had not found her father. She learned that he was assembling the Gauls to avenge the injured honour of his daughter. The Druidess perceived that she was betrayed, and saw at once the consequence of her crime. She flies upon the footsteps of the old man:—she arrives at the plain during the fatal combat—she impels her coursers through the yielding ranks, and discovers me mourning over her father's corpse which lay extended at my feet. Transported with grief, Velleda arrests her steeds, and cries from the chariot:

" Gauls, suspend your conflict. It is I who have caused your evils—it is I who have murdered my father. Cease to expose your lives for a guilty female. The Roman is innocent. The virgin of Sayna has not been dishonoured: she has voluntarily broken her vows. May my death restore tranquillity to my country !"

" Then, tearing her crown of vervain from her brows, and taking from her side her golden sickle, as though about to offer a sacrifice to the gods:

" I will no longer sully," she exclaims, " the ornaments of a vestal !"

" She applies the sacred instrument to her neck: the blood gushes from the wound. Like the harvest-man who, having finished his work, and overcome with fatigue, lies down at the end of his furrow to refresh himself with slumber, Velleda sinks gently from the chariot; the golden sickle falls from her powerless hand, and her head slowly inclines upon her shoulder. She attempts still to pronounce the name of him she loves, but her lips give utterance only to confused murmurs: the image of her beloved Eudorus exists only in her dreams, and sleep, eternal sleep, seals up her eyes forever.

THE ARGUMENT.

Continuation of the recital. Repentance of Eudorus. His public penance. He quits the army. He passes over into Egypt to demand his release of Dioclesian. Voyage. Alexandria. The Nile. Egypt. Eudorus obtains his release from Dioclesian. The Thebaid. Return of Eudorus to his family. Conclusion of the recital.

BOOK XI.

"PARDON, my fathers, the tears which still flow from my eyes! I will detain you no longer with the particulars of that dreadful scene. How fully did I merit the chastisement of heaven: I was no more to behold her whom I had seduced, except to deposit her ashes in the tomb.

"The grand epoch of my life, O Cyrillus, ought to be reckoned at this period, as this is the epoch of my return to religion. The crimes which I had hitherto committed had effected myself alone, and were therefore but slightly regarded; but when I found that I had been the cause of another's woe, my heart shrunk within me. I hesitated no longer; Clair arrived; I fell at his feet; I made a full confession of the iniquities of my life. He embraced me with transports of joy, and imposed upon me a part of that penance, by much too light, which I still continue daily to undergo. The fevers of the mind are similar to those of the body: a change of place is essential to their cure. I resolved to quit Armorica, to renounce the world, and retire to weep for my errors under the roof of my fathers. I returned

to Constantius the insignia of my power, intreating his permission to abandon the station in which he had placed me. Cæsar endeavoured to retain me by every mode in his power: he appointed me to command the imperial guard of the Gauls—an exalted station, the authority of which extends over Spain and the isles of the Britons. But Constantius perceiving that I was fixed in my designs, wrote me these words in his usual strain of mildness:

"I cannot undertake of myself to grant you the favour that you ask, because you belong to the Roman people. The emperor alone can decide upon your fate. Go, therefore, to him. Solicit your release; and if Augustus refuses you, return to Cæsar."

"I gave up the command of Armorica to the tribune appointed to succeed me; I embraced Clair, and, full of sorrow and remorse, I abandoned the forests and the heaths which had been inhabited by Velleda. I embarked at the port of Nismes; I arrived at Ostia, and again beheld Rome, the theatre of my first errors. In vain did some of my young friends endeavour to entice me to the festive board; the settled gloom of my mind destroyed the pleasures of the banquet: affecting to smile, I would often hold the cup for some time to my lips, that I might thus conceal the tears which flowed copiously from my eyes. Prostrating myself before the chief of the

Christians, who had formerly cut me off from the communion of the Faithful, I supplicated him to receive me again into the fold. Marcelline sanctioned my penance: he even gave me to hope that the time of my trial should be shortened, and that the temple of God should be opened to me in seven years, if I continued to persevere in my repentance.*

"Nothing now remained but to carry my petitions to the feet of Dioclesian: he was still in Egypt. I could not think of awaiting his return,

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* The primitive churches were considerably divided as to the propriety of re-admitting a lapsed member into their communion—and even those who were willing to receive an excommunicated brother, varied much as to the kind and degree of penance necessary to be imposed upon him as a test of the sincerity of his repentance. The purest of the churches, however, were generally ready to open their gates to the returning penitent: but at the same time prescribed to him a severe and solemn form of discipline, as well for the expiation of the crime, as for an example to those who might not be completely firm and stedfast in the faith. The general requisites to be observed by the penitent were, to humble himself by public confession, to macerate his body by fasting, to clothe himself in sackcloth, to prostrate himself at the door of the assembly and implore with tears the pardon of his offences, and solicit the prayers of the Faithful. If the crime was of a heinous character, years of penance were required; and the punishment for a second lapse, was perpetual excommunication. Seven years for a first offence was considered mild and indulgent. See Mosheim's Ecc. Hist. v. i, p. 120. Decline and Fall, &c. v. 2, p. 116.

and therefore determined to follow him into the east.

"At the mole of Marcus-Aurelius there was one of those vessels which the bishops of Alexandria had sent, during the time of a great scarcity, to convey corn to the relief of the poor. This vessel was upon the point of sailing for Egypt; I embarked in her. The season was favourable. We weighed anchor, and the shores of Italy receded rapidly from our view.

"Alas, I had already traversed that sea, when I quitted, for the first time, my native country, Arcadia. I was then young, and full of hope; I anticipated, glory, wealth, honours; I knew nothing of the world but from the dreams of youthful imagination. How different, said I, do I now feel! I am about to retire from that world, and what have I acquired in the toilsome pilgrimage?

"The crew were Christians: the religious rites which were performed on board of our vessel seemed to augment the majesty of the scene. If these men, restored to the use of their reason, no longer beheld Venus issuing from the resplendent billows, and rising towards Heaven upon the wings of the Hours, they admired the hand which laid the foundations of the sea, and which displays at pleasure the terror or the beauty of its waves. Had we any need of the fables of Halcyon and Ceyx to discover the tender relations that exist

between the birds which skim the ocean's surge, and our individual destinies?* When we beheld the wearied swallows clinging to our masts, we were almost tempted to interrogate them respecting our beloved country. They had perhaps encircled our dwellings, and suspended their nests to our roofs. Observe, Demodocus, how the simplicity of Christians assimilates them to children. A heart crowned with innocence is of more value to the mariner than a stern ornamented with flowers and garlands; and the sentiments which issue from a pure and unvitiated soul are far more agreeable to the Sovereign of the ocean than wine flowing in libations from a cup of gold.

"In the night, instead of addressing vain and criminal invocations to the stars, we contemplated in silence that firmament where the constellations of heaven blaze for the God who created them—that beautiful sky and those peaceful abodes, which I had hid forever from Velleda!

"We passed within a short distance of Utica

* "Alcyone, or Halcyone, the daughter of Æolus, married Ceyx, who was drowned as he was going to Claros to consult the oracle. The gods apprised Alcyone in a dream of her husband's fate; and when she found, on the morrow, his body washed on the sea shore, she threw herself into the sea, and was with her husband changed into birds of the same name, who keep the waters calm and serene while they build, and sit on their nests on the surface of the sea, for the space of seven, eleven, or fourteen days." Lempriere.

and Carthage; the recollection of the crimes of Marius,* and the virtues of Cato† presented to

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* Caius Marius, a celebrated Roman, born at Arpinum, of obscure and illiterate parents, and from a peasant became one of the most powerful and cruel tyrants that Rome ever beheld during her consular government. He was six times consul, and for his eminent services in supporting his government against the repeated attacks of the Barbarians, received the title of the third founder of Rome. The horrid cruelties that took place in the civil war between him and Sylla, are well known. He died B. C. 86, Æt. 70.

† Marcus Porcius Cato, surnamed Uticensis, from the place of his death, Utica, was born about B. C. 94. When only fourteen years of age, observing the heads of several noble victims that had been murdered under the proscriptions and cruelties of the ferocious Sylla, he asked his tutor Drusus, why nobody killed such a tyrant?—"It is," replied he, "because he is more feared than hated." "Give me a sword then," exclaimed the generous youth, "that I may kill him, and deliver my country from slavery." The virtues of Cato were those of the stoic, to which sect he was enthusiastically attached. He was a good soldier, much beloved by the troops, and wholly devoted to the service of the republic. His principles were upon this subject in strict conformity with the sentiment of the poet Lucan:

"——— patriæque impendere vitam,
Nec sibi, sed toti gentium se credere mundo."
Phars. 11, 382.

"To hold his being at his country's call,
And deem his life a common good for all."
Rowe's Lucan.

The circumstances of his tragical death at Utica are well known as having given rise to one of the finest dramas in the English language. See Plutarch's Life of Cato.

my mind but little glory and much misery. I would joyfully have joined Augustine upon those shores. At sight of the hill on which stood the palace of Dido, I could not restrain my tears. A column of smoke, which ascended from the coast, seemed to announce to me, as it did to the son of Anchises, the flame of the funeral pile.* In the destiny of the queen of Carthage, I recognized that of the priestess of the Gauls.† Covering my face with my hands, I gave vent to the bitterest sobs. I also was flying over the sea, after having caused a female's death; and yet, a man without glory, and destitute of any future prospects, I was not, like Æneas, the last heir of Ilion and of Hector; I had not, like him, for my excuse, the commands of heaven and the destiny of the Roman Empire.‡

"We coasted along the promontory of Mercury, and the cape where Scipio, saluting the

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* "Interea medium Æneas jam classe tenebat
Certus iter, fluctusque atros Aquilone secabat:
Mœnia respiciens, quæ jam infelicis Elissæ
Colluceat flammis. ——————"

Virg. Æn. l. v, v. 1.

† "Dixerat: atque illam media inter talia ferro
Collapsam aspiciunt comites, ensemque cruore
Spumantem, sparsasque manus. ——————"

Virg. Æn. l. iv, v. 668.

‡ See Æn. b. iv, v. 331.

fortune of Rome,* determined to disembark his army. Driven by the winds towards the little Syrtis,† we beheld the tower which served as a retreat to the great Hannibal when he embarked privately to escape the ingratitude of his country; whatever place we approach, we are sure to discover the traces of injustice and wretchedness. It was thus that, upon the coast opposite to Sicily, I fancied I beheld the victims of Verres, who from the summit of the instrument of death, turned towards Rome their unavailing looks. Ah, the Christian when stretched upon the cross shall never implore his country in vain!

"Already had we passed on our right the delicious island of the Lotophagi,‡ the altars of the Philœni,§ and Leptis, the birth-place of Severus.

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* See Plut. Livy.

† The Syrtes were two large sand-banks on the coast of Africa in the Mediterranean, one of which was near Leptis, and the other near Carthage. These Syrtes were continually changing their places, and generally proved fatal to the ships that ran upon them.

‡ The Lotophagi were so called from their being supposed to live upon the lotos, the fruit of which was said to be so pleasant, that whoever tasted of it forgot his own country. Pliny says it was used as a substitute for both bread and wine. Plin. Nat. Hist. l. 13, c. 17.

§ A dispute having arisen between the Carthaginians and Cyrenians respecting the boundaries of their respective dominions, it was mutually agreed, that two men should depart, at the same time, from each city, and that, travelling along

Already did we begin to discover upon our left the lofty mountains of Crete. We delayed not to traverse the gulf of Cyrene. The thirteenth morning dawned in the heavens, when we beheld forming upon the horizon, along the surface of the waves, a low and barren shore. Rising from a vast plain of sand, a lofty column soon attracted our attention. The mariners recognized the pillar of Pompey, now consecrated to Diocletian by Pollio, prefect of Egypt.* We directed our course towards this monument which serves so well to announce to the traveller that city which

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the shore, the place of their meeting should be the limits of the adjoining territories. The Philœni, two brothers, set out from Carthage, and advanced far into Cyrenaica before they met their opponents. This produced a quarrel, the Cyrenians insisting that the Philœni had left Carthage before the appointed time, and they threatened to bury them in the sand if they did not retire. They refused, and being overpowered by the Cyrenians, were buried in the sand. The Carthaginians erected two altars upon the spot where they had fallen, which they named *Philænarum aræ*, and which were thenceforth considered as the proper boundaries of their dominions.

* This book will be found to contain many interesting particulars respecting this celebrated country. Our author's remarks upon it in his Itinerary are extremely cursory, for several reasons, the last of which is as follows: "in fine," says he, "I have said elsewhere all that I have to say upon Egypt. The book of the Martyrs, in which I have spoken of this ancient land is more complete, as it respects antiquity, than any other in that work." Itin. &c. tom. III, p. 71.

was built by the conqueror of Arbela,* to be the tomb of him who was vanquished at Pharsalia.† We anchored to the west of the Pharos,‡ in the great harbour of Alexandria. Peter,§ the bishop

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* The city of Arbela, in Assyria, is celebrated as having been the scene of one of the bloodiest battles that history ever had to record. It happened in the second year of the 112th Olympiad, or B. C. 231. The Persian army, under Darius, consisted, according to Arrian, of a million of foot and 40,000 horse—according to Diodorus, of 800,000 foot, and 200,000 horse—according to Plutarch, of a million—and according to Justin, of 400,000 foot, and 100,000 horse. The Macedonian army, under Alexander, consisted of 40,000 foot, and 7000 horse. The lowest computations of the slain were, on the part of the Barbarians 40,000—while Alexander is stated to have lost but 500 men.

† Pompey, upon his defeat by Cæsar at Pharsalia, fled in disguise to the sea-coast, and made the best of his way to Egypt, expecting to find a welcome protection from the gratitude of Ptolemy. But Ptolemy deceived him, and had him assassinated in the boat which he sent to bring him on shore. This event took place B. C. 48, and in the 59th year of Pompey's age.

‡ The Pharos was a tower built upon an island of the same name, to serve as a light-house for the benefit of mariners. It was erected by order of Ptolemy Soter, B. C. 284, and was justly reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world. It was composed entirely of white marble, and was so high, that it could be seen at the distance of 100 miles. Fires were kept continually burning on its top. It has long since been demolished, and a square castle, without taste, ornament, or strength, called Farillon, erected in its place.

§ This Peter was the sixteenth bishop of Alexandria, and suffered martyrdom by order of Maximus Cæsar, A. D. 311.

of this celebrated city, received me with parental kindness. He offered me an asylum among the servants of the altar; but the ties of kindred blood led me to prefer the mansion of the beautiful and pious Aecaterina.*

" Before I departed to join Dioclesian in Upper Egypt, I spent some days at Alexandria, in visiting its wonders. The principal object of admiration was the library.† It was under the care of the learned Didymus,‡ the worthy successor of Aristarchus.§ I there found philosophers from every country, and the most illustrious supporters

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* Aecaterina, who refused the love of Maximin. Ch.

† The library of Alexandria, which Livy calls *Elegantiæ regum curæque egregium opus*, was founded by Ptolemy Soter, who died B. C. 284, and enlarged by his son Ptolemy Philadelphus, at whose death it contained a hundred thousand volumes: and was still further increased under the succeeding Ptolemies, until the number of volumes amounted to seven hundred thousand. The answer of the ignorant and fanatic Omar to his General Amrou, respecting the fate of this celebrated Library, is well known. " If these writings of the Greeks agree with the Koran, or book of God, they are useless, and need not be preserved; if they disagree, they are pernicious, and ought to be destroyed." They were accordingly distributed among the 4000 baths of the city, and six months were barely sufficient to destroy the precious fuel. The universal sceptic Gibbon doubts the story. See Decline, &c. v. vi, p. 399.

‡ The patriarch. Ch.

§ The historian. Ch.

of the churches of Africa and Asia: Arnobius* of Carthage, Athanasius† of Alexandria, Eusebius‡ of Cæsaria, Timotheus Pamphy-

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* Arnobius, was in the early part of his life a zealous idolater. He taught a school of rhetoric at Sicca, in Africa, with great reputation. He afterwards became a convert to Christianity, and a distinguished advocate in its defence. His valuable work, *Adversus Gentes* is still extant. His treatise *de Rhetorica Institutione* is lost. The time of his death is unknown, though it must have been in the early part of the fourth century.

† Athanasius was patriarch of Alexandria, where he filled the archiepiscopal chair for 47 years. He is celebrated "on account of his learned and pious labours, and particularly for his warm and vigorous opposition to the Arians." His life was a continued succession of triumph and disgrace, as his opponents the Arians were defeated or victorious. He is said to have been the author of the famous Nicene creed, as well as of many other valuable works. His character is given by the historian Gibbon (Decline, &c. v. iii, p. 37) with very considerable eloquence, and with unusual candour.

‡ Eusebius, surnamed Pamphilus, was born at Cæsaria in Palestine, of which he afterwards became bishop, about A. D. 270. "He was," says Mosheim, "a man of immense reading, justly famous for his profound knowledge of ecclesiastical history, and singularly versed in other branches of literature, more especially in all the different parts of sacred erudition." And Tillemont says of him, that he appears from his works to have "read all sorts of Greek authors, whether philosophers, historians, or divines, of Egypt, Phœnicia, Asia, Europe and Africa." Le Clerc strongly accuses him of Arianism, and it is certain that he joined the Arians in their violent opposition to Eustathius, bishop of Antioch, Athanasius of

lus,* all apologists, doctors, or confessors of Jesus Christ. The feeble seducer of Velleda scarcely dared to raise his eyes in the society of those Christian heroes who had vanquished and subjugated their passions, and who were like conquerors sent by heaven to strike the princes with a rod, and to place their feet upon the neck of kings.

" I was alone, one evening, in this repository for the poisons and remedies of the soul. From the top of a marble gallery, I beheld Alexandria illuminated by the last rays of the setting sun. I contemplated that city, containing a million of souls and situated between three deserts—the sea, the sands of Libya, and Necropolis ; a city which numbers among its inhabitants as many dead as living.† My eyes roved over a multi-

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Alexandria, and Marcellus of Ancyra. His works are, as might be expected from his character, numerous and valuable.

* The martyr preceptor of Eusebius. Ch. Pamphylus was a learned presbyter in the church of Cæsaria. and is supposed to have been the preceptor of Eusebius. He was a man of such profound learning, that he was called a second Origen. He was seized at Cæsaria in the year A. D. 307, carried before Urban, the governor of Palestine severely tortured, and commanded to prison. Eusebius attended him during his sufferings with the utmost attention and affection. He was soon after beheaded ; and his servant Porphyrius was burnt by a straw fire for only requesting leave to bury the body of his master.

† The following are the reflections which our author makes in his Itinerary, upon his arrival in the port of Alexandria.

tude of monuments—the Pharos, the Timonium, the Hippodrome, the palaces of the Ptolemies, the Needles of Cleopatra ;* I contemplated the two ports filled with vessels—the waves which witnessed the magnanimity of the first of the Cæsars

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"It was eleven o'clock at night (20 Oct. 1806) when we cast anchor in the merchant's port, among a number of vessels which lay moored before the city. I was not anxious to land, and waited the approach of day upon the deck of our saick.

"I had the whole night for reflection. I beheld on my right, vessels, and the castle that occupies the place of the Pharos: on my left, the horizon appeared to be bounded by hills, ruins and obelisks just visible through the darkness; before me extended a black line of walls and confused houses: but one solitary light was to be seen, and not the faintest sound arose upon the ear. Yet this was Alexandria, the rival of Memphis and of Thebes, which once reckoned three millions of inhabitants, was the sanctuary of the muses, and resounded with the orgies of Anthony and Cleopatra. But I listened in vain; a fatal talisman imposed upon the people of new Alexandria a total silence: this talisman is the despotism which extinguishes every joy, and deprives the wretched even of the sad comfort of complaint. Alas! what sound could issue from a city of which one third at least is abandoned, another third consecrated to the dead, and the remainder between these two lifeless extremities, nothing but a kind of palpitating body which has not even sufficient strength to shake off its chains between ruins and tombs?"

Itineraire de Paris a Jerusalem. &c. tom. iii, 68.

* The Needles of Cleopatra are two obelisks of about sixty feet high, by seven feet square at the base. They are each composed of a single stone, and are covered with hieroglyphics. One of them is overturned, broken, and nearly buried in the sand; the other is still standing.

and the wretchedness of Cornelia.* Even the form of the city arrested my attention: it was shaped like a Macedonian cuirass upon the sands of Libya; either to excite the recollection of its founder, or to declare to the traveller how productive were the arms of the Grecian hero, and that the spear of Alexander could produce cities in the desert, like the lance of Minerva, which caused the flowering olive to spring from the bosom of the earth.

"Pardon, my fathers, this image borrowed from an impure source. Filled with admiration for Alexandria, I entered into the library: I discovered a chamber which I had not yet visited. At the extremity of this chamber, I perceived a small glass monument, which reflected the rays of the setting sun. I approached it—it was a coffin: through the transparent crystal I beheld the body of a king who had died, apparently, in the flower of his age; his brow was encircled by a crown of gold, and his person was decorated with all the insignia of power. His motionless features still preserved some traces of the commanding spirit by which they had once been ani-

* Cornelia was the wife of Pompey. She witnessed from the vessel the murder of her husband, and heard his dying groans without the possibility of aiding him. See note, p. 74 supra. Pompey's head was cut off and sent to Cæsar, who turned away from it with horror, shedding a flood of tears. He afterwards erected a monument to his memory.

mated; he seemed to sleep the sleep of those who fall upon the field of battle, and whose hands yet hold their faithful swords with a firm and nervous grasp.

"A man was sitting near the coffin: he appeared deeply engaged in reading. I threw my eyes upon his book: I recognized the Bible of the Septuagint,* which had been already shown to me. It was unrolled at this verse of the Maccabees:

"When Alexander had conquered Darius, he

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* This was the first version ever made of the Bible, and was called the Septuagint, from the Greek Septuaginta, *seventy*, it being said, that *Seventy*, or *Seventy-two* Elders, six out of each of the twelve Tribes were employed upon the work. The tradition runs, that "each of these translated the whole of the Sacred Books from Hebrew into Greek, while confined in separate cells in the island of Pharos—that they were so particularly inspired by God, that every species of error was prevented, and that the seventy-two copies, when compared together, were found to be precisely the same, verbatim et literatim." But this Mr. Clarke considers as a mere fable, "worthy to be classed with the tale of *Bel and the Dragon*, or the stupid story of *Tobit and his dog*." "My own opinion," says this learned commentator, "may be given in a few words. I believe that the five books of Moses, the most correct and accurate part of the whole work, were translated from the Hebrew into Greek in the time of *Ptolemy Philadelphus*, king of Egypt, about 285 years before the Christian era: that this was done, not by *seventy-two*, but probably by *five* learned and judicious men; and that when completed, it was examined, approved, and allowed as a faithful version, by the *seventy* or *seventy-two* Elders who constituted the *Alexandrian*

" passed on to the ends of the earth, and the " earth was silent before him. After this, he " found that he was soon to die. And the great " men of his court seized the crown upon his " death : and evils multiplied over the earth."

At this moment I cast my eyes upon the coffin : the image which it enclosed seemed to bear some resemblance to the busts of Alexander*..... He, before whom the earth had been hushed, was reduced to endless silence! An obscure Christian seated near the coffin of one of the most renowned of conquerors, and reading in the Bible the history and the fate of this terror of the earth! What a boundless subject for reflection! Alas, thought I, if man, great as he may appear, is in reality so insignificant, what then are all his works? This magnificent city shall one day perish in its turn like its illustrious founder. One day, overpowered by the three deserts which

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Sanhedrim: and that the other books of the Old Testament were done at different times, by different hands, as the necessity of the case demanded, or the Providence of God appointed." See Clarke's Bible—General Preface, p. xxvii.

* Perdiccas, it is said, undertook to convey the body of Alexander to the temple of Jupiter Ammon, according to the directions of that prince; but Ptolemy, son of Lagus, carried it off, and deposited it, in a golden coffin, in the palace of Alexandria. The infamous Seleucus Cibyosactes violated this monument, carried off the golden coffin, and put a glass one in its place.

press upon it, the sea, the sands and death shall assume dominion over it as their rightful possession, and the wandering Arab shall plant his tent upon its buried ruins!

"On the following day I embarked for Memphis. We soon found ourselves, although in the open sea, surrounded by the red waters of the Nile. Some palm-trees, which seemed as if rising out of the waves, announced to us land which was as yet invisible. The soil which bore them rose gradually above the horizon. The confused summits of the edifices of Canopus presented themselves to our view; and at length Egypt, resplendent by a recent inundation, spread itself before us, like a fruitful heifer just issuing from the waters of the Nile.

"We entered the river under full sail. The mariners saluted it with enthusiastic shouts, and laved their lips with its sacred waves. A flat country, level with the surface of the river, extended from either shore.* This fertile marsh

* "The Nile," says our author, describing its appearance on the 23d October, 1806, (see Itinerary c. iii, p. 73) "was in all its beauty: it ran with a full current, yet without overflowing its banks; we beheld, along its shores, verdant fields of rice, planted with isolated palm-trees which represented columns and porticos. We re-embarked, and soon arrived at Rosetta. It was then that I enjoyed the first view of that magnificent Delta, to which nothing is wanting but a free government and a happy people. But no country is beautiful without independence; the serenest sky is hateful to one

was partially shaded by a few sycamores, laden with figs, and by palm-trees, which seemed to be the reeds of the Nile. Sometimes the desert, like an enemy, encroached upon the verdant plain; it extended its sands in long and brilliant windings, and displayed, in the bosom of fruitfulness, dry and steril mæanders. Here have arisen under the skilful hands of man, the obelisk, the column and the pyramid; a species of isolated architecture, invented by art to supply the place of aged oaks which nature has refused to bestow upon a soil renewed with each revolving year.

"We now began to discover upon our right the first sinuosities of the mountain of Libya, and upon our left the crest of those which border the Erythræan sea. In the space between these two

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chained upon the earth. I found nothing worthy those magnificent plains but mementos of the glory of my country: I beheld the remains of monuments of a new civilization, conveyed by the genius of France to the shores of the Nile; I recollected at the same time that the lances of our knights and the bayonets of our soldiers had twice reflected the rays of that brilliant sun: with this difference, that the knights, worsted in the combat of Massoura, were avenged by the soldiers at the battle of the Pyramids. As to the rest, although I was delighted at the view of a grand river and a fresh verdure, I was not much surprised, for they were absolutely my rivers of Louisiana and my American Savannahs: I would have been glad to have found also the forests where I placed the first illusions of my life." (He alludes to scenes in his charming little novel of Atala.)

chains of mountains, we soon discovered the summits of two grand pyramids. Placed at the entrance of the valley of the Nile, they seem like the funeral gates of Egypt, or rather like triumphal arches reared to the memory of the illustrious dead: Pharoah is there with all his people, and his sepulchres are round about him.*

"At a short distance, and like the shadow of these abodes of silence and of death, appeared Memphis surrounded by tombs. Washed by the lake Acherusia over which Charon ferried the dead, near the plain of tombs, it seemed upon the point of falling into the horrid gulf with all its numerous generations. I remained but a short time in this once splendid city, but now divested of all its former grandeur. I ascended, in search of Dioclesian, to the isle of Syene, so celebrated as the residence of the exiled Juvenal. I visited Thebes with its hundred gates†—Tentyra with its magnificent ruins, and several others of the

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* The pyramids are about twenty in number, of which three are far superior in magnitude to the others. The largest of these is 481 feet in perpendicular height, and its base covers more than eleven acres of ground. The smallest of the stones of which it is composed are 30 feet long, and are most elaborately worked, being covered with hieroglyphics.

† No person ever hears of the Egyptian Thebes, without immediately adding, as it were mechanically, *and its hundred gates*. The ideas are inseparable.

four thousand cities which the Nile waters in its course.

"Not all proud Thebes unrivalled walls contain,
The world's great Empress on th' Ægyptian plain,
That spreads her conquests o'er a thousand states,
And pours her heroes thro' a *hundred gates*,
Two hundred horsemen, and two hundred cars
From each wide portal issuing to the wars," &c.

The word ἑκατόμπυλοι (See Il. b. ix, v. 380) certainly means *a hundred gates*, or *hundred gated;* but Volney renders it *palaces*. His idea is plausible enough. (See Ruins, &c. p. 29, and note f.) Perhaps Diodorus is still more correct in supposing that Homer applied to it this expression, only as having many gates." Mr. Bruce thinks that the hundred gates of Thebes are to be found in its hundred mountains, which are excavated and adorned in the most astonishing manner. The very name of these mountains Beeban el Meluke, i. e. the *ports or gates of the kings* he thinks proves the fact. See Bruce's Travels, vol. 1, p. 125 and 136, edit. in 4to. The reader will find Diodorus' magnificent description of this renowned city, given by Mr. Pope in a note on v. 500, of b. ix, with which he may compare the following account of its present state as it appeared to Mr. Browne in October 1792.

"These venerable ruins," says this traveller, "probably the most ancient in the world, extend for about three leagues in length along the Nile. East and west they reach to the mountains, a breadth of about two leagues and a half. The circumference of the ancient city must therefore have been about twenty-seven miles." Its present name, according to Mr. B. is El Kussûr, not Luxor, or Aksor, as some modern authors have styled it. Its principal ruins are on the Eastern side of the Nile, and are; 1. The Great Temple, "an oblong square building of vast extent with a double colonade, one at each extremity. The massy columns and walls are

" In vain did I seek for that sage and experienced Egypt, which gave Cecrops and Inachus to Greece—which was visited by Homer, Lycurgus

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covered with hieroglyphics, a labour truly stupendous." 2. The temple of *Aleu-Hadjadj*—3. Numerous ruins, avenues marked with the remains of Sphinxes, &c. On the Western side of the Nile—1. Two colossal figures, apparently of a man and woman, formed of a calcareous stone like the rest of the ruins—2. Remains of a large temple with caverns excavated in the rock—3. The magnificent edifice styled the *palace of Memnon*. Some of the columns are about forty feet high, and about nine and a half in diameter. The columns and walls are covered with hieroglyphics. At the extremity of this passage, in the sides of the rock, are the celebrated caverns known as the sepulchres of the ancient kings. They are cut into the free-stone rock, in appearance upon one general plan, though differing in parts. First, a passage of some length; then a chamber; a continuation of the first passage turns abruptly to the right, where is the large sepulchral chamber, with a sarcophagus of red granite in the midst. In the second part of the passage of the largest are several cells or recesses on both sides. In these appear the chief paintings, representing the mysteries, which, as well as the hieroglyphics covering all the walls, are very fresh."

Pococke says that walled cities were not common in Egypt; but Mr. B. thinks he discovered some faint traces of a wall, and three masses of ruins in the exact direction of south, west and north from the great temple, where he made his observations and at a distance as far as the eye could reach, presented the appearance of having been three gates.

These ruins, particularly those along the borders of the Nile, are inhabited by a ferocious set, whose usual weapon is a spear from twelve to fourteen feet long. See Browne's Travels in Africa, Egypt and Syria, London, fol. 1806.

and Pythagoras, and by Jacob, Joseph and Moses —that Egypt where the people sat, in judgment upon their departed kings*—where a father's body was often made the pledge of honesty—where

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* The following extract from Antenor's Travels will no doubt be read by many with much interest, as it seems to furnish a satisfactory origin to many of the superstitious notions of Greece and Rome. "The dead are conveyed over two lakes in their passage to the plains, where the kings have established their mausolea, and where the three famous pyramids are seated; each being furnished with a separate temple and priests. As these scenes of silence are an inviolable asylum, and every one who profanes them is punished with death, most of the Egyptians are desirous of having tombs there, and each family excavates a vault in the rock which is covered with sand. The beauty of the plains beyond this vast desert of sand, the canals that water them, and their perpetually verdant shades suggested to the travellers of Greece the first idea of the Styx, of Lethe, and of the Elysian fields. Beyond the lake is the temple of the dark and infernal Hecate; the gates of Cocytus and of Lethe, which are shut with bars of brass, and near them a statue of Truth and another of Justice without a head.

"When the appointed day arrived we entered the boat called baris together with the corpse, and gave the ferryman Charon an obolus for our passage. On the other side we found the judges seated in a semicircle, being forty-one in number. By law, every man is allowed to accuse the deceased, and if the accuser proves that his life has been blame-worthy, the judges condemn him, and he is deprived of burial: but if the charge is false and calumnious, the accuser is severely punished. See Trav. of Ant. v. 11, p. 276. Diodorus gives us nearly the same account.

the father who had murdered his son was compelled to hold the dead body for three days in a close embrace—where a coffin was carried around the festive table—where houses were styled inns, and sepulchres habitations.* I interrogated its priests, so renowned for their knowledge in the mysteries of heaven and in the traditions of the sons of men. I found only impostors who wrap up truth, like their mummies, with swathings and bandelets, and reckon it among the number of the dead in their funeral vaults. Relapsed into the grossest ignorance, they no longer understand the language of hieroglyphics, their empty and unmeaning symbols are mute as well to themselves, as to posterity: thus, have the greater part of their monuments, their obelisks, their sphinxes,† their colossal statues, entirely lost their

* "All these people (says Diodorus Siculus, speaking of the Egyptians) considering the duration of human life as a period extremely short and unimportant, regard with the utmost attention the immortality which virtue leaves behind it: it is for this reason that they call the houses of the living *inns*, as affording only a temporary residence, whilst they give the name of *eternal habitations* to the tombs of the dead, from whence none ever issue. Hence the indifference of their kings in the edification of their palaces, and their unbounded profusion in the construction of their tombs."

† Sphinx is said to have been a monster, having the face of a virgin, the body of a dog, the feet of a lion, the tail of a serpent, the wings of a seraph, or flying serpent, and a human voice. Nothing is more common in Egyptian hierogly-

relation to history and morality. All things have changed, except a superstition consecrated by the memory of their ancestors, and which resembles those brazen monsters which time itself has not been able to destroy—their hinder parts and their backs are buried in the sand, but their hideous heads are still seen rising among the tombs.

"I at length found Dioclesian at the great cataracts, where he had just concluded a treaty with the people of Nubia. The Emperor condescended to speak to me of the military honours I had obtained, and expressed some degree of regret at the resolution I had taken.

"Nevertheless," said he, "if you persist in your design, you are at liberty to return to your coun-

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phics than the representation of the Sphinx. From the description left us by Strabo of the ancient Egyptian temples, it appears that the entrance to the temple was through an avenue of Sphinxes, which were ranged with the utmost regularity on each side to the number of forty and upwards, the faces looking towards each other. See a beautiful engraving of the Egyptian Sphynx in the 18th number of Rees' Cyclopedia. Basso Relievo, plate 1. Mr. Faber considers the sphinx as an emblem of the united superstition of the arkite worship (or the worship of Noah in conjunction with the ark) and Sabianism, or the worship of the heavenly bodies. See Dissert. on the Cabiri, v. 1, p. 270, and v. 2, p. 25. M. Maillet supposes it to be an emblem of the increase of the Nile under the signs of *Leo* and *Virgo*.

try. I grant this favour in consideration of your services: you will be the first of your family who has been permitted to return to the dwelling of his fathers, without leaving his son as a hostage in the hands of the Roman people."

"Filled with joy at finding myself free, I was now to behold in Egypt another species of antiquities, more congenial with my feelings, my penitence, and my remorse. I was not far from the desert which witnessed the flight of the Hebrews, and which is consecrated by the mysteries of the God of Israel: I resolved to traverse the desert in my way to Syria.

"I descended the river of Egypt. At the distance of two days journey above Memphis, I took a guide to conduct me to the shore of the Red Sea: from thence I had to proceed to Arsinoe,* in order to travel to Gaza with the merchants of Syria. Some dates and a few skins filled with water were the only provisions for my journey. My guide preceded me, mounted upon a dromedary; I followed upon an Arabian mare. We crossed the first chain of mountains which border the eastern shore of the Nile; and losing sight of the watry champaigns, we entered upon a dry and steril waste: nothing can be a better emblem of the passage from life to death.

* Suez. Ch.

"Imagine to yourselves, my fathers, sandy plains, furrowed by the rains of winter, burnt up by the fires of summer, of a red aspect, and a frightful sterility. Sometimes a few spiny trees of the cochineal occupy a small space in the interminable desert; the wind traverses these armed forests, without the power to bend their stubborn boughs; here and there the remains of petrified barks strike the eyes, and a rugged pile of stones serves, from time to time, to designate the proper route of the caravans.

"We marched during one whole day in this arid plain. We crossed another chain of mountains, and discovered a second plain still more extensive and desolate than the first.

"Night arrived. The moon rose upon the vacant desert: nought was to be seen throughout the dreary waste, save the motionless shadow of our dromedary, and the fleeting shadows of a herd of antelopes. The awful stillness of night was interrupted only by the noise of the wild boar as he tore up and ground some decayed roots, or by the chirping of the cricket which sought in vain, in these uncultivated sands, for the hearth of the humble labourer.

"We resumed our route before the return of day. The sun arose divested of his rays, and appearing like a round plate of burning iron. The heat increased with every moment. Towards the third hour of the day, the dromedary began to

exhibit signs of inquietude; he buried his nostrils in the sand, and panted with violence. The ostrich, at intervals, uttered mournful cries. The serpent and the cameleon hastened to shelter themselves in the bosom of the earth. I observed my guide look anxiously at the sky, whilst his countenance assumed a deadly paleness. I demanded the cause of his alarm.

"I fear," said he, "the wind from the south; let us save ourselves."

"Turning towards the north, he began to fly with all the speed of his dromedary. I followed him; the dreadful wind that threatened us, was still fleeter than we.

"A whirlwind from the extremity of the desert, suddenly approaches us. The sun is hid from our view, whilst columns of sand, raised behind us, roll over our heads. Bewildered in a labyrinth of moving hills each resembling the other, my guide declares that he no longer knows his route; to complete our calamities our water-bags, in the rapidity of our flight, leak entirely away. Exhausted, consumed by a burning thirst, forcibly restraining our breath through fear of inhaling the fiery air, the perspiration rolls in streams down our enfeebled limbs. The tempest redoubles its rage; it penetrates even to the old foundations of the earth, and scatters over the heavens the burning entrails of the desert. Buried in a cloud of scorching sand, my guide suddenly disappears.

The next moment I hear his cry; I fly towards the sound: the miserable man, overcome by the fiery wind, lies lifeless upon the sand, and his dromedary has disappeared.*

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* I cannot forbear inserting here Darwin's sublime picture of the destruction of the 50,000 men sent by Cambyses from Thebes against the Ammonians, with orders to ravage the country and destroy the temple of Jupiter Ammon. The army, decimated by famine, is represented on its fatal march through the deserts of Libya:

"Now o'er their heads the whizzing whirlwinds breathe
And the live desert heaves and pants beneath:
Tinged by the crimson sun, vast columns rise
Of eddying sands and war against the skies;
In red arcades the billowy plain surround,
And stalking turrets dance upon the ground.

Long ranks in vain their shining blades extend,
To dæmon gods their knees unhallowed bend,
Wheel in wide circles, form the hollow square,
And now they front, and now they fly the war,
Pierce the deep tempest with lamenting cries,
Press their parch'd lips and close their bloodshot eyes.

Gnomes! o'er the waste you led your myriad powers,
Climb'd on the whirls and aim'd the flinty showr's:
Onward resistless rolls th' impetuous surge,
Clouds follow clouds and mountains mountains urge:
Wave over wave, the driving desert swims,
Bursts o'er their heads, inhumes their struggling limbs:
Man mounts on man, on camels camels rush,
Hosts march o'er hosts—and nations nations crush.
Wheeling in air the winged islands fall,
And one great earthy ocean covers all!

" In vain did I endeavour to re-animate my unfortunate companion. My efforts were fruitless. I seated myself at a little distance, holding my horse by the bridle, and looked up for aid to Him only who changed the fires of Azarias' furnace into a gentle wind and a refreshing dew. An acacia which grew in this place served as a shelter. Protected by this feeble rampart, I awaited the ceasing of the tempest. Towards evening, the wind of the north resumed its course; the air lost its scorching heat, the sands fell from the heavens, and I again beheld the stars: useless lights which served only to shew me the immensity of the desert.

" The heaps of stones, placed to guide the traveller through the desert, had disappeared, and not the smallest trace of a path was to be seen. Exhausted by thirst, hunger and fatigue, my mare could no longer support her burden: she sunk dying at my feet. Day returned to add to my sufferings. The sun deprived me of what little strength I had left; I attempted to proceed a few steps; but soon, able to advance no further, I threw myself into a thicket, and awaited, or rather called for the approach of death.

Then ceased the storm—Night bow'd his Ethiop brow
To earth and listen'd to the groans below:
Grim horror shook—awhile the living hill
Shook with convulsive throes—and all was still!

Botanic Garden, part 1, p. 99.

" Already had the sun advanced beyond the middle of his course: the roaring of a lion suddenly met my ear. I arose with difficulty, and perceived the terrible animal running across the sands. It at once occurred to me that he might be hastening to some fountain known to the beasts of these solitudes. I recommended myself to the protector of Daniel, and raising my eyes in gratitude to God, I followed at a distance my strange conductor. It was not long before we arrived at a little valley. I there beheld a well of fresh water surrounded by verdant moss. Near it arose a date tree, whose branches bent under a weight of ripened fruit. These unlooked-for succours restored me to life. The lion drank at the fountain, and gently retired, as if to give me a place at the banquet of Providence: thus did I witness an emblem of those happy days of the infant world, when the first man, as yet pure and unsullied, beheld the brute creation gather around him as their king, and demand of him the name which they should carry to the desert.

" Eastward from the valley of the palm-tree, I perceived a high mountain. I directed my steps towards this new Pharos, which seemed to invite me to a haven across fixed waves and standing billows of an ocean of sand. I arrived at the foot of the mountain; I began to ascend black and calcined rocks which formed a boundary to my horizon. Night again arrived; I heard only the

tread of a wild beast advancing before me, and breaking down, as he proceeded in the dark, some dry and withered plants. I fancied it was the lion of the fountain. Suddenly he began to roar: the echos of these solitary mountains seemed to be awakened for the first time, and replied by a wild murmur to the accents of the lion. He halted before a cavern the entrance to which was closed by a stone. I perceive a faint light through the chinks of the passage. My heart palpitates with surprize and hope; I approach, I eagerly examine; O miracle! I discover a light in reality in the bosom of the grotto.

"Whoever thou art," cried I, "thou who tamest the wild beasts of the forest, have pity upon a bewildered stranger!"

"Scarcely had I pronounced these words, when I heard the voice of an old man singing a canticle from the Scriptures.

"Oh Christian," cried I again, "receive a brother!"

"At the same moment appeared a man broken by age, whose head seemed whitened by as many years as had passed over the head of Jacob. He was covered with a robe of palm-leaves.

"Stranger," said he, "thou art welcome! Thou beholdest a man who is upon the point of being reduced to dust. The hour of my last slumber is arrived; but I can yet, for a few moments, per-

form the rights of hospitality. Enter, my brother, into the grotto of Paul."

"Trembling with respect, I followed the founder of Christianity in the deserts of the Thebais.

"In the bosom of the grotto, a palm-tree, extending and interweaving its branches on every side, formed a kind of vestibule. A limpid fountain sprang up at its foot. From this fountain issued a little rivulet, which scarcely left its source before it again sunk into the bosom of the earth. Paul seated himself at my side upon the edge of the fountain, and the lion, which had guided me to the well of the Arab, couched himself at our feet.

"Stranger," said the anchoret, with amiable simplicity, "how go on the affairs of the world? Do they still build cities? Who is the master that now reigns? I have inhabited this grotto for one hundred years: during this whole period I have seen but two men, yourself, and Anthony the heir of my desert, who called yesterday at my door, and who will return to-morrow to perform for me the last sad offices that nature ever shall require."

"In speaking these words, Paul produced from the hollow of a rock a loaf of the finest bread. He observed, that Providence supplied him daily with the same nourishment. He invited me to partake with him of the celestial gift. We drank a little water from the hollow of our hand; and

after this frugal repast, the holy man desired to know what events had led me to this almost inaccessible retreat. After having heard the deplorable history of my life:

"Eudorus," said he, "your crimes have indeed been great, but there is no sin which may not be effaced by a sincere repentance. It is not without design that Providence has caused you to behold the progress of infant Christianity throughout the earth. You find it as well among the lions, under the fires of the tropics, as among the bears and the ices of the north. Soldier of Jesus Christ, thou art destined to combat and to vanquish for the faith. O God, whose ways are incomprehensible to man, it is thou who hast conducted this young professor to my grotto, that I may draw aside the veil which hides the future from his view; and that in perfecting his knowledge of religion, I may complete in him through thy grace the work which nature has already commenced! Eudorus, repose here for the day; tomorrow, when the light first dawns in the east, we will repair to the mountain to offer prayers to our God, and I will then converse with you before I die."

"The anchoret entertained me for a long time with the beauty of religion and the blessings which it would one day impart to the human race. The conversation of this old man exhibited at times the most extraordinary contrast: artless as

the infant who has nature only for its guide, he seemed to have forgotten every thing, or rather never to have known any thing relating to the affairs of the world, its grandeurs, its pains, its pleasures; but when the Deity descended into his soul, Paul became an inspired genius, filled with experience of the present and visions of the future. It seemed as if two persons were united in the same individual: it was impossible to say which was most to be admired, Paul the ignorant, or Paul the prophetic; as it was the amiable simplicity of the former opposed to the towering sublimity of the latter.

" After having given me a few lessons, tempered with impressive sweetness and fascinating wisdom, Paul invites me to join him in his sacrifice of thanksgiving to the Eternal; he arises, and standing under the palm-tree, he chants:

" Blessed be thou, O God of our fathers, thou " who hast not diregarded me in my low estate!

" O Solitude, my spouse, thou art about to " lose him who found in thee his happiness!

" The solitary ought to have a chaste body, " pure lips, a spirit enlightened by a ray divine.

" Sacred grief of penitence, pierce my soul as " with a golden arrow, and fill it with celestial " sadness!

" Tears are the mothers of every virtue, and " afflictions the steps by which we ascend towards " the skies."

"The prayer of the saint was scarcely ended, when I was seized with a sweet and profound slumber. I slept upon the bed of ashes which Paul preferred to an imperial couch. The sun had nearly finished his course when I awoke from my sleep. The hermit said to me:

"Arise;—pray—eat, and let us ascend the mountain."

"I obeyed; we left the grotto. For more than six hours did we clamber up the rugged rocks; and as the dawn whitened the east, we arrived at the highest elevation of mount Colzim.

"An immense horizon extended around us. To the east we discovered the summits of Horeb and of Sinai, the desert of Sur, and the Red Sea; to the south, the mountains of the Thebais; to the north, the steril plains through which Pharoah pursued the Hebrews; and to the west, beyond the sands among which I had lost my way the rich valley of Egypt.

"Aurora, whose earliest rays first beamed upon Arabia the happy, illumined for some moments this interesting picture. The onagra, the gazelle, and the ostrich sped rapidly across the desert, whilst the camels of a caravan defiled slowly among the sands, led by the intelligent ass* which

* The ass of the east is far superior to the common ass known among us; and those of Egypt and Arabia, says Sonnini, are superior to any in the universe. Their attitudes and

served as their guide. On the Red Sea you beheld vessels laden with perfumes or with silk, or which conveyed some sage to the Indian shores. Crowning at length with splendour this frontier of two worlds, the sun arose; he appeared in all his brightness upon the summit of Sinai: feeble and yet glorious emblem of that God whom Moses contemplated upon the sacred mountain.

"The hermit addressed me:

"Confessor of the faith, cast around thine eyes. Behold that east which has given birth to, and from whence have proceeded, all the religions and all the revolutions of the earth; behold that Egypt which has given elegant deities to your Greece, and rude deities to India; behold the desert of Sur where Moses received the law; Jesus Christ appeared in those same regions, and yet shall the descendant of Ishmael, at some future day, re-establish error under the tent of the Arab. Morality is likewise a production of this prolific soil. But observe that the inhabitants of the east, as if undergoing the punishment of some

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movements are elegant and graceful; with a nobleness and almost haughtiness in their carriage. In Egypt, people not only ride on asses without hesitation, but they were, formerly, the only animals on which Christians of any country were allowed to appear in the capital. For many interesting observations relative to this animal, see Buffon, the Abbé la Pluche, and Sonnini's Travels.

great rebellion attempted by their fathers, have almost always been subject to the yoke of tyranny: thus (wondrous contrast!) has morality originated among slaves, and religion in the abodes of wretchedness. In fine, these same deserts have served as paths to the armies of Sesostris, of Cambyses, of Alexander, of Cæsar. Ages of futurity, hither will ye also lead armies no less numerous, warriors not inferior in renown! The most important events which have yet taken place in the history of mankind, have either proceeded from, or terminated in this interesting country. A supernatural energy is still displayed in regions where the first man was born; something of mystery seems still to hover over the cradle of creation and the sources of light.

"Not to dwell upon those brilliant luminaries which have occasionally burst forth and then sunk into the tomb; not to contemplate those celebrated ages, which are but as a handful of scattered dust, it is chiefly as it respects the Christians that the east is to be viewed as the country of wonders.

"You, Eudorus, have beheld Christianity diffusing its light in aid of morality, among the civilized nations of Italy and Greece; you have beheld it introducing itself, under the guise of charity, in the bosom of the Barbarians of Gaul and Germany; there, under the influence of a character which enfeebles the soul by giving hardihood and obstinacy to the understanding, among

a people whose political institutions have rendered them sedate, but whose climate encourages levity —charity and morality would be altogether insufficient. The religion of Jesus Christ cannot enter into the temples of Isis and of Ammon, but under the veil of penitence. It must offer to voluptuousness and effeminacy a spectacle of continual privations; it must oppose to the crafts of priests, and to the fictions of imaginary deities, authenticated miracles and true and legitimate prophecy; displays of extraordinary virtue can alone avail in withdrawing the fascinated crowd from the exhibitions of the circus and of the theatre; whilst one part of mankind are committing great crimes, great expiations are necessary, in order that the lustre of vice may be effaced by the superior brilliancy of virtue.

"Behold the reason of the establishment of those missionaries who commence in me, and who will long continue to dwell in these solitudes. Admire the wisdom of our divine chief, who regulates the disposition of his troops according to the places in which they have to act, or to the obstacles against which they have to contend. Contemplate the two religions which are here to struggle with each other, until one of them shall finally be prostrated in the dust. The ancient worship of Osiris, which loses itself in the remoteness of antiquity, trusting confidently in its traditions, its mysteries, its pomps, looks forward

to undoubted victory. The great dragon of Egypt lies down in the midst of its waters, and exclaims: "The river is mine!" He believes that the crocodile shall forever receive the incense of mankind, that the bull shall always be regarded as the mightiest among the gods.* No, my

* The worship of the crocodile, among the Egyptians, has been noticed heretofore. (See v. i, p. 274.) The worship of the god Apis, or the *bull*, was first introduced, according to Jablonski, in his *Pantheon Ægyptiorum*, in the year 1171 before Christ, and continued down to the reign of the emperor Theodosius, during a period of 1550 years. The Apis was held in the greatest veneration, and was consulted by Alexander, Germanicus, Titus, Adrian, Sep. Severus; and indeed all who ever visited Egypt had the curiosity to see him and render him respect and homage. Twenty-five years was the period of his existence, at which time, if he had lived so long, the god was drowned with great ceremony by the priests in the Nile. A new Apis was then to be found—his distinguishing marks were, a black colour, a square white mark upon his forehead, the figure of an eagle on his back, a lump under his tongue resembling a beetle, and a white spot, in the form of a crescent, on his right side. Until he was found, all Egypt was in an uproar. Darius Hystaspis once offered a reward of one hundred talents of gold to whoever should discover a new Apis. But the priests were generally careful to have one ready—which they no doubt manufactured for their purpose.

Mr. Bryant conjectures, that the name Apis was an Egyptian term for father, that it referred to the patriarch Noah, and that the crescent, which was usually marked on its side, was a representation of the ark. See Anal. Anc. Myth. v. ii, p. 420. Mr. Faber is of the same opinion. See Diss. on the Cabiri. v. i, p. 377 and ii, 158.

son, an army is forming in the desert to aid in the establishment of truth. It advances from the Thebais and from the solitude of Scete; it is composed of saints whose locks are silvered by time, and who, armed with no other weapons than white staves, are marshalled against the priests of error and proceed to attack them in their very temples. The latter dwell in fruitful fields, and repose in luxury and pleasure; the former inhabit a burning soil and suffer all the severities of life. Hell, which urges their destruction, attempts every mode to obtain a victory: the Dæmons of voluptuousness, of riches, of ambition, seek to corrupt the faithful soldiery. But heaven sends assistance to its children; it lavishes miracles in their favour. Who can enumerate even the names of so great a crowd of illustrious solitaries—the Anthonies, the Serapions, the Macariuses, the Pacomiuses! Victory declares for them: wherever Error has spoken, there Truth now raises her voice; wherever the false gods have displayed a mystery, there has Jesus Christ established a saint. The grottos of the Thebais are invaded; the catacombs of the dead are occupied by the living, but who are no longer influenced by the passions of human existence. The gods, driven from their temples, return to the river or to the plough. The shout of triumph rises from the

pyramid of Cheops* to the tomb of Ozymandias!"†

"Paul ceased for a moment, and then resumed his discourse:

"Eudorus," said he, "you will never again abandon the ranks of the soldiers of Jesus Christ. If you rebel not against the voice of heaven, what a crown awaits you! What a brilliant glory shall encircle your head! Alas, my son, what seek you among the children of men! Are you attached to the world? Would you, like the faithless Israelites, dance around the golden calf? Knowest thou the fate which menaces that empire which has held mankind, for so many ages, in bondage? The crimes of these masters of the world call aloud for the day of vengeance. They have persecuted the faithful, they are filled with the blood

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* Cheops built one of the largest of the pyramids, upon which one thousand and sixty talents were expended in supplying the workmen with leeks, parsley, garlic, and other vegetables.

† This is a prodigious sarcophagus, composed of one solid piece of red granite, sixteen feet high, ten long and six broad. Its cover was still upon it when Mr. Bruce visited Thebes. See Bruce's Travels, v. i, p. 126, 4to. Cambyses despoiled this magnificent tomb of the famous circle of gold which encompassed it, and which is reported to have been three hundred and sixty-five cubits in circumference, and to have exhibited the motions of the several constellations.

of the martyrs, like the cups and the horns of the altar . . . ."

" Paul was again silent. He extended his arms towards mount Horeb—his eyes kindled—a flame appeared upon his head—his bald front shone suddenly with youthful ardour;—the new Elias cried out :

" Whence come those fugitives who seek a shelter in the caves of the desert? Who are those who issue from the four corners of the earth? Behold those terrible horsemen, vile offspring of the Dæmons and the sorceresses of Scythia?* The scourge of God conducts them.† Their horses are fleeter than leopards; they assemble troops of captives like mountains of sand! What mean those kings clothed in the skins of beasts, their heads covered with Barbarian hats,‡ or their cheeks stained with green?§ Why do those naked men murder their prisoners under the walls of the beleagured city?¶ Hold: the monster has drank the blood of the Roman whom he has vanquished!** They all come from the deserts of a wild and savage country; the march of all is to-

* The Huns. Ch.
† Attila. Ch.
‡ The Goths. Ch.
§ The Lombards. Ch.
¶ The Franks and the Vandals. Ch.
** The Saracen. Ch.

wards the new Babylon! Art thou fallen, queen of cities? How are thy plains deserted! What gloomy solitude reigns around thee! But, O prodigy, the Cross appears in the midst of this cloud of dust! It rises upon resuscitated Rome! It marks its various edifices! Paul, father of the anchorites, rejoice before thou diest! Thy children occupy the palace of the Cæsars; the porticos, where the destruction of the Christians was planned and sworn, are converted into sacred cloisters,* and penitence dwells where vice reigned triumphant!"

"The hands of Paul now fell to his sides. The fire which had animated him, became extinguished. He again resumed the language of mortality.

"Eudorus," said he, "we must separate. I am never again to descend this mountain. He who is to deposit me in the earth, approaches; he comes to cover my poor body and to render dust to dust. You will find him at the foot of the rock; you will there await his return: he will point out to you your path."

"The wondrous old man then compelled me to leave him. Sorrowful, and absorbed in the most serious meditations, I silently departed. I heard the voice of Paul as he sang his last hymn of praise. Ready to consume himself upon the al-

* The Baths of Dioclesian inhabited by the Chartreux. Ch.

tar, the aged Phœnix saluted with concerts his reviving youth. At the foot of the mountain I encountered another old man who hastily passed me. He held in his hand the robe of Athanasius which Paul had requested him to procure for his winding-sheet. It was the illustrious Anthony, who had been proved by so many combats with the powers of darkness. I wished to speak with him; but he, continuing his pace, cried:

"I have seen Elias, I have seen John in the desert, I have seen Paul in paradise!"

"He disappeared; and I awaited his return during the whole day. He did not join me until the day following. Tears gushed from his eyes.

"My son," cried he, approaching me, "the seraph is no longer upon the earth. Scarcely had I left you yesterday, when I beheld, in the midst of a choir of angels and prophets, Paul, shrouded in glory, mounting towards heaven. I ran to the summit of the mountain; I perceived the saint on his knees upon the earth, his eyes raised and his hands extended towards the skies. He seemed still in the act of praying, but he was no more. My hands, assisted by the lion which he had cherished, prepared his grave, and his robe of palm-leaves has become my inheritance."

"It was thus that Anthony related to me the death of the first of the anchorets. We com-

menced our journey, and arrived at the monastery where was already formed, under the direction of Anthony, that soldiery whose future conquests were announced to me by Paul.* A monk conducted me to Arsinoe. I immediately set out from thence with the merchants of Ptolemais. In traversing Asia, I stopped at the holy sepul-

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* The union of the Christian religion with the doctrines of Plato, which was commenced by Origen and carried on by his followers, gave rise to two species of theology distinguished by the names of *scholasticism* and *mysticism*. Fascinated by the beauties of the Platonic philosophy, the Christian doctors assumed it as the proper test of all religion; and the divine truths of the Gospel were soon interpreted, in the most licentious manner, agreeably to the tenor of this pagan doctrine. Hence what was called *scholastic theology*. Another class of men, proceeding upon that well known principle of the same philosophy, that *the divine nature was diffused through all human souls*, or, *that the faculty of reason was an emanation from God into the human soul, and comprehended in it the principles and elements of all truth, human and divine*, denied that this celestial flame could, by labour or study, be excited in the human mind, and consequently disapproved of those who, by definitions, abstract theorems, profound speculations, &c. endeavoured to form distinct notions of truth, and to discover its hidden nature. These maintained, on the contrary, that *silence, tranquillity, repose, solitude, mortification of the body, &c.* were the only means by which those ends could be attained. Hence the rise of what was styled *mystic theology*, and its various professors, anchorets, eremites, cœnobites, &c. The first of the hermits is supposed to have been Paul, who somewhere about the commence-

chre, where I found Helena, the wife of Constantius my generous protector, and the mother of Constantine my illustrious friend. I afterwards visited the seven churches which were instructed by the prophet of Patmos: the patient Ephesus, the afflicted Smyrna, Pergamus abounding in the faith, the charitable Thyatira, Sardes numbered among the dead, Laodicea counselled to purchase white raiment, and Philadelphia beloved by him

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ment of the third century, retired into the most solitary desert of the Thebais, where he led, during ninety years, a life more worthy of a savage animal than of a rational being.

He was followed by Antony, who, resolving, while yet a youth, to adopt a monastic life, distributed his patrimony, deserted his family, and after subjecting himself to a painful noviciate among the tombs and in a ruined tower, boldly advanced into the desert three days' journey to the eastward of the Nile, and fixed his residence upon mount Colzim near the Red Sea; where an ancient monastery still preserves the name and memory of the saint. Thousands imitated his example, and the venerable patriarch, for he attained the age of 105 years, lived to see the sandy wastes of Libya swarming with the disciples which his doctrines had collected and formed. The mountain and desert of Nitria contained fifty monasteries which sprang up under their hands. Nine monasteries of men, and one of women, were founded by Pachomius, who, with fourteen hundred of his brethren, occupied the lonely island of Tabenne, in the Upper Thebais. The stately and populous city of Oxyrinchus, the seat of Christian orthodoxy, appropriated the temples, the public edifices, and even the ramparts, to the use of these deluded fanatics. See Mosheim's Eccles. Hist. vol. i, p. 272. Decline and Fall, &c. v. iv, p. 370.

who hath the key of David. I had the happiness to meet at Byzantium the young prince Constantine, who deigned to fold me in his arms, and communicate to me his vast designs. I beheld you again, O my father, after six years of absence and of suffering! If heaven favours my desires, I shall never leave the vallies of Arcadia again: happy shall I be if I may here pass my days in penitence, and sleep, at my death, in the tomb of my fathers."

These words terminated the narrative of Eudorus: the old men remained for some moments absorbed in silence. Lasthenes thanked God from the bottom of his heart for having given him such a son; Cyrillus had nothing to censure in a youth who had so freely confessed his faults; he even regarded him with a mixed sensation of respect and admiration, as a confessor chosen by heaven for the highest destiny; Demodocus was almost overwhelmed by the unknown language and incomprehensible virtues of Eudorus. The three old men arise with majesty, like three kings, and return to the dwelling of Lasthenes. Cyrillus, after offering for Eudorus the solemn sacrifice, takes leave of his host and returns to Lacedæmon. Eudorus retires to his grotto, the daily witness of his penitence. Demodocus, left alone with his daughter, folds her tenderly in his arms, and says with a gloomy foreboding:

"Daughter of Demodocus, thou shalt perhaps

be as unfortunate in thy turn, for Jupiter holds our destinies in his hands. But thou wilt imitate Eudorus. Adversity has augmented the virtue of this youth. The rarest virtues are not always the result of that slow maturity which age produces; the still green cluster, cut off by the hand of the vine-dresser, and dried upon the stalk before the autumn, gives the finest wine upon the borders of the Alpheus, and upon the shores of the Erymanthus.

THE ARGUMENT.

Invocation to the Holy Spirit. Conspiracy of the Dæmons against the Church. Dioclesian orders the Christians to be numbered. Hierocles departs for Achaia. Loves of Eudorus and Cymodocea.

BOOK XII.

HOLY SPIRIT, thou who fertilized the vast abyss by overshadowing it with thy wings, it is now that I have most need of thy assistance! From the top of the mountain at whose feet the summits of Aonia bow their lowly heads, thou contemplatest the perpetual fluctuation of all earthly things, the society of mankind in which nothing remains stationary, not even the principles of eternal truth, where good becomes evil, and evil good; thou regardest with contempt the dignities which inflate our hearts, the vain honours which corrupt them; thou threatenest that power which is the fruit of crime; thou consolest that affliction which is the result of virtue; thou beholdest the various passions of men, their guilty fears, their jealous hatred, their interested desires, their fleeting pleasures, their lasting pains; thou drawest the veil from all these miseries, O creative Spirit! Animate my pen in what I am now about to set forth: happy shall I feel, if I may be enabled to soften the horrors of my picture by the soul-reviving descriptions of the wonders of thy love!

Stationed at the various posts assigned to them by their chief, the spirits of darkness breathe, in every quarter, discord and horror upon the Christian name. They let loose, even in Rome itself, the passions of the chiefs and of the ministers of the Empire. Astarte appears continually before Hierocles in the image of the daughter of Homer. She gives to the seducing phantom all those fascinating graces which absence and memory ever impart to beauty. Satan secretly inflames the ambition of Galerius: he represents to him the Faithful attached to Diocletian, as the only prop that supports the aged Emperor upon his throne. The prefect of Achaia, who had renounced the evangelic law and leagued himself with the Dæmon of false wisdom, confirms the passionate Cæsar in his hatred of the Christians. The mother of Galerius complains that the disciples of the Cross mock at her sacrifices, and refuse to supplicate for her son the divinities of the woods and of the mountains.* As when a vulture, cruel offspring of the forest, plunging from on high seizes the tender dove as it drinks the running stream, other vultures perched upon a neighbouring cliff, utter horrid cries, and excite it to devour

* The mother of Galerius is described by Lactantius, as deorum montium cultrix, mulier admodum superstitiosa. A worshipper of the gods of the mountains; a woman devoted to superstition.

its prey; so Galerius, who breathes destruction towards the religion of Jesus, is animated to carnage by his mother and the impious Hierocles. Intoxicated by his victories over the Parthians, bringing back in his train the luxury and the corruption of Asia, cherishing the most ambitious projects, he wearies Dioclesian with his complaints and his menaces.

"Why do you hesitate," said he, "to punish an odious race which your dangerous clemency permits to multiply throughout the empire? Our temples are deserted, my mother insulted, your own wife seduced. Dare to destroy rebellious subjects: you will find in their wealth a resource of which you stand in need, and you will perform an act of justice which the gods cannot but approve."

Dioclesian was a prince endowed with wisdom and moderation; his age inclined him to lean towards mildness: like an aged tree which, as its branches weaken, brings its fruit nearer to the earth.* But avarice, which straitens the

* It was the winter of the year 303, which Galerius spent with Dioclesian in his favourite palace at Nicomedia; the principal subject of their private consultations was the fate of the Christians. Dioclesian was extremely averse to adopt any thing like severity against men whom he considered but as deluded fanatics; and it required all the ingenuity of Galerius to prevail upon him even to summon a council in which the propriety of such measures should be discussed. See Decline and Fall, &c. v. ii, p. 196.

heart, and superstition, which fills it with anxieties, impaired the great qualities of Dioclesian. He suffered himself to be seduced by the hope of obtaining the treasures of the Faithful. Marcelline, bishop of Rome, was ordered to deliver over to the temple of the idols the riches that belonged to the church of the Christians. The Emperor went in person to the place where these treasures were supposed to be collected. The gates are opened: he discovers an innumerable crowd of the poor, the infirm, the fatherless.

"Prince," said the shepherd of the fold, "behold the riches of the Church, the jewels, the precious vases, the golden crowns of Jesus Christ!"

This severe and affecting lesson caused the countenance of the prince to glow. A monarch is terrible when he is excelled in magnanimity: power, by a sublime instinct, ever pretends to virtue, as manly youth aspires to the praise of beauty: but woe be to the man who presumes to expose the qualities or the graces in which it is deficient!

Satan profits by this moment of weakness to heighten the resentment of Dioclesian by all the terrors of superstition. Sometimes the sacrifices are suddenly suspended, and the priests declare that the presence of the Christians drives away the gods of the country; sometimes the liver of the victim appears without life; its entrails covered with livid spots offer none but the most bale-

ful signs: the divinities couched upon their beds, in public places, turn away their eyes; the gates of the temples close of themselves; confused noises are heard in the sacred caverns; each moment announces at Rome the occurrence of some new prodigy; the Nile withholds the tribute of his waters; the thunder roars, the earth trembles, the volcanos emit flames; pestilence and famine ravage the provinces of the east; the west is distracted by dangerous seditions and unusual wars: all of which are attributed to the impiety of the Christians.

In the vast extent of the palace of Dioclesian, in the centre of the garden of the Thermæ, stands a cypress watered by a fountain. At the foot of this cypress is an altar consecrated to Romulus. All at once a serpent, whose back is marked with bloody spots, issues with horrid hissing from beneath the altar; he entwines himself around the trunk of the cypress. Among the foliage, upon the most elevated branch, lie three sparrows concealed in their nest; the horrible dragon devours them; the mother encircles the nest uttering mournful cries; the pitiless reptile seizes her by the wings, and notwithstanding her complaints, swallows the hapless parent. Dioclesian, alarmed by this prodigy, summons Tages, the chief of the Aruspices. Secretly purchased by Galerius, and at the same time a fanatical worshipper of the idols, Tages exclaims:

" O prince, the dragon represents the new religion ready to devour the two Cæsars and the chief of the Empire! Hasten to prevent the effects of the anger of heaven by punishing the enemies of the gods."

Now does the Almighty raise the golden balance in which are weighed the destinies of kings and of empires: Dioclesian is found wanting. At the same moment the rejected emperor feels within his bosom an extraordinary sensation: it seems to him as though his happiness had fled forever, and as if the Parcæ, false divinities which he adores, spin with increased rapidity the thread of his existence.* He no longer perceives with his accustomed clearness the various characters of men; he gives himself up to his own unbridled passions; he determines that the Christian officers of his palace shall sacrifice to the gods, and he orders an exact estimate to be taken of all the Faithful throughout the empire.

Galerius is transported with joy. Like the vintager, the owner of a rich and fertile spot in the valley of Tmolus, who walks with delight among the flowering branches of his vines, and counts already the streams of sparkling juice which shall one day fill the cup of kings or the chalice of the altar;—so Galerius beholds in anti-

* See note vol. 1, p. 273.

cipation the torrents of precious blood which the Christians are soon to shed. The pro-consuls, the prefects, the governors of the provinces, leave the court to execute the orders of Diocletian. Hierocles kisses with base humility the hem of the Cæsar's toga, and making an effort, like a man who is about to sacrifice himself to virtue, he ventures to raise a trembling look towards the countenance of Galerius:

"Son of Jupiter," he cries, "sublime prince, thou who art the lover and the disciple of true wisdom, I depart for Achaia. I am going to commence the punishment of those factious wretches who blaspheme thy eternity. But, Cæsar, thou who art my fortune and my god, suffer me to speak without reserve. A sage ought to declare the whole truth to his prince, even at the peril of his life. The divine emperor does not yet display sufficient firmness against these hateful Christians. May I venture to speak without incurring thy displeasure? Should those hands which are enfeebled by age abandon the reins of government, is not Galerius, the vanquisher of the Parthians, worthy to ascend the throne of the universe? But, O my hero, beware of the enemies that surround you! Dorotheus, governor of the palace, is a Christian. Since the introduction of an Arcadian rebel at court, the empress herself favours the impious sect. The young prince Constantine, O shame, O misery!....."

Hierocles suddenly ceased, poured forth a torrent of tears, and displayed the utmost alarm at the perils of the Cæsar. Thus did he arouse in the breast of the tyrant his two prevailing passions, ambition and cruelty. He laid at the same time the foundations of his future grandeur: for Hierocles was not esteemed by the Emperor, who was an enemy to the sophists, and he well knew that he should never possess under Diocletian those honours which he hoped to obtain from Galerius.

He flies to Tarentum, and embarks on board the vessel prepared to bear him to Messenia. He burns again to behold the shores of Greece; it is there that the daughter of Homer dwells; it is there that he expects to satisfy at once both his love for Cymodocea, and his hatred against the Christians. But he conceals his sentiments within his own bosom; and, disguising his vices under the semblance of virtue, expressions of wisdom and humanity issue unceasingly from his lips; thus is it that deep water, while it conceals in its bosom rocks and whirlpools, often embellishes its surface with the image and the brilliancy of the skies.

In the meantime the Dæmons, anxious to accelerate the ruin of the Church, excite a favourable wind for the pro-consul of Achaia. He traverses rapidly that sea which once furnished a passage to Alcibiades, when fascinated Italy flocked to behold the most beautiful of the Greeks.

Already has he passed the gardens of Alcinous and the heights of Buthrotum: places immortalized by the two masters of the lyre.* Leucate which still breathes the spirit of the daughter of Lesbos,† Ithaca bristling with rocks, Zacynthus covered with forests, Cephallenia frequented by doves, attracted in their turns the attention of the Roman pro-consul. He beheld the Strophades, the foul residence of Celæno,‡ and soon after saluted the distant mountains of Elis. He orders the pilot to turn the prow towards the east. He coasts along the sandy shore on which Nestor offered a hecatomb to Neptune, when Telemachus came to him to ask tidings of Ulysses. Leaving on his left Pylos, Sphacteria, Mothona, he enters the Messenian gulf; and his fleet vessel, abandoning the briny waves, terminates her course in the tranquil waters of the Pamisus.

Whilst Hierocles, like a dark and portentous cloud fleeting across the ocean's surface, approaches the country of gods and of heroes, the Angel

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* See Homer's beautiful description of these gardens in Pope's Odyssey. B. viii, v. 142. And Virgil:

"——celsam Buthroti ascendimus urbem."

Æn. l. iii, v. 293.

† Sappho.

‡ "——Strophades Graiæ stant nomine dictæ
Insulæ Ionio in magno: quas dira Celæno,
Harpyiæque colunt aliæ:——"

Virg. Æn. l. iii, v. 210.

of holy love descends into the grotto of the son of Lasthenes: in like manner did the pretended son of Ananias offer himself to the young Tobias to conduct him to the daughter of Raguel. When God designs to excite in the heart of man those chaste affections which give rise to miracles of virtue, it is to the most beautiful of the Spirits of heaven that he confides this important charge. Uriel is his name; in one hand he bears a golden arrow drawn from the quiver of the Almighty, in the other, a torch kindled by the lightning of heaven. His birth preceded not the birth of the universe: he was born with Eve, at the same moment when the first woman opened her eyes upon the yet infant light. The creative power imparted to the burning cherub a union of the seducing graces of the mother, and of the manly beauties of the father of mankind: his countenance displays the smile of modesty and the stamp of genius. Whosoever is pierced by his divine arrow, or burnt by his celestial torch, embraces with transport, devotion the most heroic, enterprizes the most perilous, sacrifices the most painful. The heart thus wounded feels all the refinements of sentiment; its tenderness strengthens with its sufferings and outlasts the gratification of its desires. Love, in such a heart is not a limited and frivolous affection, but a grand and sublime passion, whose noble end is to give life to immortal beings.

The Angel of holy love enkindled in the bosom of the son of Lasthenes an irresistible flame: the penitent Christian feels it burning within him, and the object of his wishes is an Infidel! The recollection of his past faults alarms Eudorus: he fears again to fall into the errors of his early youth; he thinks of having recourse to flight, as the only mode of avoiding the danger that threatens him: thus, before the bursting of the tempest, whilst all appears tranquil upon the shore, and the imprudent sailor ventures to unfurl his sails and issue from his port—the experienced fisherman arouses himself from the bottom of his bark, and applying to his oar a strong and nervous arm, hastens to quit the open sea and secure himself beneath some sheltering rock. Meanwhile real love has, for the first time, insinuated itself into the bosom of Eudorus. The son of Lasthenes is astonished at the timidity of his sentiments, the seriousness of his views, so different from that boldness of desire, and levity of thought which characterized his youthful attachments. Ah, could he but make a convert to Jesus Christ of this beautiful idolatress—could he, by taking her for his spouse, open to her at once the gates of heaven and the doors of the nuptial chamber! What an unspeakable happiness for a Christian!

The sun, about to plunge into the sea of the Atlantides, gilded with his last rays the Fortunate Isles, when Demodocus prepared to leave the Christian

family; but Lasthenes represented to him that night is full of perils. The priest of Homer consented to await the return of Aurora. Retired to her apartment, Cymodocea revolved in her mind what she had heard of the history of Eudodorus; her cheeks were coloured, her eyes sparkled with unusual fire. Intolerable watchfulness at length forced the priestess of the Muses from her pillow. She arises; she wishes to breathe the freshness of night, and descends into the garden upon the slope of the mountain.

Suspended in the centre of an Arcadian sky, the moon was almost, like the sun, a solitary star: the surrounding constellations were lost in the lustre of her rays; a few only appeared here and there in the firmament: the heavens, of a soft and tender blue, thus bespangled with a few scattered stars, resembled an azure lily charged with pearls of dew. The lofty summits of Cyllene, the ranges of Pholoe and Telphusa, the forests of Anemosa and Phalanthus, formed on every side a confused and shadowy horizon. The distant murmur of the torrents and fountains as they descended from the mountains of Arcadia, floated upon the air. In the valley where shone his sparkling waves, Alpheus seemed still to pursue the flying Arethusa*—Zephyrus breathed

* See note, vol. i, p. 97.

into the reeds of Syrinx*—and Philomela chanted among the laurels of Daphne upon the borders of the Ladon.

This beautiful night recals to the memory of Cymodocea that in which she encountered the sleeping youth whom she mistook for the hunter Endymion. At this recollection, the heart of the daughter of Homer beats with increasing quickness. She fondly retraces the beauty, the courage, the nobleness of the son of Lasthenes; she

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* Syrinx was a nymph of Arcadia, daughter of the river Ladon. Pan became enamoured of her, and pursued her: but Syrinx escaped, and arriving at the river Ladon, she prayed to her liquid sisters (liquidas orasse sorores) that she might be changed. Pan seized upon some reeds, instead of the body of the nymph: "and whilst he sighed there," says Ovid, "the wind moving among the reeds produced a shrill noise like one complaining: and the god, being taken with this new art, and with the sweetness of the sound said, this manner of conversation with thee shall continue; and accordingly, unequal reeds being stuck together with a joining of wax, they kept the name of the girl"—Syrinx.

Panaque, cum prensam sibi jam Syringa putaret,
Corpore pro Nymphæ calamos tenuisse palustres:
Dumque ibi suspirat, motos in arundine ventos
Effecisse sonum tenuem similemque querenti:
Arte nova vocisque Deum dulcedine captum,
Hoc mihi concilium tecum, dixisse, manebit:
Atque ita disparibus calamis compagine ceræ
Inter se junctis nomen tenuisse puellæ.

Ovid's Metamorphoses, lib. i, v. 705.

Hence the origin of the Pandæan music.

remembers that Demodocus, in speaking of Eudorus, once pronounced the name of husband. What! to escape Hierocles, must she renounce forever the nuptial tie, and encircle her brow with the frozen bandelets of the vestal! No mortal, it is true, had as yet been so presumptuous as to dare to unite his fate to that of a virgin beloved by an impious governor; but Eudorus, the triumpher, and adorned with the dignities of the empire—Eudorus, esteemed by Dioclesian, adored by the soldiers, beloved by a prince who is to inherit the purple—is he not the glorious husband able to defend and protect Cymodocea? Ah, it was Jupiter, it was Venus, it was Love, that conducted the youthful hero to the shores of Messenia!

Cymodocea advanced involuntarily towards the place where the son of Lasthenes had finished the relation of his story. As the tender fawn of the Pyrenees which, after reposing during the day with the shepherd in the bosom of the valley, having been overtaken by night at a distance from the fold, seeks its accustomed pasture, and in the morning is found by its master under the flowering cytisus which it has chosen for a shelter: so the daughter of Homer ascends by degrees towards the grotto inhabited by the Arcadian hunter. Suddenly she perceives something resembling a motionless shadow in the entrance of the grotto; she fancies it is Eudorus. She stops; her limbs tremble un-

der her; she can neither fly nor advance. It is the son of Lasthenes himself: he is at prayers, surrounded by the emblems of penitence: the cilice,* the ashes, the blanched head of a martyr, excite his tears and strengthen his faith. He hears the footsteps of Cymodocea —he beholds the lovely virgin ready to sink upon the earth—he flies to her assistance—he supports her in his arms, and can scarcely refrain from pressing her to his bosom. It is no longer that Christian, so cold, so reserved, so austere; it is a man, full of sensibility and tenderness, ardently desirous of bringing a soul to God, and of obtaining a heavenly spouse.

As the labourer who carries to the fold a spotless lamb which has been lacerated by thorns, so the son of Lasthenes raises Cymodocea in his arms, and conveys her to a mossy seat at the entrance of the grotto. The daughter of Demodocus exclaims with a trembling voice:

"Wilt thou pardon me for having disturbed thy mysteries? A god, I know not what god,

* The cilice, or cilicium, was a sort of habit made of coarse stuff, of a black or dark colour, formerly used among the Hebrews, in times of mourning or distress. It was named cilicium, because it was invented by the Cilicians. It was made principally of goat's hair, and called by the Jews sack-cloth, and was the common dress of the Jews and primitive Christians in their penitentiary humiliations.

has caused me to stray as in the night where I first encountered thee."

"Cymodocea," answered Eudorus, as greatly agitated as the priestess of the Muses, "the God who has brought you hither is my God—my God who seeks you, and who, perhaps, designs to make you mine."

The daughter of Homer replied:

"Thy religion forbids young men to attach themselves to virgins, and virgins to follow the footsteps of young men: thou hast never loved but when thou wert unfaithful to thy God."

Cymodocea blushed. Eudorus exclaimed:

"Alas, I never loved when I offended my religion! I perceive now that I love by the permission of God."

The balm which is poured upon the wound, the pure stream which relieves the thirst of the wearied traveller afford less pleasure than the words which now fell from the lips of the son of Lasthenes. Like two poplars which, during the calm serenity of a summer's night, stand quiet and unruffled upon the water's edge, so the two lovers, designed by heaven for each other, remained silent and motionless at the entrance of the grotto. Cymodocea first spake:

"Warrior, pardon the importunity of an ignorant Messenian. All must remain ignorant, unless instructed by a skilful master, or unless the gods themselves expand and cultivate the mind. But a youthful maiden, more especially, can know

nothing, save only what little she may acquire whilst embroidering veils among her companions, or in visiting the temples, or the theatres. As for me, I have never been absent from the side of my father, the favoured priest of the immortals. Tell me, since love is permitted by your worship, is there then a Christian Venus? Has she a car and doves? The desires, the amorous strifes, the private reconciliations, the innocent artifices, the playful wiles, the sweet dalliance which steals into the heart of the severest sage, are they concealed under her girdle, as my divine ancestor relates?* Is the anger of this goddess to be feared? Does she compel the tender virgin to seek the favourite youth in the Palæstra, and privately to introduce him under her father's roof? Does thy Venus speak in the language of embarrassment? Does she infuse a burning fire, a deadly chillness into the veins? Does she oblige you to have recourse to philters to bring back a wandering lover, to sing to the moon, to conjure the threshold of the door? Perhaps, Christian, thou art ignorant that Love is the son of Venus—that he was nourished in forests with the milk of savage beasts—that his first bow was of ash, his first arrows of cypress—that he rides upon the lion's back, upon the croup of the centaur, upon the shoulders of Hercules—that he

* See note on the cestus, v. i, p. 228.

wears wings and a bandelet,* and that he is the companion of Mars and Mercury, of eloquence and valour?"

"Infidel," answered Eudorus, "my religion favours not the destructive passions, but it communicates, by the aid of wisdom, to the sentiments of the soul, an exaltation which your Venus never can impart. What a dreadful religion is thine, Cymodocea! Nothing is purer than thy soul, nothing more innocent than thy mind, and yet, to hear you speak of your gods, who would not believe you to be too well versed in their abominable mysteries? A priest of idols, your father has fancied that he was performing an act of pious duty, when he instructed you in the worship, the effects and the attributes of passions which blind superstition has characterized as divine. A Christian would be afraid of wounding love by the pictures of an unlicensed imagination. Cymodocea, if I have merited your affection, if I am to be the chosen spouse of your innocence, I would love in you not so much an accomplished female, as the God in whose image you were formed. When the great Sovereign of the universe created the first man out of the dust of the earth, he placed him in a garden more delightful than the forests of Arcadia. Man soon found his solitude too great,

* Poets and painters represent Cupid with a bandage over his eyes.

and besought his Creator to give him a companion. The Eternal produced, from the side of Adam, a creature of celestial beauty; he called her woman; she became the spouse of him of whom she was the flesh and the blood. Adam was formed for valour and command, Eve for grace and submission; grandeur of soul, dignity of character, authority of mind were the endowments of the first: to the second were imparted beauty, tenderness and invincible attractions,* Such, Cymodocea, is the model of Christians. If you consent to imitate it, I would endeavour to win you by

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* So Milton, from whom our author seems to have borrowed some parts of his description:

"For contemplation he, and valour form'd;
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him.
His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock many hung
Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad;
She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets waved,
As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd.
——————— the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met;
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve."

Paradise Lost, b. iv, l. 297.

all those charms which influence the heart; I would render you my spouse by an alliance of justice, of sympathy, and of compassion; I would reign over you, Cymodocea, because man is made for empire; but I would love you as a cluster of grapes which the traveller finds in a scorching desert."

At these words Cymodocea shed tears of modesty and of tenderness.

"Warrior," said she, "thy words are sweet, but they are piercing. I see well that the Christians can speak the language of the heart. My soul acknowledges the truth of all that thou hast said. Let thy religion be mine, since it teaches me to love with increased affection!"

Eudorus, regarding nothing more than his love and his faith:

"Oh, Cymodocea, that you would become a Christian; I should give a matchless angel to heaven, and obtain a sweet companion for my earthly pilgrimage!"

Cymodocea inclined her head, and answered:

"I dare speak no more until you have taught me modesty: she abandoned the earth with Nemesis; the Christians have induced her again to leave the skies."

A movement of the son of Lasthenes caused a crucifix at this moment to fall upon the ground; the young Messenian uttered an exclamation of surprize, mixed with a sort of fear:

"It is the emblem of my God," said Eudorus, taking up with respect the sacred wood, "of that God who descended into the tomb, and arose again covered with glory."

"He is then," observed the daughter of Homer, "like the beautiful youth of Arabia, who was lamented by the females of Byblos, and restored to life by the kind interposition of Jupiter."*

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* Adonis was a beautiful youth beloved by Venus and Proserpine, and slain by a wild-boar which was said to have been sent against him by Diana. The scene of his history is laid at Byblos in Phœnicia: and the signal of celebrating his festival, (styled Adonia) was the change of the water of the river Adonis into blood, a circumstance which they feigned to have happened once a year. Adonis is the same as Thamus or Thammuz, of Scripture. See Ezek. viii, 14. So Milton:

"——— Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day:
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea; supposed with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded."

Par. Lost, b. 1, v. 445.

It is a curious fact authenticated by various writers, from Lucian down to Maundrell (see Journey, &c. p. 34, 35), that this river, at certain seasons of the year, has all the appearance of being tinged with blood. This phenomenon is no doubt owing to its passing over beds of red earth. Mr. Faber, as usual, considers Adonis as no other than Noah; and his supposed death and his inclosure in the sacred boat and subsequent revivification seem to bear a strong allusion to the circumstances of the deluge. See dissertation on the Cabiri, vol. ii, p. 335 and 337.

"Cymodocea," replied Eudorus with a smile of sweetness mingled with severity, "you will one day perceive the impiety of this comparison: instead of mysteries abounding with wanton and unlicensed pleasures, you will behold miracles of modesty and grief; you will see the Son of the Most High nailed to a cross, that by his death he might open to us the gates of heaven. But upon the shores of the Ladon, under the shades of Arcadia, in a night of the most inchanting loveliness, in a country which the imagination of poets has chosen as the residence of love and of happiness, how can I fix the attention of a priestess of the Muses upon a subject so serious and solemn? Yet, daughter of Demodocus, holy meditations strengthen the lawful attachments of a Christian's heart; and, in rendering it susceptible of every virtue, they also render it more worthy of being loved."

Cymodocea listened attentively to the words of Eudorus: her heart was affected in the liveliest and most extraordinary manner. It seemed to her as if a bandage had dropt suddenly from her eyes, as if a distant and celestial light was just dawning upon her mind. Wisdom, reason, modesty and love appeared to her, for the first time, in an alliance hitherto unknown. That evangelical sorrow which the Christian mingles with all his sentiments of life—that mournful voice which issues even from the bosom of his pleasures, com-

pleted the astonishment of the daughter of Homer. Eudorus presenting to her the crucifix:

"Behold," said he, "the God of charity, of peace, of compassion, and above all the persecuted God! O Cymodocea, it is upon this sacred emblem alone that I can receive your faith, should you judge me worthy to become your spouse. Never shall the altar of your idols, never shall the quiver of your Love behold the worshipper of Christ united to the priestess of the Muses."

What a moment for the daughter of Homer! To pass all at once from the voluptuous ideas of mythology to a love sworn upon a crucifix! Those hands which had hitherto sustained only the garlands of the Muses, and the bandelets of sacrifice, are charged for the first time with the affecting symbol of the salvation of mankind. Cymodocea, whose heart, as well as that of Eudorus, had been pierced by the Angel of holy love, and who was fixed, as by some secret spell, to the spot to which she had been led, readily promised to receive instruction in the religion of him who possessed her soul's affections.

"And to be mine?" added Eudorus, pressing the hands of the timid virgin:

"And to be thine!" repeated the trembling girl.

Sweet promise given before the God of kindness and compassion!

But now is heard upon the summit of the moun-

tain a chorus commencing the festival of the Lupercalia.* They sang the protecting God of Arcadia—Pan at the feet of the goat, the terror of the Nymphs, the inventor of the flute and of the syrinx. It was the signal of the opening day, which now enlightened with its earliest rays the tomb of Epaminondas, and the top of the forest of Pelasgus in the plains of Mantinea. Cymodocea hastens to return to her father; and Eudorus to salute Lasthenes.

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* The Lupercalia was a feast of purification solemnized among the Romans on the 15th of February; but the name originally signified the *feast of wolves*. The ceremony was as follows. Three goats and a dog having been sacrificed, two youths of noble birth, being brought forth, some of the Luperci, (priests of Pan) stained their foreheads with the bloody knife, while others wiped off the blood with wool dipped in milk. The boys were always to laugh after their foreheads had been wiped, and this done, the skins of the goats being cut into thongs, they ran about the streets almost naked, lashing every one they met. Besides the Luperci, some of the magistrates, after having been smeared with oil, ran in the same frantic manner, and whipped all who came in their way. This ridiculous festival is stated by Panvinius to have obtained in Rome as late as the reign of the emperor Anastasius.

THE ARGUMENT.

Cymodocea declares to her father her desire of embracing the Christian religion that she may become the wife of Eudorus. Irresolution of Demodocus. They hear of the arrival of Hierocles in Achaia. Astarte attacks Eudorus and is vanquished by the Angel of holy love. Demodocus consents to give his daughter to Eudorus that she may avoid the persecutions of Hierocles. Jealousy of Hierocles. Enumeration of the Christians. Hierocles accuses Eudorus before Dioclesian. Cymodocea and Demodocus depart for Lacedæmonia.

BOOK XIII.

ALREADY was the priest of Homer about to offer a libation to the sun as he rose from the bosom of the waters. He saluted that star which enlightens the traveller's path, and touching with one hand the earth, yet wet with dew, he prepared to quit the mansion of Lasthenes. Suddenly Cymodocea, trembling with fear and love, presents herself before her father. She throws herself into the arms of the venerable old man. Demodocus had observed the frequent agitation of his daughter, and more than suspected its cause. But as he knew not that the son of Lasthenes experienced the same affection for his daughter he endeavoured to console Cymodocea.

" My daughter," he says, " what divinity affects thee? Thou weepest, thou whose age ought to exhibit only the smiles of innocence! What secret pain has insinuated itself into thy bosom? O my child, have recourse to the altars of the protecting gods, to the company of sages, who will communicate to thy soul its original tranquillity. The temple of the Lacinian Juno is open on every side, and yet the winds disturb not the ashes upon

its altar: so ought thy heart to be: though the breathings of passion may penetrate into thy bosom, yet ought they never to ruffle the peace of so sacred a sanctuary."

"Father of Cymodocea," answers the young Messenian, "thou knowest not our happiness! Eudorus loves thy daughter; he wishes, he says, to suspend at my door the crowns and the torch of Hymen."*

"God of delightful fictions," exclaimed Demodocus, "dost thou not abuse me? May I believe thee, my daughter? Or has truth ceased to guard thy lips? But why am I surprized to find thee beloved by a hero? Thou mightest dispute the prize of beauty with the nymphs of Menalus; and Mercury would have chosen thee upon mount Chelydora. Tell me then, in what manner the Arcadian hunter made thee acquainted with his love?"

"Last night," replied Cymodocea, "I felt desirous to sing to the Muses, to dispel a restlessness that preyed upon my heart. Eudorus, like one of those splendid dreams that issue from the ivory gate of Elysium,† encountered me in the

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* See a description of the ceremonies of a Grecian marriage in Travels of Anach. vol. iv, p. 252 et seq.

† "Sunt geminæ Somni portæ; quarum altera fertur
Cornea; quâ veris facilis datur exitus umbris:

shade. He took my hand, and said: "Virgin, I would that the children of thy children should sit for seven generations upon the knees of Demodocus." But all this he said to me in his Christian language, far better than I can relate it to you. He shewed me an image, the emblem of his God: a God who loves those that weep, and who comforts those that are unhappy. My father, this God has charmed me; we have no divinity among us so kind and so beneficent. I must begin to learn and to practice the religion of the Christians; for the son of Lasthenes will receive me upon no other terms."

As when the cloudless Boreas, and the misty wind of the south dispute the empire of the seas, the sailors exhaust their strength in endeavouring to present the sails obliquely to the tempest: so Demodocus yields to, and resists the conflicting sentiments which agitate his bosom. He reflects with joy, that Cymodocea will now deposit upon the altar of Hymen, the fillet of the vestal;* that

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Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto;
Sed falsa ad cœlum mittunt insomnia manes.
Æneid, lib. vi, 893.

"Two gates the silent courts of sleep adorn,
That of pale ivory, this of lucid horn.
Through this, true visions take their airy way,
Through that, false phantoms mount the realms of day."
Pitt's Virgil.

* The vestals were virgins consecrated to the goddess Ves-

the family, ready to be extinguished, will behold numerous scions springing up around it. Demodocus also saw in Eudorus an illustrious and honoured son-in-law, and above all a powerful protector against the favourite of Galerius; but he shuddered at the thought, that his daughter would have to abandon her paternal gods—that she would have to forswear the nine sisters,* and the worship of his divine progenitor.

"Alas, my daughter," cried he, as he folded her to his breast, "what a union of joy and sorrow! What hast thou told me! How can I refuse, and yet how consent to that which you demand? Thou wouldst quit thy father to follow

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ta. Their number was at first four, afterwards six. Their principal office was to take care that the sacred fire in the temple of Vesta was never extinguished. The duties and restrictions which were enjoined upon them were very severe, but their privileges were no less distinguished. Their dress was a white vest with purple borders, a white linen surplice called linteum supernum, above which was a great purple mantle which flowed to the ground and which was tucked up when they offered sacrifices. They had a close covering on their head, called infula, from which hung ribbons styled vittæ.

* The Muses were certain imaginary goddesses, said to preside over poetry, music, dancing, and all the liberal arts. They were feigned to be the daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne, (or *memory*) and their number was nine; Clio. Euterpe, Thalia, Melpomene, Terpsichore, Erato, Polyhymnia, Calliope and Urania.

a god unknown to our ancestors! What, we should then have two religions! We would ask different favours of heaven! Although our hearts are but as one heart, we should cease to offer one and the same sacrifice!"

"My father," cries Cymodocea, interrupting him, "I will never leave thee! Never shall my wishes be different from thine! Although a Christian, I will live with thee in thy temple, and repeat with thee the verses of our divine ancestor!"

The priest of Homer, uttering broken sobs, and pressing in his hand his venerable beard, turns from the caresses of his daughter. He wanders alone round the dwelling of Lasthenes, and ascends the mountain to ask counsel of the gods; so did the eagle of the Alps penetrate the stormy clouds, and, noble augur of the destinies of Rome, sought, in the lightning's blaze, to learn the secret designs of heaven. At sight of the various summits of Arcadia, each appropriated to the worship of some divinity, Demodocus sheds a flood of tears, and superstition assails, with all its force, the heart of the priest of Homer. But how can he oppose Cymodocea's affection for Eudorus? How render his daughter eternally wretched? Other important considerations unite with the tenderness of the venerable old man. God, pursuing his designs, completes the subjugation of Demodocus, and causes paternal weakness to contribute to the glory of his fu-

ture elect. By a supernatural interference, he terminates the indecision of the priest of Homer; he dissipates his fears; he presents to him the marriage of Cymodocea and Eudorus under the most cheering and propitious auspices. Demodocus returns to the mansion of his host; he finds his afflicted daughter; he exclaims:

"Weep no more, O thou who art worthy of every happiness! Let not Demodocus ever draw a tear from eyes which he loves more than the light of day! Be the spouse of Eudorus; all I ask is that thy new God may never separate thee from thy aged father!"

Eudorus was, at this very moment, revealing to Lasthenes the secret of his heart.

"My son," said the husband of Sephora, "let Cymodocea become a Christian! Give to her the kingdom of heaven as a portion, and remember to be kind and affectionate towards your spouse."

Like an ardent courser of Iberia, impatient to plunge into the rapid waters of the Ebro, or into the more gentle streams of the Tagus, Eudorus, influenced by the angel of holy love, flies to seek Demodocus. He expected to find the priest of Homer alone; he beholds the daughter and the father folded in each other's arms. He knows not that his fate is decided: he stops. Demodocus perceives him:

"Behold thy spouse," he exclaims.

Tears of melting tenderness impede the old man's utterance. Eudorus throws himself at the feet of his new father, and embraces at the same time the knees of Cymodocea. Lasthenes, his wife and his daughters arrive. The young Christians cling about the neck of the priestess of the Muses. They load her with caresses; they call her doubly their sister, both as the servant of Jesus Christ, and as the wife of their beloved brother. Nought but the sweetest names are heard, whilst from every eye flow tears of rapturous delight.

Cyrillus was chosen, with the approbation of all, to sow the first seeds of faith in the heart of the intended catechumen.* The two families resolved to repair to Sparta, that the holy bishop might multiply his lessons, and hasten the nuptials of Cymodocea and Eudorus.

But whilst heaven was thus pursuing its designs, hell attempted to carry its menaces into execution. Demodocus and Lasthenes were

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* Towards the close of the first century, the Christians were divided into two classes, or orders, distinguished by the names of *Fideles*, or *Believers*, and *Catechumens*. The latter were such as had not yet been dedicated to God by baptism, but were merely candidates for that state. They formed the lowest order of Christians in the primitive church, and were admitted by the imposition of hands, and the sign of the cross. See Mosheim's Eccles. Hist. vol. i, p. 100, 117, and 400.

scarcely united by these events, when the news of the arrival of Hierocles spreads dismay among the inhabitants of Messenia. There might be seen mothers folding their children in their arms, festivals suspended as in a time of public calamity, the church in mourning, even the very Pagans filled with terror: such is the effect of the appearance of the wicked.

Preceded by his lictors, the pro-consul enters the gates of Messenia. He publishes instantly the order for numbering the Christians. As when a hungry wolf prowls around the fold, his eyes kindle at sight of the numerous flock, the view sharpens his hunger, and his tongue issuing from his gaping mouth, seems already tinged with the blood which he burns to shed: so Hierocles, infuriated with hatred against the Faithful, maddens at the thought of the defenceless virgins, the feeble youth, and the multitude of Christians who are soon to be assembled at the foot of his tribunal.

Impelled by the most dangerous of the Spirits of darkness, he ascends to the summit of Ithome. His eyes seek, in the forest of olive-trees, the columns of the temple of Homer. Oh surprizing! He finds not at the sanctuary the guardian of the altar. He learns that Demodocus and his daughter had gone to visit Lasthenes, whose son had encountered Cymodocea in the bosom of the forest of Taygetus. At this unexpected information,

the countenance of Hierocles changes; a thousand confused thoughts agitate his bosom. Lasthenes is the wealthiest Christian of Greece; he is the father of Eudorus, the powerful enemy of Hierocles. How had Eudorus ventured to quit the army of Constantius? By what fatality had his steps been directed to these shores, as if again to traverse the designs of the pro-consul of Achaia? Should he have touched the heart of Cymodocea? ..... Hierocles burns to have his doubts resolved, and the inquietude which devours him admits of no delay.

Not far from the retreat of Lasthenes, near the ruins of a temple which Orestes had consecrated to the Graces and to the Furies, arose a magnificent palace. It was built by one of the descendants of Ictinus and Phidias* at the command of Hierocles, in the hope of ravishing Cymodocea from her father, and secluding his victim in this delightful abode. Summoned to

* Ictinus was one of the most celebrated architects of Greece. He flourished about B. C. 430. He was employed together with Callicrates, by Pericles, in building the beautiful temple of the Parthenon at Athens. In this temple was placed the famous statue of Minerva, executed by the renowned sculptor Phidias. Quintilian says that the ideas of this latter artist were so sublime, that he succeeded better, if possible, in the representation of the gods, than of mortals. See Lempriere in Ict. and Phid. and Travels of Anach. vol. i, p. 182, ii, 339, and iii, 380.

the court of the Emperor, he had not time to accomplish his base design. He now resolves to occupy this palace; he orders that the Christians of Arcadia repair to this place and render in their names. Dwelling near the residence of Lasthenes, he hopes by this means sooner to behold Cymodocea, and discover what cause could have induced the priestess of the Muses to visit the worshipper of Christ.

Fame, with the rapidity of lightning,* had spread the news of the arrival of Hierocles, from the summits of Apesantus, a mountain venerated by the inhabitants of Argolis, to the promontory of Malea where the weary stars repose upon its brow. At the same time she publishes the evils which menace the Christians; Demodocus trembles at the thought. Shall he permit his daughter to embrace a religion which encompasses her with dangers? But may he violate his promise? May he destroy the happiness of Cymodocea, who is still willing to unite herself to Eudorus?

Tumultuous thoughts agitate also the bosom of the son of Lasthenes; the Dæmons wage a secret combat within his breast. Despairing to seduce the hero, they arm against him the generosity of his own heart. To bring the soul to God, in spite of all dangers and of every obstacle, is the Christian's greatest happiness; but Eudorus no longer

* Fama, malum quo non aliud velocius ullum.

experiences that ardent zeal, that sublime courage. Hell, always anxious to excite destructive competitions, but fearing to behold Cymodocea pass under the yoke of the Cross, seeks to weaken the faith of the son of Lasthenes. Satan summons Astarte,* orders her to attack the youthful Chris-

* Astarte was a deity of the Assyrians, under which appellation they worshipped the moon. Adonis, who was an Assyrian by descent, is said to have married Astarte; and after their deaths they were elevated to the rank of gods: and as it was the opinion of ancient times, that the souls of distinguished personages after their death inhabited the stars, it has been imagined that those of Adonis and Astarte made choice of the sun and moon for their respective residences; hence their worship and that of these luminaries were the same. The principal worship of Astarte was established at Hieropolis in Syria, where she had a magnificent temple, and more than three hundred priests employed at her altar.

Cicero, and also Suidas, suppose that the Astarte of the Phœnicians was one of the four Venuses. Beger and Bochart add that she was the Venus Armata, or the goddess of war. Eusebius states her to be the same with Venus, who was usually represented by the poets rising in youthful beauty from the waves of the troubled ocean, and surrounded by fishes and other aquatic animals. Mythological writers have considered her as being under different names, the Venus, or Mylitta of the Assyrians, the Mithras of the Persians, the Isis of the Egyptians, the Io and Venus Urania of the Greeks, the Derceto of Ascalon, Diana, &c. All these different denominations refer to and have taken their rise from one and the same thing, viz. some corrupted tradition relative to the flood. Mr. Faber, in his ingenious dissertation on the Cabiri, considers all these deities as personifications of the

tian whom she had often vanquished, and to force him from the dominion of the Angel of holy love.

The Dæmon of voluptuousness arrays herself in all her charms. She grasps a fragrant torch, and traverses the forests of Arcadia. The Zephyrs gently agitate the flame: so, in the bosom of the groves of Amathonte, do they sport among the perfumed locks of the mother of the Graces. The magic phantom displays in her course a thousand fanciful illusions. Nature seems re-animated at her presence; the turtle coos, the nightingale warbles her plaintive lay, the stag with bounding steps pursues his fleet companion. The seductive spirits, which haunt the forests of Alpheus, rive the softened oaks, and here and there display their nymph-like forms. A mysterious voice is heard in the tops of the trees, whilst rustic divinities dance with festoons of flowers around the Dæmon of voluptuousness.

Astarte enters the grotto of Eudorus, and begins to excite in his bosom sentiments of a mere earthly love.

With a soft and gentle voice she whispers in his ear:

Ark—of which the moon was an emblem—as was the sun of Noah—and he rationally conjectures that the circumstances of the deluge, as handed down and mutilated by tradition, joined with Sabianism, or the worship of the heavenly bodies, gave rise to the whole system of heathen mythology.

"Thou canst die for thy God, if thy God de-
"mands the sacrifice; but why involve Cymodo-
"cea in thy sufferings? Behold those eyes which
"emit the brightest lustre—that form which ex-
"hibits the most perfect symmetry; wouldst thou
"load those graces with a weight of chains! Ah,
"how much wiser wouldst thou act, to soften thy
"savage virtue! Leave to Cymodocea her in-
"genious fables; will heaven discharge its light-
"nings, should thy spouse strew a few flowers
"upon the altars of the Muses, and sing the
"strains of Homer? Have compassion upon
"youth and beauty. Thou hast not always been
"so barbarous."

Such are the dangerous inspirations of the spirit of darkness. At the same moment, with a sprightly air and a perfidious smile, she lances against Eudorus the same darts with which she formerly pierced the heart of the wisest of kings. But the Angel of holy love defends the son of Lasthenes. To the fires of the senses, he opposes the fires of the soul; to the affection of a moment, the affection of an eternity to come. His pure breath turns aside the arrows of the Dæmon of voluptuousness, and the powerless weapons are blunted by the cilice of Eudorus, as by a shield of diamond.

Yet the false honour of the world, and a still timid affection, sway at this moment the heart of the repentant soldier. He is not willing to in-

sist upon a promise obtained from Demodocus by surprize; he is fearful of exposing Cymodocea. He goes to seek the priest of Homer.

"I come," said he, "to release you from your promise. It would constitute the happiness of my life to behold Cymodocea a Christian, and to receive her hand at the altar of the true God; but the chosen flock are about to be numbered. Although this announces nothing fatal, yet your mind is, perhaps, alarmed, and the future dwells only in the bosom of God; let the lovely present which you have consented to offer to Jesus Christ remain free; let your will alone decide the destiny of Cymodocea and the happiness of my life."

"Generous mortal," replied the old man, affected even to tears, "surely a god excites within thy breast the magnanimity of ancient times; and when thy mother gave thee to the light, it was Jupiter himself who placed that noble heart in thy bosom? Oh, my son, what wouldst thou have me do? Thou knowest whether my daughter is dear to me? Could she not become thy spouse, without embracing the Christian faith? We would then be relieved from all our fears; and without exposing Cymodocea to new dangers, thou wouldst protect her against the impious Hierocles."

"Demodocus," answered Eudorus sorrowfully, "I might, by an effort more than human, renounce the affection of thy daughter; but know

that a Christian cannot receive a spouse sullied by the incense of idols. What minister would bless, at the foot of the Cross, the alliance of Hell and Heaven? Shall my son hear pronounced over his cradle the name of the Son of Man, united with the name of Jupiter? Shall my daughter receive instruction from the spotless Virgin, or from the immodest Venus? Demodocus, our laws forbid us to unite with females who are strangers to the worship of the God of Israel: we wish companions who may share our dangers in this life, and who may join us after our deaths in heaven."

Cymodocea overheard, from a neighbouring spot, the confused voices of her father and the son of Lasthenes. The Angel of holy love inspires her, and the mother of the Saviour fills her with generous resolutions: she flies to the apartment of Demodocus: she falls at the old man's feet; and joining her suppliant hands:

"My father," she cries, "may the gods preserve me from bringing affliction upon thine age! But I must become the wife of Eudorus. I will be a Christian without ceasing to be thy dutiful and devoted daughter! Fear no dangers on my account: love will give me strength to overcome them."

At these words, Eudorus, raising his hands towards heaven, exclaims:

"God of my fathers, what have I done to me-

rit so rich a reward! During my whole life have I offended thy law, and yet thou crownest me with felicity! Accomplish thine eternal decrees! Complete the conquest of this angel of innocence. They are thine own virtues which animate her bosom, not the love which a too guilty Christian has had the happiness to inspire!"

He ceases, and the hurried steps of a messenger are heard rapidly approaching; the doors open—a servant of Demodocus appears; he arrives from the temple of Homer; the sweat rolls from his brow; his disordered hair and naked feet are covered with dust; on his left arm he bears the buckler with which he dashed aside the oaken branches, in traversing the forest. He pronounces these words:

"Demodocus, Hierocles has visited the temple of thine ancestor; his mouth was full of menaces. Confident of the protection of Galerius, he speaks with fury of Cymodocea; he swears, by the iron bed of the Eumenides,* that thy daughter shall

* Eumenides, Furiæ or Diræ, were either daughters of Nox and Acheron, of Terra and the blood of Saturn, of the earth and darkness, of Eris, that is, Contention, or of Terrestrial Jupiter. Their names were Alecto, Megæra and Tisiphone, and some add a fourth, called Lyssa. The furies were considered as the proper avengers of vice. Tisiphone is said to punish the sins arising from hatred and anger; Megæra, those occasioned by envy; and Alecto, the crimes of ambition and lust. In heaven they were called Diræ (quasi Deorum iræ),

grace his couch, even should black despair, the companion of the Fates, sit upon the threshold of thy dwelling during the remainder of thy days."

A deadly paleness spreads over the countenance of Demodocus; his trembling limbs scarcely support him, but this new alarm fixes his resolutions. The severe orders against the Faithful will not menace Cymodocea, if a Christian, but with distant and uncertain danger; the love of the pro-consul, on the contrary, exposes her to evils as near as they are inevitable. In this pressing moment, the protection of Eudorus appears

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or ministers of divine vengeance, in punishing the guilty after death; on earth Furies, from that madness which attends the consciousness of guilt; Erinnys from the indignation and perturbations which they raise in the mind; Eumenides from their placability to such as supplicate them; and in hell, Stygian Dogs. Virgil places them in the entrance of Hell upon iron beds:

"Ferrei Eumenidum thalami ———"

Æn. Lib. vi, v. 280.

Here, stretch'd on irons beds, the furies roar.

Pitt's Virg.

The Abbe la Pluche tells us that the Egyptians used these personifications to denote the three months of autumn. This he gathers, it seems, from the derivations of their names, which he says relate to the circumstances of the vintage. Alecto from *leket*, to gather; Tisiphone, from *tsaphan*, to inclose or hide, whence *tsepoueh*, the time of putting wine into pitchers; and Megæra, from *migherah*, the sinking of the dregs or the clarifying of the wine.

as an unhoped for happiness, and the only refuge which remains to Cymodocea against the violence of Hierocles.

The old man folds his daughter in his arms:

"My child," he says, "I will not violate my promise; be the wife of Eudorus: it will then be his duty to protect thee, both as the mother of his offspring, and the companion of his life. Perhaps the gods may make trial of thy virtue; but O my Cymodocea, thou wilt not suffer thyself to be overcome. If there are Christian Muses, they will succour thee; their songs, full of wisdom, will fortify thy heart against the assaults of thine enemies."

Lasthenes entered as Demodocus finished these words.

Eudorus, placing his hand upon his heart, as a token of gratitude and affection, and with his eyes turned towards the earth, answered in a strong and decided tone:

"I receive, O Demodocus, the inestimable present which you offer through my hands to God. I will defend, with my heart's best blood, the virgin whom you have given up to Jesus Christ: I swear, before you, O Lasthenes, O my father! I swear to be faithful to Cymodocea; like another Jeremiah, to conceal, if it be necessary, this sacred vase under mount Nebo, to secure it from the profanations of the kings of Babylon."

Having received this oath, the priest of the

gods departed with his daughter, with the design of shutting up the temple of Homer, and then repairing to Lacedæmon, where the family of Lasthenes was to join him at the residence of Cyrillus.

Demodocus and Cymodocea followed the most unfrequented paths, that they might run no risk of encountering their persecutor; but the proconsul had already arrived at the palace of Alpheus. Those smiling solitudes, the crystal waters of the Ladon, the croups of the mountains covered with lofty pines, the freshness of the valleys of Arcadia and the tranquil scenes which these sweet names recal—nothing can calm the raging spirit of Hierocles. His lictors assemble the Faithful from every quarter of those peaceful retreats, where formerly the shepherds of Evander passed a life even less innocent than that of these primitive Christians. From the bosom of grottos consecrated to Pan and to the divinities of the fields, are seen descending crowds of women, children and old men, whom soldiers are driving before them. In front of the palace of Hierocles, in a vast plain bordered by the waters of the Ladon, stands the tribunal of the Roman governor. Seated upon a chair of ivory, Hierocles receives the names which are to fill the fatal lists. Suddenly a distant murmur is heard; the Christians turn their eyes and recognize the noble family of Lasthenes advancing on foot towards the tribunal.

As when a hunter of the Alps, chasing, with loud cries, a herd of goats which bound among rocks and torrents, beholds a wild-boar suddenly spring up admidst the flying fawns, the frightened hunter starts back, and gazes with fixed eyes upon the horrid animal as he arouses his bristly hide and displays his murderous tusks: so gazes Hierocles upon the aspect of Eudorus whom he recognizes in the midst of his family. All his ancient enmity is awakened; it is true, he beholds not Cymodocea, but the beauty of the son of Lasthenes, his manly and heroic port, the admiration which he inspires augment his alarm. Many of the soldiers belonging to the pro-consul's guard, and who had fought under the command of Eudorus, surround their ancient general, and overwhelm him with their benedictions; some extol his mildness, others his generosity, and all his valour and his glory. These recal to mind the battle of the Franks, in which he obtained the civic crown; those dwell upon his victories over the Britons. Exclamations arise on every side: "It is the young warrior covered with wounds," say they, "who triumphed over Carausius; it is the master of the horse who was for a time prefect of the Gauls; it is the favourite of Constantius, the friend of the prince Constantine." These words caused the enraged pro-consul to tremble upon his throne: he hastily left the assembly, and shut himself up in his palace.

Hierocles no longer doubts that his rival is beloved by Cymodocea: he has but too much reason to believe that love has succeeded to glory. A thousand base projects present themselves to his mind: he determines to seize the daughter of Demodocus and force her to his wishes—to arrest Eudorus and plunge him into some noisome dungeon: but he fears the favour which he knows the son of Lasthenes possesses at the court of Dioclesian. He dare not openly attack a triumpher who was decorated with the dignities of empire; he is aware of the moderation of the Emperor, opposed, as he always is, to violence.* He adopts a slower, but a more certain method of gratifying the hatred he had long cherished against Eudorus: he writes to Rome, that the Christians of Achaia are ready to revolt, that they oppose the order for their enumeration, and that they are headed by the Arcadian who was exiled by the Emperor to the army of Constantius.

Hierocles hopes by this device to procure the banishment of Eudorus from Greece, and then to pursue, without any obstacle, his criminal designs upon Cymodocea. In the meantime, he causes his rival to be surrounded by spies and informers, and seeks to penetrate into a secret, the knowledge of which must constitute the wretchedness

* See note, v. i, p. 116.

of his life. The son of Lasthenes slumbered not upon the dangers of his brethren. He was no longer a youth inconstant in his desires, chimerical in his projects, a slave to dreams and fanciful illusions: he was a man tried by misfortune, capable of the most virtuous as well as of the most brilliant actions, thoughtful, serious, persevering, eloquent in council, brave in war, and cherishing passions far better calculated to reach an elevated aim, than to be employed in matters of a trifling and unimportant nature. He was fully aware of the influence of Hierocles over Galerius, and of Galerius over Dioclesian. He foresaw that the sophist, the persecutor of Cymodocea, would abandon himself to the most unrelenting fury against the Christians, upon discovering the love and conversion of the priestess of the Muses. Eudorus perceives, at a single glance, all the evils with which the church is threatened, and endeavours to prevent their effects: previous to repairing with his family to Lacedæmon, he despatches a trusty messenger to convey the truth to Constantine, and to counteract, in the mind of Augustus, the dangerous reports of Hierocles.

As the prefect of Achaia descended from his tribunal, Demodocus and his daughter arrived at the temple of Homer. The fires upon the sacred altars were not yet extinguished; Demodocus soon revives them. The heifer with gilded horns is led to the sanctuary; a cup of enchased silver

is brought to Demodocus; it was that which Danaus and Phoroneus once used in their sacrifices. A skilful hand had represented upon this cup Ganymedes carried away by the eagle of Jupiter;* the companions of the Phrygian hunter appeared overwhelmed with sorrow, and his faithful dog made the forests of Ida resound with his plaintive cries. The father of Cymodocea fills the cup with purest wine: he covers himself with a spotless robe: he crowns his head with an olive wreath: he might have been taken for Tiresias,† or the divine Amphiaraus,‡ ready to descend

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* Ganymedes was a beautiful youth of Phrygia, whom Jupiter carried off by his eagle, or rather by himself in the form of an eagle, as he was hunting upon mount Ida; he made him his cup-bearer, in the place of Hebe.

† Tiresias was a celebrated prophet of Thebes, who was said to have lived during seven generations, and during the Theban war served as an oracle to all Greece. He was honoured after his death as a god, and Homer represents Ulysses as descending to the infernal regions to consult Tiresias concerning his return to Ithaca. See Pope's Odyssey, b. xi, v. 195.

‡ Amphiaraus was another famous prophet, who, during the preparation for the expedition against Thebes, was forewarned that he should lose his life in this war, and therefore concealed himself to avoid engaging in it; but his wife, through the inducement of a bribe, discovered his retreat, so that he was obliged to join in the expedition. The earth being split by a thunderbolt, both he and his chariot were swallowed up. He was afterwards ranked among the gods.

alive into hell, with his white arms, his white chariot and his white coursers. Demodocus pours out his libation at the foot of the poet's statue.* The heifer falls under the sacred knife; Cymodocea suspends her lyre upon the altar; then addressing the Mæonian swan:†

"Author of my race, thy daughter consecrates to thee this melodious instrument which thou hast often deigned to tune for her use. Two divinities, Venus and Hymen,‡ compel me to pass under other laws; what can a young virgin effect against the arrows of Love and the decrees of Destiny? Andromache (as thou thyself hast said) Andromache saw no one in all Troy but Astyanax and her Hector. I have indeed no son, but I must attend my husband."

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* Homer was called by the Greeks ὁ ποιητὴς, *the poet*, by way of pre-eminence.

† Homer was also called Mæonides, and the Mæonian swan, because he was born in Mæonia, or, as some say, because his father's name was Mæon.

‡ Hymen, or Hymenæus, is said by the Mythologists to have been the son of Bacchus and Venus, or of Apollo and one of the Muses. The better opinion is that he was a beautiful youth of Athens, who, having rescued some Athenian females from the hands of pirates, obtained one of the captives, of whom he was passionately enamoured, as his reward. He experienced so much felicity in this marriage, that the Greeks instituted festivals to his memory and ever after invoked him at all their nuptials as a god. See Trav. of Anach. v. iv, p. 253.

Such were the adieus of the priestess of the Muses to him who sang of Penelope and Nausicaa. The eyes of the tender virgin were wet with tears: notwithstanding the charms of love, she regretted the heroes and the divinities which formed a part of her family, the temple in which she found at once her father and her gods, and where she was nourished with the nectar of the Muses. Every object recalled to her mind the beautiful fictions of the poet—every thing was in this place subject to the power of Homer; the intended Christian felt that, in spite of herself, she was still influenced by the genius of the father of fable: so when a serpent of green and gold displays, in the bosom of a meadow, his continually changing scales, erects his towering crest in the midst of flowers, darts out a triple tongue of fire, and emits from sparkling eyes his powerful enchantments, the dove which perceives him from on high, fascinated by the brilliant reptile, gradually shortens its circling flight, lights upon a neighbouring tree, and descending from branch to branch, yields itself up to the magic power that first enticed it from the sky.

THE ARGUMENT.

Description of Laconia. Demodocus arrives at the residence of Cyrillus. Instruction of Cymodocea. Astarte sends the Dæmon of jealousy to Hierocles. Cymodocea goes to the church to be united to Eudorus. Ceremonies of the primitive church. The soldiers, by the order of Hierocles, disperse the Faithful. Eudorus rescues Cymodocea and protects her at the tomb of Leonidas. He receives orders to repair to Rome. The two families determine to send Cymodocea to Jerusalem, in order to place her under the protection of the mother of Constantine. Eudorus and Cymodocea proceed to Athens to embark on their respective journeys.

BOOK XIV.

DEMODOCUS closes, with weeping eyes, the gates of the temple of Homer. He mounts his chariot with Cymodocea: he again traverses Messenia. He soon arrives at the statue of Mercury, placed at the entrance of the Hermæum, and enters the defiles of the Taygetus. Rocks, piled on each other to an immense height, formed on each side steril barriers, whose summits bore a few scattered firs, like straggling plants upon a ruined wall. Concealed among half-burnt broom and withered sage, the importunate grasshopper sent forth his unvaried song amid the noon-day heat.

"My daughter," said Demodocus, "it was by this very road that Lyciscus fled, like myself, with his daughter towards Lacedæmon, and his flight gave rise to the tragical adventure of Aristodemus.* How many generations have passed

* It was in their first war with the Lacedæmonians that the Messenians, being reduced to great distress, consulted the oracle of Delphi: the ferocious answer of which was, that the safety of Messenia depended upon the sacrifice of a virgin drawn by lot from the family upon the throne. The fatal urn was

away to bring us in our turn to these solitary paths! O that the mighty Jupiter would send us some favouring omen, and shelter thee from every evil!"

Scarcely has he pronounced these words, when a bald-headed vulture darts from the top of a withered tree upon a swallow; an eagle descends from the mountain's summit and seizes the vulture in his powerful talons; a sudden flash of lightning gleams in the east—the thunder rolls—the arrow of heaven, kindled by an Almighty

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brought forth, and the lot fell upon the daughter of Lyciscus: but the father fled with her to Lacedæmon. The noble Aristodemus then advanced, and sacrificing the feelings of nature to the dictates of infatuated superstition, offered his own daughter as a substitute. Her lover, to whom she was affianced, sought to prevent this horrid sacrifice: and after advancing for that purpose every argument which his ingenuity could devise, he had recourse to the terrible expedient of casting an imputation upon her virtue. Aristodemus, torn with the conflicting emotions which this assertion excited within his breast, in a moment of despair, seizes a poniard, and plunges it into his daughter's bosom. The savage priest, unsated by her blood, declares, that "it was not piety but madness which guided the hand of the murderer: and that the gods required another victim." And another they shall have, cried the infuriate people, at the same time falling upon the wretched lover, whom they would have torn to pieces, had not the king persuaded them that the conditions of the oracle were fulfilled. See Lempriere in voce Lyciscus, and Travels of Anach. v. ii, p. 392.

hand, pierces the king of the air, and precipitates vanquisher, vanquished, and victim to the ground. The terrified Demodocus seeks, in vain, to read the decrees of destiny in these uncertain appearances. In the meantime, the chariot reaches the summit of the Hermeum and begins to descend towards the forest of the oaks of Jupiter. The priest of Homer salutes the trophy of Hercules and the temple of Diana, surrounded by immense walnut-trees. He passes by the ruins of Sellasia, the monument of the victory of Aratus, and suddenly finds himself upon the summit of a flowery descent of the Thornax: Sparta, and the valley of Laconia, present themselves to his view. The mountainous chain of Taygetus, covered with snow and forests, extends towards the west: other mountains, less elevated, form a similar curtain towards the east: they diminish their height by degrees, and terminate at the summits of the red hills of Menelaion. The valley, comprised between these two chains of mountains, is obstructed towards the north by a confused mass of irregular hillocks. These, advancing towards the south, terminate in swellings which form the scite of Sparta. From Sparta to the sea is but one continued plain, fertile, variegated by fields of vines and of grain, shaded by woods of olive-trees, sycamores, and plane-trees. The Eurotas traverses these smiling solitudes with his winding

course, and conceals, under rose-laurels, his azure waves, embellished by the swans of Leda.

The priest of the gods and Cymodocea could not sufficiently admire this charming picture which the fires of infant Aurora painted with a thousand colours. Who could tread carelessly even upon the dust of Sparta, and contemplate, without emotion, the country of Lycurgus and of Leonidas?* The augural sceptre still trembled in the hand of Demodocus, when his rapid coursers entered the city of Lacedæmon. The chariot crosses the public square, arrives at the senate of the old men and the portico of the Persians, takes the road towards the theatre near the citadel, and mounts to the residence of Cyrillus, in the vicinity of the temple of Venus Armata.

The family of Lasthenes were already at the dwelling of the bishop of Lacedæmon awaiting the arrival of the new spouse; the good pastor was informed of all that had taken place in Arcadia. To secure Cymodocea from the machinations of Hierocles, and to confer upon Eudorus the right to protect her, Cyrillus proposed to unite her to the son of Lasthenes as soon as she should have

* Mr. Chateaubriand's remarks upon the ruins of Sparta, as they appeared to him in 1806, are by much too long to extract, and far too interesting to abridge. The reader will find them in the first volume of his Itinerary, page 102—119.

declared herself a neophyte; but the priestess of the Muses could not become the wife of Eudorus until she had received the rites of baptism. The old men saluted the lovely stranger with solemn and holy tenderness. The most affectionate attentions were bestowed upon her by her new mother and her new sisters. These caresses, which Cymodocea had never before known, seemed to her to possess an inexpressible sweetness. She saw not Eudorus who, in that moment of happiness, redoubled his austerities. On the same evening, Cyrillus commenced the instruction of the young infidel. She listened with candour and attention; the morality and the charity of the gospel charmed her heart. She wept abundantly over the mystery of the cross, and over the sufferings of the Son of Man; she listened, with continually increasing delight, to the history of the manger, of the shepherds, the angels, the wise men; she recognized something divine in the mysterious relation of virgin, mother and wife. The grandeur of the Christian God somewhat terrified Cymodocea; but to Mary did she love to direct her thoughts, and to regard her as a mother. She often explained to Demodocus some of the lessons she had received; she sat upon his knees, and related to him, in the very language of simplicity, the happy life of the patriarchs, the tenderness of Nachor for his daughter Sarah, the love of the young Tobias for his stranger wife; she spake to

him of the female whom an apostle raised from the tomb and restored to her afflicted parents.

" Dost thou not believe," said she, " that the God of the Christians, who commands me to love my father that I may live long upon the earth, is far superior to those gods who never speak to me of thee?"

Nothing could be more affecting than thus to behold this new kind of missionary, by turns the pupil of one sage and the teacher of another, placed like grace and persuasion between these venerable old men, seeking to instil into the priest of Homer a love of the serious and all-important instructions of the priest of Israel.

The enemy of the human race beholds, foaming with rage, this innocent virgin escaping from his power. He accuses Astarte of negligence.

" Feeble Dæmon," cries he, " what doest thou
" in the abyss? Thou mournest thy fall from
" heaven, and yet sufferest thyself to be overcome
" by the Angel of holy love!"

Astarte replies:

" O Satan, calm thine anger! Although I have
" not been able to vanquish the Angel who suc-
" ceeded to my station in the realms of happiness,
" yet will my very defeat tend to give success to
" thy designs. I have a son in hell; but I dare
" not approach him, for his fury fills me with alarm.
" Thou knowest him; descend to his prison; re-
" store him to the earth; my post shall be at the

" side of Hierocles, and when this mortal shall be
" scorched by my fires and by those of my son,
" thou needest only deliver the Christians into
" the hands of the Dæmon of homicide."

He spake, and Satan plunges to the bottom of the gulf of torments. Beyond stagnant pools and lakes of sulphur and bitumen, in the vast regions of hell, is a dungeon, the dwelling of the most unfortunate of the inhabitants of the pit. It is there that the Dæmon of jealousy vents his never ending shrieks. Couched among vipers and horrid reptiles, sleep never approaches his eyes. Inquietude, suspicion, vengeance, despair, and a kind of ferocious love agitate his bosom; chimeras occupy and torment his mind: he trembles; he fancies that he hears mysterious noises, and that he is pursued by vain phantoms. To extinguish his thirst, he drinks out of a cup of iron a poison composed of his sweat and his tears. His quivering lips breath homicide; for want of a victim of which he is ever in search, he plunges a poniard into his own body—forgetting that he is immortal.

The prince of darkness, having descended to the dwelling of this monster, halts at the entrance of the cavern.

" Powerful Archangel," he exclaims, " I have
" ever distinguished thee among the innumerable
" spirits of my empire. Thou hast now an op-
" portunity to display thy gratitude: I would en-

" kindle in the bosom of a mortal that flame
" which thou formerly excited in the breast of
" Herod. The Christians must be destroyed;
" the sceptre of the world must be restored to
" its rightful master: the enterprize is worthy of
" thy courage. Come, O my son! come, second
" the vast designs of thy king!"

The Dæmon of jealousy removes from his mouth the impoisoned cup, and wiping his lips with his serpent-locks:

" O Satan," he answers, with a heavy sigh,
" will the torments of hell never bring down thy
" haughty brow? Wouldst thou again expose
" me to those thunders which precipitated thee
" into this gulf of tears? What canst thou effect
" against the cross? A woman hath bruised thy
" proud head. I hate the light of heaven. The
" chaste affections of the Christians have destroy-
" ed my empire upon the earth. Pursue, if thou
" wilt, thine own projects; but leave me to enjoy
" my rage, and come not to disturb my fury."

He speaks, and, with a furious hand, he seizes the serpents which fasten upon his sides; he tears them with his teeth, and casts the horrid morsels into his bloody cup. Satan, foaming with anger:

" Cowardly Angel, whence this fear? Has pe-
" nitence, that base virtue of the Christians, en-
" tered into thy heart? Look around thee; be-
" hold thine eternal abode! Banish useless regret.
" To evils without limitation, learn to oppose ha-

" tred without end. Dare to follow me; I will " soon put to flight those chaste affections which " terrify thee. I will restore to thee thine empire " over vanquished man. But delay not until my " arm constrains thee to grant to my power, what " I now condescend to ask of thy zeal."

At this hope, at this menace, the Dæmon of jealousy suffers himself to be influenced. Satan, full of joy, mounts upon a chariot of fire, and places at his side the monster which he calls his son; he teaches him what he is to do, and names the victim he is to strike. To avoid the importunity of the Spirits of darkness, the two chiefs of hell traverse invisible the abode of grief and misery. Death alone beholds them issue from the gates of the abyss, and salutes them with a fearful laugh. They soon touch the earth, and descend into the valley of the Alpheus. A prey to his fatal passion, the pro-consul of Achaia is at this moment absorbed in heavy slumber. The Dæmon of jealousy disguises himself under the appearance of an aged augur, confident of the secret sufferings of Hierocles. He assumes the wrinkled visage of an ancient diviner, his hollow voice, his bald forehead and his venerable paleness. His head is covered with a long veil; the sacred bandelets descend upon his shoulders: he approaches, as a fearful dream, the couch of his miserable victim. With the branch which he holds in his hand he touches the breast of Hierocles:

" Thou sleepest," he cries, " and thine enemy " triumphs! Cymodocea, conducted to Lacedæ- " mon, embraces the religion of the Christians, " and is soon to become the wife of the son of " Lasthenes! Awake! seize thy prey! and to " wrest her from thy rival, destroy if necessary, " the whole Christian race!"

So saying, the Dæmon of jealousy tears from his head the veil and sacerdotal fillets. He resumes his horrible form; he bends over the sleeping Hierocles: he folds him closely in his arms, and covers him with his impure blood. Filled with terror, the miserable man struggles under the Dæmon's weight, and awakes with a fearful cry: so the unfortunate victim deposited in the tomb whilst yet alive, starts with horror from his lethargy, strikes upon his coffin, and utters a mournful sound in the bosom of the earth. All the poisons of the infernal monster are transfused into the soul of the enemy of the Faithful. He springs horror-struck from his couch; his hairs stand like bristles upon his head. He calls for his guards: he would exceed the orders of Augustus; he would check the Christians, and disperse their assemblies; he speaks of conspiracy, of a project fatal to the empire.

" We must have blood," he cries!..... " A devouring fire courses through every heart.....Consult not the entrails of the victim: vows, prayers, altars are nothing for us!"

Fool! Informers from Lacedæmon soon confirm the truth of his portentous dream.

Eudorus, resigned to the decrees of Providence, and ardently desirous of the glory of martyrdom, little thought that the storm was so near his head: he was engaged in the improvement of his soul, in order to render himself worthy both of the destiny which had been predicted for him by Paul, and of the spouse whom God himself had chosen as his partner. In a field whose master has been long absent, you behold a tree, once rich in hope, now barren and unfruitful; the master, after some years of absence, returns to his dwelling; he visits his favourite tree; he lops off the branches which the goat had injured, or which had been broken by the wind, the tree acquires new vigour, and its head soon bends under a weight of fragrant fruit: so the son of Lasthenes, abandoned of God, had languished for want of culture; but when the father of the family re-entered upon his inheritance, and bestowed his care upon the plant of his affection, Eudorus displayed all the virtues that his infancy had promised.

The moment approached which was to behold the accomplishment of a part of his desires; he was soon to receive the pledged faith of Cymodocea. The new catechumen had merited, by her intelligence, her purity and her sweetness, to be admitted to the degress of Audient and Postu-

lant.* She was to appear at Church, for the first time, on the festival of the mother of our Saviour; affianced after the celebration of the mysteries, she was in the same moment to swear fidelity to her God and to her spouse.

The ancient Christians generally chose the silent hour of darkness for the ceremonies of their worship. The day that preceded the night in

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* The Catechumens of the ancient church, when two or three years were often devoted to catechising, were divided into several classes or degrees. The number and names of these classes are not certainly known, but are generally supposed to have been four. The first, were such as were instructed privately without the church, and who were not permitted to enter the church for some time, that they might become more anxious to be admitted. The second were the Audientes, or Auditores, so called from their being admitted to hear sermons, and the scriptures read in the church, but not allowed to join in the prayers. The third class was styled genu flectentes, *kneelers*, from their receiving the imposition of hands in a kneeling posture. The fourth class was called competentes, or electi, and was composed of such as were candidates for baptism, or were appointed to be baptized at the next approaching festival. "After examination the candidates were exercised for twenty days, and laid under an obligation of fasting and confession: for some days before baptism they wore a veil, and it was customary to touch their ears, saying ephatha, be opened; and also to anoint their eyes with clay; both which ceremonies professed to be imitations of the practice of our Saviour, and intended to shadow out to the catechumens their true condition both before and after their admission into the Christian church." See Mosheim's Eccl. Hist. v. 1.

which Cymodocea triumphed over hell, was passed by her in prayer and meditation. Towards evening, Sephora and her two daughters began to adorn the intended spouse. She first divested herself of the ornaments of the Muses; she deposited upon a domestic altar, consecrated to the queen of the Angels, her sceptre, her veil and bandelets: her lyre had been left in the temple of Homer. It was not without a few tears that Cymodocea laid aside the favourite symbols of her paternal religion. A white robe and a crown of lilies supplied the place of veil and fillets. Evangelic modesty replaced upon her lips the smile of the Muses, and imparted to the lovely virgin charms worthy of heaven.

At the second watch of the night, she issued in the midst of torches, bearing a torch herself. She was preceded by Cyrillus, priests, widows and deaconesses;* a choir of virgins awaited her

* Deaconess, *Diaconissa*, was a title given to certain devout elderly women, commonly widows, who consecrated themselves to the service of the church, and rendered those offices to the women, which men could not decently do:—they were to look to the doors on the side the women were on, who were separated from the men, according to the custom of those times—they had the care and inspection of the poor, sick, &c. and in the times of persecution, when a deacon could not be sent to the women, to exhort and fortify them, a deaconess was sent. The office is supposed to have been of apostolic institution (vide St. Paul's Ep. Rom. c. xvi, i); it

at the gate. When she appeared, the crowd which had been collected by the ceremony, uttered a cry of admiration. The Pagans said:

"It is the daughter of Tyndarus, crowned with "flowers of the Platanista, and ready to proceed "to the couch of Menelaus! It is Venus, when "she threw her bracelets into the Eurotas, and "appeared to Lycurgus under the form of Mi-"nerva!"

The Christians exclaimed:

"It is a new Eve. It is the spouse of the "young Tobias, it is the chaste Susannah, it is "Esther."

The name of Esther, thus conferred by the voice of the faithful people, soon became the Christian name of Cymodocea.

Near to Lesche, and not far from the tomb of the kings Agis, the Christians of Sparta had built a church. Retired from noise and tumult, surrounded by courts and gardens, it stood apart from every monument of heathen structure. After passing a peristyle decorated with fountains in which the faithful purified themselves before prayers, there appeared three gates which led to the basilica. At the bottom of the church, towards the east, stood the altar, and behind the altar was the sanctuary. This altar, which was of massive

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expired in the western church about the twelfth century, and in the eastern about the thirteenth.

gold and enriched with pearls, covered the body of a martyr; four curtains of precious stuff concealed it from common view. A dove of ivory, the emblem of the Holy Spirit, was suspended over the altar, and protected the tabernacle with its wings. The walls were decorated with paintings representing various subjects of scripture-story. The baptismal font stood near the door of the church, and caused the lovely catechumen to heave an impatient sigh.*

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* As this description of the interior of a Christian church may seem, to those who are not acquainted with the corruption which had insinuated itself among the Christians of those early ages, as rather extravagant, we shall adduce the authority of the learned and judicious Dr. Mosheim, as furnishing full proof of its correctness. He is speaking of the state of the church in the fourth century. "While the Roman emperors," says he, "were studious to promote the honour of Christianity, by the auspicious protection they afforded to the church, and their most zealous efforts to advance its interests, the inconsiderate, and ill-directed piety of the bishops cast a cloud over the beauty and simplicity of the Gospel, by the prodigious number of rites and ceremonies which they invented to embellish it. The rites and institutions, by which the Greeks, Romans, and other nations, had formerly testified their religious veneration for fictitious deities, were now adopted, with some slight alterations by Christian bishops, and employed in the service of the true God." The reason of this imitation is stated by Dr. Mosheim as arising out of the belief, that "the nations would receive Christianity with more facility, when they saw the rites and ceremonies to which they were accustomed, adopted in the church, and the

Cymodocea advances towards the sacred porches. A striking contrast was seen on every side: the daughters of Lacedæmon, still attached to their gods, appeared upon the road, with their tunics open, their air free and unreserved, their looks wanton and bold: such were those who danced at the festivals of Bacchus or of Hyacinthus: all the rudeness of Sparta, theft, cruelty, maternal ferocity* appeared in the eyes of the idolatrous crowd. At a little distance were seen Christian virgins modestly attired, whose beauty rendered them worthy to be the daughters of Helen, but whose modesty caused their beauty to rise far superior to that of their mother. They were proceeding with the rest of the Faithful to celebrate the mysteries of a worship which renders the heart meeker than that of the infant, more charitable than that of the slave, and inspires a horror at dissimulation and falsehood.

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same worship paid to Christ and his martyrs, which they had formerly offered to their idol deities. Hence it happened, that in these times, the religion of the Greeks and Romans differed very little in its external appearance, from that of the Christians. They both had a most pompous and splendid ritual. Gorgeous robes, mitres, tiaras, wax-tapers, crosiers, processions, lustrations, images, gold and silver vases, and many such circumstances of pageantry, were equally to be seen in the heathen temples, and the Christian churches." See Mosheim's Eccles. Hist. vol. i, chap. iv, pasim.

* See vol. i, p. 225 supra.

Although they were all descendants of the same ancestors, yet might they have been taken for two different people: such a change does religion work upon mankind!

Having arrived at the place of the festival, the bishop, holding the holy Gospel in his hand, ascended the throne which arose at the foot of the sanctuary, fronting the assembly. The priests, seated on his right and left, filled the semicircle of the apsis.* Behind them, the deacons ranged themselves, standing; the rest of the church was occupied by the crowd; the men were separate from the women: the former with their heads uncovered, the latter veiled.

Whilst the assembly took their various stations, a choir chaunted a psalm as an introduction to the festival. After the psalm, the assembly prayed in silence. Then the united vows of the faithful were pronounced by the bishop. The reader mounted the Ambron,† and selected, from

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* The apsis, or, as the Romans called it, the absis, was the interior part in ancient churches, where the clergy sat and where the altar was placed: the name was often more particularly applied to the bishop's seat or throne, called *apsis gradata*, because raised upon steps. The word is derived from the Greek ἁψίς, an arch, or vault, and it is supposed that this part of the church had a vault, or arch of its own.

† The Ambo, or Ambon, or as Mr. De Chateaubriand incorrectly calls it, the Ambron, was a kind of pulpit or desk, or more probably a stage, where the priests and deacons stood

the old and new Testaments, such passages as comported with the double festival they were

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to read or sing part of the service, or preach to the people. Some derive it from a Greek word signifying to mount; others, with perhaps more probability, from ambo, *both*, it being ascended by two sets of steps, one upon each side. It is supposed by many, that bishops and presbyters of the ancient church made their sermons from the ambo; pulpits having been introduced about the beginning of the thirteenth century by some mendicants. M. Thiers inveighs with great vehemence against the modern pulpit, as a substitute for the ancient ambo. Indeed the form of our modern pulpit is condemned by almost all who have touched upon the subject. Mr. Sheridan in his Art of Speaking, p. 42, has the following remarks upon its present construction.

"The clergy have one very considerable apology from the awkwardness of the place they speak from. A pulpit is, by its very make, necessarily destructive of all grace of attitude. What could even a Tully do in a tub, just big enough for him to stand in, immersed up to the arm-pits, pillowing his chin upon its cushion, as Milton describes the sun upon the orient wave!—But it is hardly to be expected that this, or any other impropriety in sacred matters, of which there are many greater, should be altered. Errors in them, become by long establishment, sacred. And I doubt not, but some of the narrower part of the clergy, as well as of the people, would think any other form of pulpit, than the present, though much fitter for exhibiting the speaker to an advantage, an innovation likely to prove dangerous to religion, and, which is worse, to the church."

As we deem the proper construction of the pulpit a matter of no small importance as well to the people themselves as to the minister, and as we wholly disapprove of that which now generally prevails in our churches, we shall beg the

about to celebrate. What a spectacle for Cymodocea! What a difference was there between this

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reader's permission to extract from a most valuable work upon Delivery lately published, a few observations which perfectly coincide with the views we have ever entertained upon this subject. The writer has more particularly in view the construction used in the English churches: but the substance of his remarks applies equally to all.

"The pulpit," says he, "in its present form is most unfavourable for delivery. If then, instead of such a mass of building as is seen to encumber our churches—the clerk's desk, surmounted by the reading desk, and that by a towering pulpit, and that again with the sounding board, together with its cushions, its stair-cases, and all its apparatus accommodated only for repose,—if these were totally removed, and in their place a platform were erected of convenient size and height, the preacher might stand on that, and deliver thence his discourse with grace, and with effect."

"The platform should have either rails at the back, and steps at the three sides next the congregation to give the position an air of safety and gradual elevation, or if it were preferred might have the steps at the back, and a low rail enclosing the three sides. Upon this platform should the preacher stand (as St. Paul is so finely represented in the Cartoons of Raphael); he might hold his sermon in his left hand, and with his right in general make his gestures. Sometimes he might use both, sometimes use with fine effect his hand and sermon. And if the preacher should prefer to pronounce his sermon without notes, he would in this situation, and clad in the decent and graceful robes which are the proper habit of our ministers, be enabled to practise with advantage every power of delivery, and every dignified and suitable gesture." See Austin's Chironomia, p. 233, 4to, London, 1806,

holy and tranquil ceremony and the bloody sacrifices, and impure songs of the pagans! Every eye was fixed upon the innocent catechumen; she was seated in the midst of a troop of virgins whom she far excelled in beauty. Overwhelmed with fear and awe, scarcely did she dare to raise a timid look to seek in the crowd him who, next to her God, then most occupied her heart.

The reader was succeeded by the bishop in the chair of truth. He first explained the gospel of the day: he spake of the conversion of the idolators, and of the happiness which a virtuous female was soon to enjoy in being united to a Christian spouse. He finished his discourse with these words:

"Inhabitants of Lacedæmon, it is time that I display to you the alliance which unites you to Zion! Descended from Abraham, like the faithful people, Arius, your king, formerly requested of Onias the laws of his holy parentage. In the let-

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a work which deserves, without doubt, to supersede all others that have ever been written upon rhetorical Delivery.

We are extremely happy to observe, that the prejudices which obtain in favour of the common form of our pulpits, are likely to receive a severe invasion from the mode of construction recently adopted in the Scotch Presbyterian Church in Murray-street in the city of New-York, which, as far as we are enabled to judge from the accounts left us by ancient writers, bears a strong resemblance to the *ambon* of the primitive church.

ter which he addressed to the Jewish people, he observed: "Our herds and all our riches are yours, and yours are ours." The Maccabees, acknowledging this common origin, sent to the Spartans a special deputation of friendship. If then, being as yet only Gentiles, ye were distinguished by the God of Jacob among all the people of Javan, of Sethim, and of Elisa, what do ye not owe to heaven, now that ye are marked with the seal of the race elect? Now is the time to prove yourselves worthy of your cradle which was shaded by the palm-trees of Idumea. The great martyrs Judas, Jonathan and his brothers invite you to tread in their footsteps. Ye are summoned this day to the defence of the celestial kingdom. Beloved flock, which heaven has confided to my charge, this is perhaps the last time that ye will ever be assembled under your shepherd's care! How few of us may meet at the foot of this altar, when the tempest of persecution shall have ceased! Servants of Jesus Christ, ye virtuous wives, ye spotless virgins, it is now that ye will be glorified for having renounced the vanities of time and of sense, that ye may walk with greater stedfastness in the paths of Christian modesty and love. Alas, have we not reason to fear, lest feet, which are accustomed only to silken fillets, may yet be doomed to bear you to the scaffold? Those collars of pearl which encircle the lovely neck, will they be any defence against the sword? Let

us rejoice then, my brethren; the time of our deliverance draws nigh; I say deliverance: for, doubtless, ye will not call the dungeons and the chains with which ye are menaced—slavery. To the persecuted Christian, a prison is not a place of suffering, but of enjoyment; when the soul is engaged in prayer, the body feels not the chains with which it may be loaded."

Cyrillus descended from the pulpit. A deacon cried:

"My brethren, let us pray!"

The assembly arose, turned to the east and with hands extended towards heaven, prayed for the Christians, for the infidels, for the persecutors, for the feeble, for the sick, for the afflicted, for all who mourn. The deacons then caused all those to leave the holy place who were not to assist in the sacrifice—the Gentiles, those who were possessed with Dæmons, and those who were sentenced to do penance for their sins. The mother of Eudorus, attended by two widows, came for the trembling catechumen; they conducted her to the feet of Cyrillus. The martyr then addressing her said:

"Who art thou?"

She replied, according to the instruction she had received:

"I am Cymodocea, the daughter of Demodocus."

"What dost thou wish, said the prelate?"

"To issue," answered the youthful virgin, "from the the dark shades of idolatry, and to "enter into the flock of Jesus Christ."

"Hast thou weighed well thy resolution," said the bishop; "fearest thou neither imprisonment nor death? Is thy faith in Jesus Christ lively and sincere?"

Cymodocea hesitated. She had not expected the first part of this question; she beheld the grief of her father, but she thought that she would at least balance that grief by attaching herself to the destiny of Eudorus; she decided in a moment, and pronounced with a firm voice:

"I fear neither imprisonment nor death, and my faith in Jesus Christ is lively and sincere."

The bishop then laid his hands upon her, and traced upon her forehead the sign of the Cross. A fiery tongue appeared in the vault of the church, and the Holy Spirit descended upon the predestinated virgin. A deacon places a palm-branch in her hand, the young Christians encircle her head with crowns; she returns to the station of the females, preceded by a hundred torches, like the martyr who ascends, surrounded with brilliant glories, into heaven.

The sacrifice begins. The bishop salutes the people, and a deacon cries:

"Salute each other."

The assembly exchange the kiss of peace. The priest receives the gifts of the people, the altar

is covered with the offerings of sacrifice; Cyrillus blesses them. The lamps are lighted, the incense rises, the Christians exalt their voice: the sacrifice is completed, the consecrated host is distributed among the elect, the agape follows the holy communion, and every heart is fixed upon the affecting ceremony.*

* The agape, or the Feast of Love, from the Greek *αγαπη, love*, was a religious festival, instituted by the primitive Christians in memory of the last supper of our Saviour, or to keep up a harmony and concord among its members. Tertullian thus describes it: "the nature of our supper is indicated by its name: it is called by a word which in the Greek language signifies love. We are not anxious about the expense of the entertainment; since we regard that as gain which is expended with a pious purpose, in the relief and refreshment of all among us that are indigent."—"The occasion of our entertainment being so honourable, you may judge of the manner of its being conducted: it consists in the discharge of religious duties; it admits nothing vile, nothing immodest. Before we sit down, prayer is made to God. The hungry eat as much as they desire, and every one drinks as much as can be useful to sober men. We so feast, as men, who have their minds impressed with the idea of spending the night in the worship of God; we so converse, as men, who are conscious that the Lord heareth them. Prayer also concludes the feast; and every one departs to his own concerns," &c. The agapæ appear to have been quite a distinct ceremony from the eucharist, being celebrated about twelve hours after this, which generally took place in the morning. (See Hallet's notes on several texts of scripture, &c. vol. iii, p. 235 et seq.) The kiss of charity, with which the ceremony used to end, was soon prohibited. The agapæ continued during the first four

The spouse of Lasthenes announces to Cymodocea that she is now to pledge her faith to Eudorus. Cymodocea is supported in the arms of the virgins who surround her. But who can say which is the intended husband? Why does he evince so little eagerness? What part of the temple conceals him from the eyes of the daughter of Homer? The most profound silence reigns; the gates of the church open and a voice is heard from without:

"I have sinned before God and before man. "At Rome, I neglected my religion, and was "cast out from the bosom of the Church; among "the Gauls I occasioned death to innocence: "pray for me, my brethren, pray for me!"

Cymodocea recognized the accents of Eudorus. The descendant of Philopœmen, clothed in a garment of hair-cloth, his head covered with ashes, prostrate upon the pavement of the vestibule, was just about completing his penance, and making a public confession of his guilt. The prayer of mercy offered to God by the holy bishop, in favour of the humiliated Christian, is repeated by all the Faithful. What new subject of astonishment for Cymodocea! She is led a second time to the altar; she is affianced to her spouse, and re-

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centuries; but the council of Laodicea, about the middle of the fourth century, banished them from the churches, though they still allowed them in private houses.

peats in the most touching tones, the words which the bishop dictates to her. A deacon had stationed himself by the side of Eudorus: standing at the door of the church, which he was not yet permitted to enter, the penitent pronounced on his part the words which bound him to Cymodocea. Exchanged from the altar to the vestibule, the engagements of the two spouses are conveyed to each other by the priests: it seemed as though it were the union of innocence and repentance. During the ceremony which accompanied this interesting event, the virgins of the new Zion, sang the song of the spouse:

"As the lily among the thorns, so is my be-
"loved among the daughters. How beautiful art
"thou, O my love! Thine eyes are pure as the
"waters of the fishpools of Heshbon, thy mouth
"is as an open pomegranite, and thy locks resem-
"ble the branches of the palm-tree. The tents of
"Kedar, and the pavilions of Solomon are less
"comely than my beloved. The spouse advances
"like the morning; he rises in the desert, as a
"column of incense! Daughters of Jerusalem, I
"conjure you by the roes and by the hinds of the
"field, that ye comfort me with fruits and flowers;
"for my soul is sick of love. Awake, O wind of
"the south! Come, blow among the mandrakes and
"among the vines of En-gedi, shed the sweetest
"perfumes around her who is the delight of her
"spouse! My beloved, thou hast pierced my soul!

" Open to me thy gates of cedar; my locks are " wet with the dews of the night. Let myrrh, " cinnamon and aloes be strewed upon thy couch! " Let thy left hand support my languishing head; " place me as a seal upon thy heart, for love is " stronger than death."

Scarcely have the Christian virgins ceased their song, when other voices and other concerts are heard from without. Demodocus has assembled a troop of his relations and his friends, who chant in their turn the union of Eudorus and Cymodocea:

" The star of the night hath arisen: youths, " abandon the tables of festivity. Already does " the virgin appear; let us raise the voice to Hy- " men, let us sing the nuptial song.

" Son of Urania, thou who cultivatest the hills " of Helicon, thou who conductest the bridegroom " to his timid bride, Hymen, encircle thy temples " with fragrant flowers; take thy veil which glit- " ters with the colours of Aurora, attach the yel- " low buskin to thy snowy feet. Come, dance " upon the velvet turf to the sound of thy harmo- " nious voice, and wave in thy hand the torch of " golden light.

" Open the doors of the nuptial chamber, the " bride approaches! Modesty retards her steps; " she weeps at quitting her paternal mansion. " Come, new spouse, a faithful husband wishes to " rest upon thy bosom.

" Let thy feet, ornamented with bandelets of " gold, ascend the shining threshold of thy hus- " band's dwelling. Matrons, encourage the timid " virgin. Happy, happy pair! may your days of " happiness be more numerous than the sands of " the Erythæan sea!

" May infants more beautiful than the day is- " sue from this happy marriage! May I behold " a young Eudorus in the arms of Cymodocea, " stretch its little hands towards its mother, and " sweetly smile upon its warrior father!

" But, O virgins, let us cease the song of Hy- " men! Virtuous, virtuous pair, may your years " be long and happy! Retire, my friends, the " nuptial song is ended."

Thus did the two religions join to celebrate the union of a pair, whose happiness seemed complete, at the very moment when the greatest perils were suspended over their heads. The songs of rejoicing had scarcely ceased, when they were succeeded by the regular tread of soldiers and the noise of arms. A confused murmuring rises upon the air; men of a savage and ferocious aspect, brandishing fire and sword, are seen entering the asylum of peace. The frighted crowd rush to the doors of the church. Suffocated by the pressure in the narrow passages of the nave and vestibules, women, children, and old men utter the most lamentable cries; each endeavours to find safety in flight. Cyrillus, clothed in his

pontifical habit, and calm and tranquil before the Holy of Holies, is seized at the altar. A centurion, charged with the orders of Hierocles, seeks Cymodocea, recognizes her in the midst of the crowd, and is about to lay upon her his profane and sacrilegious hands. At this moment, Eudorus, that peaceful lamb, becomes a roaring lion. He throws himself upon the centurion, seizes his sword, breaks it, and pressing the daughter of Demodocus in his arms, flies with his precious burden. The disarmed centurion calls his soldiers and pursues the son of Lasthenes. Eudorus redoubling his speed, is already at the tomb of Leonidas; but he hears close beind him the hurried march of the satellites of Hierocles. His exhausted powers no longer second his affection;—he can carry his burthen no further; he places his bride behind the sacred monument. Near the tomb stood a trophy composed of the arms of the heroes of Thermopylæ. Eudorus seizes the lance of the king of Lacedæmon: the soldiers arrive. About to fall upon the Christian, they fancy that they behold, by the glare of their torches, the magnanimous spirit of Leonidas, with one hand poising his lance, with the other embracing his sepulchre. The eyes of the son of Lasthenes emit flashes of fire; his black locks float upon the breeze; the steel of his lance breaks and reflects in a thousand rays the light of the flaming torches: less terrible did Leonidas himself appear to the Persians, in

that night, in which, penetrating to the tent of Xerxes, he filled the camp of the Barbarians with slaughter and dismay. O wonderful! Several of the soldiers recognize their general.

"Romans," cries Eudorus, "it is my wife whom you seek to ravish from me; but you shall obtain her only by my death."

Touched at the voice of their old companion in arms, and intimidated by his terrible air, the soldiers halt. As when the rustic troop enter with scythe and sickle among the ripened grain, the feeble stalks fall without resistance under their keen blades; but arrived at the foot of an oak, which raises its lofty branches towards the skies, the labourers stand to admire the stately tree which nought but the tempest or the axe can prostrate: so, after having dispersed the Christian throng, the soldiers stop before the son of Lasthenes. In vain does the cowardly centurion command them to advance: they seem as though some fearful charm has rivetted them to the ground. God causes their terror. He does more: he orders the protecting Angel of the son of Lasthenes to unveil himself to the eyes of the cohort. Thunder rolls in the skies;—the Angel appears at the side of Eudorus in the form of a warrior clothed in dazzling armour; the soldiers fling their bucklers upon their backs, and fly to the shades for safety. Eudorus profits of this moment: he again raises his beloved. The son

of Lasthenes soon arrives with his treasure at his father's house, and shelters, at least for a moment, her whose existence is now so closely connected with his own.

A prey to the Dæmon of jealousy, Hierocles had adopted this violence against the Christians, in the hope of ravishing Cymodocea from Eudorus, before she could pronounce the words which would bind her indissolubly to her spouse; but his satellites arrived too late, and the courage of Eudorus saved the innocent catechumen. The messenger which the son of Lasthenes had sent to Constantine, returned to Lacedæmon on the very night of this shameful outrage. His tidings were calculated both to quiet and to alarm. Dioclesian still maintained the moderation so consistent with his character. Upon receiving the false report which had been despatched to him by Hierocles, the Emperor had given orders that their ministers should be watched, and their secret assemblies dispersed; but, from the representations of Constantine, he could not believe that Eudorus had placed himself at the head of a band of rebels, and was therefore satisfied with simply recalling him to Rome. Constantine added in his letter:

"Come to me my friend; we have need of "your assistance. I send Dorotheus to Jerusa- "lem, that he may protect my mother from the "fate which threatens the Faithful. He is to

" touch at Athens. If you choose to embark at " the Pyræus, you may learn, from the mouth of " your old friend, many important things."

The galley of Dorotheus had in fact just arrived at the port of Phalerus. The two families of Lasthenes and of Demodocus deliberated upon the course most proper to be pursued.

" Cymodocea," said Eudorus, " cannot remain in Greece after my departure, without being exposed to the violence of Hierocles; she cannot accompany me to Rome, as she is not yet my wife. A favourable circumstance is now offered; Dorotheus may conduct Cymodocea to Jerusalem. Under the protection of Helena, the wife of Constantius, she may continue to be instructed in the truths of salvation. As soon as I obtain the Emperor's favour, I will fly to the tomb of Jesus Christ, to reclaim the faith which the daughter of Demodocus has pledged to me."

The two families regarded this design as the inspiration of heaven: so, when the sailor takes with him on board his galley that rustic and heroic bird which wakens the labourer to his daily toil; if, during the night, whilst the rising tempest whistles among the cordage, he raises his warrior and village cry, a sweet regret for his native country, mingled with a ray of hope, animates the bosom of the desponding mariner: he blesses the note which, recalling to his mind, while tossing upon the swelling billows, images of pastoral tranquillity

and rural happiness, seems to promise a not far distant shore. Demodocus himself is encouraged by the project of Eudorus; without thinking of the painful separation, he beholds at the moment the only means of protecting his beloved daughter: he would himself accompany her to the extremities of the earth, did not his age and his pontifical duties attach him to the soil of Greece.

"Well," said Lasthenes, "let the will of God be accomplished! Demodocus will conduct Cymodocea to Athens; Eudorus will repair to the same place. They will embark at the same moment and from the same port, the one for Rome, the other for Syria. O my children, the period of trial is of short duration, and passes away as a rapid courier! Be faithful Christians, and you will never want the protection of your God."

Fearful of some new attempt on the part of the pro-consul, the next day was fixed for their departure. Previous to his leaving Lacedæmon, Eudorus wrote to Cyrillus, that he would not be able to visit him in his prison. The confessor, accustomed to chains, sent from his dungeon his blessing to the persecuted couple. "My beloved young friends, you may yet hope to enjoy happiness upon the earth; the chorus of virgins and of martyrs have already commenced for you in heaven the song of a more durable union—of a felicity without end!"

THE ARGUMENT.

Athens. Separation of Cymodocea, Eudorus and Demodocus. Cymodocea embarks with Dorotheus for Joppa. Eudorus at the same time sails for Ostia. The Mother of the Saviour despatches Gabriel to the Angel of the seas. Eudorus arrives at Rome. He finds the senate about to assemble for the purpose of determining the fate of the Christians. He is chosen to plead their cause. Hierocles arrives at Rome: the sophists commit to him the defence of their cause, and the accusation of the Christians. Symmachus, priest of Jupiter, is to address the senate in favour of the ancient gods of the country.

BOOK XV.

MOUNTED upon a Thessalian courser, and attended by a single servant, the son of Lasthenes left Lacedæmon; he directed his course towards Argos, by the way of the mountain. Religion and love filled his soul with generous resolutions. God, who was about to raise him to the highest degree of glory, conducted him to those sublime spectacles, which teach us to look with contempt upon the things of earth. Whilst wandering on the parched summits of the mountain, Eudorus trode on the patrimony of the King of Kings. During three days he pressed the sides of his steed, and then rested a moment at Argos. All those scenes which once resounded with the names of Hercules, of Pelops, of Clytemnestra, of Iphigenia, now exhibited but silent ruins. He saw the solitary gates of Mycenæ and the neglected tomb of Agamemnon: at Corinth he sought for those places only where the voice of the Apostle had been heard. Whilst traversing the depopulated Isthmus, he recalled to mind the games

sung by Pindar,* which partook in some degree, of the splendour and omnipotence of the gods; at Megæra he searched for the hearth of his ancestor who collected the ashes of Phocion.† Eleusis was a desert; and in the canal of Salamis, a single fishing smack was tied to the stones of a ruined pier. But when, pursuing his route along the Sacred-Way, the son of Lasthenes had reached the summit of mount Pæcile, and the plain of Attica presented itself to his view, he stopped, filled with admiration and surprise: the citadel of Athens, elegantly constructed in the form of a pedestal, seemed to bear up the temple of Minerva and the Propylæa to the skies: the city extended itself at its base, and exhibited the scattered columns of a thousand other monuments. Mount Hymettus formed the back ground of the

* Pindar flourished about the year 400 B. C. He was educated under the celebrated Corinna, in competition with whom he was five times defeated, and the prize of poesy adjudged to his fair rival and instructress. In the public assemblies, however, where females were not permitted to contend, he was always victorious. The subject of his songs were generally the victors at the Olympic, and other games: at least these are his only productions which have come down to us. They are written with wonderful strength, fire and sublimity, and have been happily translated into English by Mr. West. Pindar died at the advanced age of 86, about 435 B. C.

† See note, vol. i, p. 97, supra.

picture, and a wood of olive-trees environed the city of Minerva.*

Eudorus crosses the Cephisus, which flows through this sacred wood; he inquires the road to the gardens of the Academy; tombs point the way to that retreat of philosophy.† He recognizes the funeral stones of Thrasybulus, of Conon, of Timotheus; he salutes the sepulchres of

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* Athens was first called *Cecropia*, in honour of its founder Cecrops, but its name was afterwards changed for that of Athenæ; the occasion of which change is stated as follows. Minerva and Neptune each contended for the right of giving name to the city of Cecrops, upon which the gods decided, that this privilege should be granted to the one who gave the most valuable present to the inhabitants. Neptune struck the ground with his trident, and immediately a horse issued from the earth; Minerva produced the olive, and obtained the victory by the unanimous decision of the gods, who observed that the olive, being the emblem of peace was far preferable to the horse, the symbol of war and bloodshed. Minerva called the city by her Grecian name, Ἀθῆναι, and was ever after considered as its peculiar patroness. This event is said to have taken place about 1397 B. C.

† The Academy, or Academia, was a place about six stadia, or three-quarters of a mile from Athens, chosen by Plato as the scene of his instructions. It was so called from Academus, or Hecademus, who bequeathed it to the Athenians as a place of exercise and recreation. It was greatly adorned by Cimon, and became one of the most common places of resort for the philosophers of those days: and hence the name has been applied to all societies for the promotion of literature and science. See Anach. Trav. v. i, p. 103.

those young men, who died for their country in the Peloponnesian war. Pericles, who compared Athens despoiled of her youth to the year deprived of its spring, himself reposes in the midst of these gathered flowers.

The statue of Love announces to the son of Lasthenes the entrance to the gardens of Plato. Adrian, in restoring to the Academy its ancient splendour, had but opened an asylum to the dreams of the human mind. Whoever had attained the rank of a sophist, appeared to have acquired the privilege of insolence and error. The Cynic, scarcely covered with a filthy and tattered cloak, insulted with his staff and his wallet the Platonist enveloped in a large mantle of purple; the Stoic, clothed in a long black robe, declared war against the Epicurean crowned with flowers. From every side re-echoed the cries of the school, which the Athenians called the song of the Swans and the Syrens; and those walks, which a divine genius had immortalized, were abandoned to the vilest impostors, as to the most useless of mankind.

Eudorus sought in these places, the principal officer of the Emperor's palace: he could not repress an emotion of contempt when he passed through the groups of sophists who mistook him for an adept: desirous to attach him to their systems, they propounded wisdom in the language of folly. He at length reached Dorotheus: this

virtuous Christian was walking at the extremity of an alley of plane-trees, which bordered a canal of limpid water; he was surrounded by a company of young men, already celebrated for their talents or their birth. Near him stood Gregory of Nazianzum, animated by a poetic fire,* John, the new Demosthenes, whose early eloquence had obtained for him the name of Goldenmouth,† Basil,‡

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* Gregory Nazianzen, so called from the place of his birth, Nazianzum, and also surnamed the *Divine*, was one of the most eminent fathers of the church. His writings are said to rival those of the most celebrated orators of Greece, in eloquence, sublimity and variety. See Mosheim's Eccles. Hist. vol. 1, p. 359.

† John, surnamed *Chrysostom*, or *Goldenmouth*, on account of his extraordinary eloquence, flourished during a considerable part of the fourth century. He was remarkable for his genius and the energy of his character, and has been considered by many as the most eminent of the Greek fathers. His writings are numerous and are mostly sermons. See Mosheim, vol. 1, p. 359. Lardner.

‡ Basil, surnamed the *Great*, was the the intimate friend of Gregory Nazianzen, and one of the most illustrious men of his age. In the early part of his life he was a rhetorician and an eminent pleader: but influenced by his religious zeal, he became the founder of the monastic sect in Pontus and Cappadocea, and on the death of Eusebius was elected to the see of Cæsarea. His writings are much valued—his style is said to be pure, elegant, and dignified—and Erasmus has no hesitation in pronouncing his eloquence equal if not superior to that of Demosthenes and the most celebrated orators of Greece. He died about A. D. 380. See Mosheim, vol. 1, p. 258. Gibbon, vol. iii, 264, &c. Lardner.

and Gregory of Nysea his brother:* these exhibited a decided preference for the religion professed by Justin the philosopher,† and by Dionysius the Areopagite.‡ Julian, the nephew of

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* Gregory of Nyssa, was a younger brother of Basil, and like him, was in his youth an eminent rhetorician and pleader. At the recommendation of Basil he renounced the profession of the law, and applied himself with great ardour to the study of theology, and soon became as eminent at the pulpit as he had been at the bar. He was, as was also his brother, a distinguished opponent of the Arian party. He is considered as the author of the *Nicene Creed*, with the exception of the words "and the son," in that part which relates to the Holy Ghost, which was added afterwards. See Mosheim, Eccles. Hist. vol. 1, p. 359. Lempriere.

† Justin Martyr was a native of Neopolis in Samaria, and was born in the year A. D. 103. He received the first education which the age could afford, and after professing the doctrines of Pythagoras, and of Plato, the last of which he always continued to admire, he became, when about thirty years old, a Christian, and devoted the rest of his life to the task of converting the Gentiles. He suffered martyrdom in the persecution under Marcus Aurelius Antonius, the *philosopher*. See Fox's Martyrology, ed. Milner, p. 44. Mosheim's Eccl. Hist. 1, 160 and 162.

‡ Dionysius, surnamed the *Areopagite*, from his being a member of the assembly of the Areopagus of Athens, after having been educated in all the elegant and useful literature of Greece, was converted to Christianity by the preaching of St. Paul (Acts xvii, 34) by whom, according to tradition, he was appointed first bishop of Athens. He suffered martyrdom about A. D. 69, probably in the persecution under Domitian. See Alb. Fabricus, Bibliotheca Græca. Fox's Mart. ed. Milner, p. 38.

Constantine, on the contrary, attached himself to Lampridius, the declared enemy of the gospel; irregular habits and convulsive movements betrayed in this young prince a derangement both of mind and of heart.

Dorotheus found some difficulty in recognizing Eudorus: the countenance of the son of Lasthenes had assumed that masculine beauty which the profession of arms and the exercise of virtue ever impart. They retired to a secret place, and Dorotheus opened his heart to the friend of Constantine.

"I left Rome" said he, "upon the arrival of your messenger. The evil is much greater than you perhaps apprehended; Galerius bears uncontrolable sway, and Dioclesian sooner or later will be obliged to abdicate the purple. The design is first to destroy the Christians, and thus deprive the Emperor of his principal support: this is the old plan of Hierocles, who now, through the Cæsar, is in a manner omnipotent. He repeats continually, that the appointed enumeration, having discovered the frightful multitude of the enemies of the gods, has revealed the danger of the empire; that the most severe measures are requisite for the suppression of a sect that threatens the altars of the country with destruction. As for myself, almost in disgrace with Dioclesian you know what leads me to Syria. Eudorus, our unhappy brethren turn their eyes toward you. The renown

which you have acquired in arms, and especially your glorious penance, are subjects of converse and admiration to all the Christians. The chief pontiff awaits you; Constantine requires your presence. This prince, surrounded by informers, scarcely maintains his standing at the court; he has need of a friend like you, who may assist him with his advice, and if necessary, also aid him with his arm."

Eudorus, in his turn, relates to Dorotheus the events which had occurred in Greece. Dorotheus joyfully consents to conduct the wife of the son of Lasthenes to Helena. A Neapolitan galley, ready to return to Italy, was lying in the port of Phalerus, not far from the vessel of Dorotheus. Eudorus engages her for his passage. The two travellers fix for the time of their departure the third day of the festival of the Panathenæa.* Demodocus arrived for this fatal epoch, with the sorrowing Cymodocea; he retired to conceal his tears in the Citadel, where the most aged of the Prytanes,† his parent and his friend, extended to him the rights of hospitality.

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* The Panathenæa were festivals instituted by the Athenians in honour of Minerva the patroness of their city. See Trav. of Anach, vol. ii, p. 39.

† The Prytanes were magistrates of Athens who presided over the senate, and who had the power, except during the time of a festival, of assembling that body whenever they

The son of Lasthenes had been received by the learned Pistus, bishop of Athens, who since shone in the council of Nice, where were seen three prelates possessing the gift of miracles and the power of raising the dead, forty bishops, all of whom were either confessors or martyrs, learned priests, true philosophers, in a word, the most exalted geniuses, and the most virtuous characters of the church.*

On the eve of the double separation of the father and the daughter, of the husband and the wife, Eudorus informed Cymodocea that every thing was ready, and that on the morrow, about sunset, he would meet her under the porch of the temple of Minerva.

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pleased. They were generally fifty in number, and were chosen from the ten tribes of Athens. See Trav. of Anach. vol. i, p. 393.

* The celebrated council of Nice, which may be considered as the first *œcumenical* or general council was held A. D. 325, and consisted of no less than three hundred and eighteen fathers of the church. It was ordered by Constantine principally for the purpose of condemning the doctrines of the presbyter Arius, which had indeed already received the censures of the council of Alexandria, held A. D. 320, but which still continued to infect the purity of the church. It was at this council, and for the express purpose of opposing the Arian heresy, that our famous creed, distinguished by the name of the Athanasian or the Nicene creed, was drawn up. See Mosheim's Eccles. Hist. v. i, p. 414. Nisbit's Church Hist. p. 78.

The Angel who presides over time, and who consigns the hours as they roll on to eternity, at length suffers the fatal day to issue from his urn. The son of Lasthenes leaves his dwelling; he passes by the Areopagus, where the God whom Paul preached was no longer unknown; he ascends to the citadel, and finds himself the first at the appointed place, under the porch of the most beautiful temple in the world.

Never had so brilliant a spectacle met the eye of Eudorus. Athens presented itself to his view in all its splendour; towards the east arose mount Hymettus, clothed with a robe of gold; the Pentelicus wound towards the north to meet the Permetta; mount Icarus seemed to lower itself in the west, as if to permit the sacred summit of Cytheron to be seen behind it; towards the south, the sea, the Piræus, the banks of Ægina, the shores of Epidaurus, and in the distance, the citadel of Corinth, completed the whole circle of the country of arts, of heroes and of gods.

Athens, with all its glories, reposed in the centre of this magnificent amphitheatre; its polished marbles, not yet sullied by time, reflected the beams of the setting sun; the star of day, about to plunge into the ocean, threw his last rays upon the columns of the temple of Minerva; his sparkling beams were reflected from the bucklers of the Persians, which were suspended upon the pediment of the porch, and seemed to animate upon the frieze the admirable sculpture of Phidias.

Add to this picture, the movements which the festival of the Panathenæa occasioned both in the city and in the country. There, the young Canephoræ* were bearing the sacred baskets to the gardens of Venus; here, the Peplos† still floated from the mast of the vessel propelled by springs; the choruses repeated the song of Harmodius and Aristogiton;‡ the chariots rolled to-

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* The Canephoræ were two Athenian virgins of noble birth who, at the feast of the Panathenæa, carried upon their heads baskets containing something secret or mysterious, and which they delivered to the priestess of the temple. A similar ceremony was performed on various other occasions. See Trav. of Anach. vol. ii, p. 41.

† One of the ceremonies of this festival was the carrying in the procession the πεπλος, or sacred *garment* of Minerva. This was of a white colour without sleeves, and embroidered with gold, and upon it were represented the achievements of the goddess, particularly her victory over the giants. The Peplos was suspended from the mast of a kind of ship, which was made, by means of secret machinery, to glide over the ground as if impelled by the wind. See Plutarch's Life of Theseus. Trav. of Anach. v. ii, p. 42.

‡ Two young Athenians, Harmodius and Aristogiton, united to each other by ties of the tenderest friendship, having received an affront from the tyrant Hipparchus, which they felt it impossible for them to forget, determined upon his death, which they effected with circumstances of peculiar bravery, and with the loss of their own lives, upon the festival of the Panathenæa. Statues were erected by the Athenians to their memory, and it was enacted that their names should be forever celebrated at the festival of the Panathenæa, and should on no account be conferred upon slaves. The song of Har-

wards the Staduim; the citizens flocked to the Lyceum, to the Pœcile, to the Ceramicus; the crowd pressed in every direction towards the theatre of Bacchus situated below the Citadel; and the voice of the actors, performing a tragedy of Sophocles, ascended at intervals to the ear of the son of Lasthenes.

Cymodocea appeared: from her spotless robe, her virgin forehead, her azure eyes and the modesty of her deportment, she might have been taken for Minerva herself, issuing from her temple, about to return to Olympus after having received the adoration of mortals.

Eudorus, seized with admiration and love, endeavoured to repress his own emotions, that he might infuse more courage into the bosom of the daughter of Homer.

"Cymodocea," said he, "how shall I express the gratitude and the sentiments which I feel towards you? For my sake, you consent to abandon Greece, to traverse the ocean, to live under a foreign sky, far from your father, far from him whom you have chosen to be your husband. Ah! did I not hope to open the heavens, and to conduct you to eternal happiness, could I ask such proofs of your attachment? Could I expect that

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mòdius and Aristogiton has been transmitted to us by Athenæus, and may be found in the Trav. of Anach. vol. ii, note iv, p. 481.

a mere human love would induce you to undergo such sufferings?"

"You might," replied Cymodocea, with tears, "you might demand my peace and my life; the pleasure of doing something for you would be an ample recompense for all my sacrifices. If I loved you merely as my husband, still nothing would to me appear impossible. What ought I not now to do, when thy religion teaches me to love you for heaven and for God himself? I do not weep for myself, but on account of the wretchedness of my father and the dangers to which you are about to be exposed."

"O most lovely of the daughters of the new Zion," returned Eudorus, "fear not the perils with which I am threatened; pray for me. God will grant the petitions of a soul so pure. Death itself, Cymodocea, is not an evil, when it meets us attended by virtue! Besides, a peaceful or an obscure life will not shelter us from its arrows: it surprises us on the bed of our forefathers, as well as in a foreign land. Observe those storks which are at this moment rising from the banks of the Ilissus; they repair every year to the shores of Cyrenia, every year do they return to the fields of Erectheus; but how often have they found desolate the mansion which they left flourishing? How often have they sought in vain even for the roof where they had been accustomed to build their nests?"

"Excuse," said Cymodocea, "excuse the fears of a timid girl, educated among the more indulgent gods who look with a smile of tenderness upon the tears of parting lovers."

At these words, Cymodocea, repressing her grief, covered her face with her veil. Eudorus took the hands of his spouse between his, he pressed them tenderly to his lips, and his bosom:

"Cymodocea," said he, "happiness and glory of my life, let not even suffering cause you to blaspheme our divine religion. Forget those gods who afford no resource against the tribulations of the heart. Daughter of Homer, my God is the God of tenderness, the friend of those who weep, the comforter of the distressed: he hears the voice of the smallest bird under the brake, and tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. Far from wishing to deprive you of your tears, he blesses them; he will place them to your account, when he shall visit you at your last hour, because they are shed for him and for your husband."

At these words, the voice of Eudorus faltered; grief overpowered his utterance, and tears in spite of himself gushed from his eyes. Cymodocea uncovered her face: she observed the noble figure of the warrior, inundated with the tears which flowed along his sun-burnt cheeks. The seriousness of this Christian sorrow, this contest between religion and nature, imparted to the son of Lasthenes an incomparable beauty. By an involuntary motion, the daughter of Demodocus

would have fallen at the feet of Eudorus; he supports her in his arms, he presses her tenderly to his heart; both remain lost in a sweet and holy extasy. Such, without doubt, appeared Rachel and Jacob when at the entrance of the tent of Laban, they bade each other adieu: the son of Isaac was obliged to tend the flocks during seven new years, in order to obtain his spouse.

Demodocus, at this moment, issued from the temple; forgetting that he had consented to the departure of his daughter, the afflictions of his heart were immediately poured forth in bitter complaints:

"How," cried he, "hast thou the inhumanity to tear a daughter from her father? Was my Cymodocea your wife, did you but leave me a lovely child who might smile at my grief, whose innocent hands might play with my silver locks!—But far from thee, far from me, under an inhospitable sky, wandering on a sea where barbarous pirates..... ah, if my daughter should fall into their hands! If she should be compelled to serve a cruel master, to prepare his repast and his bed! May the earth hide me in its bosom before I experience so dreadful a misfortune! Have the Christians hearts harder than rocks? Is their God inexorable?"

Cymodocea had flown into the arms of her father, and mingled her tears with those of the old man. Eudorus listened to the reproaches of De-

modocus with decent firmness and with manly sorrow.

"My father," replied he, "suffer me to call you by that name, for your Cymodocea is already mine in the sight of the Eternal; I do not wrest her by force from your embrace; she is free to follow or to reject my religion; my God would not obtain the heart by compulsion: if this step will cost you both too much regret and too many tears, remain together in Greece. May heaven shower its blessings upon you! As for me, I will accomplish my destiny. But, Demodocus, if your daughter loves me, if you believe that I can make her happy, if you fear, on her account, the persecutions of Hierocles, support yourself under a separation which, I hope, will not be of long duration, and which will shelter her from still greater evils. Demodocus, God disposes of us as he pleases: our duty is to submit to his sovereign will."

"O my son," replied Demodocus, "excuse my grief; I acknowledge that I am unjust: thou dost not deserve the reproaches I have lavished upon thee; on the contrary, thou protectest Cymodocea from the persecutions of an impious wretch; thou placest her under the protection of a powerful princess; thou offerest to her affluence and an illustrious name. But how can I remain alone in Greece? Oh! that I were at liberty to abandon the sacrifices which the people have entrusted to my care! Oh! that I were of the same

age as when I visited foreign cities and foreign lands to acquire a knowledge of mankind! How gladly would I follow my Cymodocea! Alas, I shall no longer see thee dance with the virgins on the summit of Ithome! Rose of Messenia, in vain shall I seek thee in the woods of the temple! No longer shall I hear thy sweet voice resounding amongst the choirs of the sacrifices; no more wilt thou present me with the new barley or the sacred knife; I shall behold thy lyre suspended on the altar, its chords broken and covered with dust; my eyes filled with tears shall see the crowns of flowers which once decorated thy hair, withering at the foot of the statue of Homer. Alas, I had hoped that thou wouldst have closed my eyes; I shall die then, without the power of bestowing on thee my parting blessing! The bed on which I shall breathe out my last sigh, will be solitary; for, my daughter, I cannot hope to see thee again; I hear the old Ferryman* now summoning me to embark: old as I am, I cannot calculate on many days; when the seed of the plant is ripe and dry, it becomes light, and the lightest wind carries it away."

As the priest of Homer pronounced these words, the theatre of Bacchus resounded with applause: the actor who personated Œdipus Coloneus, raised his voice, and these words reached the ears of Eudorus, Demodocus and Cymodocea:

* Charon.

"Oh Theseus, unite in mine your hands to "those of my daughter. Promise me to supply "the place of a father to my dear Antigone!"

"I promise it," exclaimed Eudorus, applying to his situation the verses of the poet.

"She is thine then," said Demodocus, extending his arms towards him!

Eudorus throws himself into them, the old man presses his two children to his heart: thus appears a willow, hollowed by the hand of time, whose open bosom nourishes the flowers of the meadow; the tree extends its ancient shade over these young treasures, and seems to implore for them the zephyr and the dew; but soon, a sweeping tempest prostrates both the willow and the flowers, tender infants of the earth.

The moon appeared in the horizon! her silver forehead was tinged with the golden rays of the sun whose broadened disk was sinking in the waves. It was the hour which gives to the sailor a favourable wind for departing from the port of Attica. The chariots and the slaves of Demodocus waited at the foot of the citadel, near the entrance to the street of the Tripods.* He must

* Pausanias says that this street received its name from its having in it several temples containing bronze tripods dedicated to the gods, in consequence of victories gained by the tribes of Athens in competitions of music and dancing. Pausan. lib. i, cap. 20, p. 46.

descend, he must submit to his destiny; the chariots bear along the three unfortunates, who had no longer strength even to sigh. They soon pass the port of the Piræus, the tombs of Antiope, of Menander and of Euripides; then turning towards the ruined temple of Ceres and crossing the field of Aristides, they arrive at the port of Phalerus. The breeze has just arisen; the waves gently ruffled break against the shore; the galleys unfurl their sails; the cry of the sailor, who with difficulty heaves the anchor, strikes upon the ear. Dorotheus meets the passengers upon the beach, and the boats of the vessels are ready to receive them. Eudorus, Demodocus and Cymodocea descend from the chariots, which halt upon the shore. The priest of Homer can no longer support himself, his knees fail under him. With a stifled voice he says to his daughter:

"This port will be as fatal to me as it was to the father of Theseus;* I shall never see thy white veil return!"

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* Minos, king of Crete, having made a successful war against the Athenians, is said to have imposed upon them as a condition of peace, that they should send yearly to Crete seven of their noblest youths to be devoured by a monster called the Minotaur. Theseus the son of the Athenian king Ægeus, determining to relieve his country from so terrible an imposition by the death of the Minotaur, volunteered as one of the youths to be offered to this insatiable monster On leaving Athens, his father charged him, in case of his returning

The son of Lasthenes and the young catechumen kneel before Demodocus and request his last benediction; with one foot in the sea and their faces turned towards the shore, they appear as if offering, in conformity to an ancient custom, an expiatory sacrifice. Demodocus lifts up his hands and pours out a silent but heartfelt blessing on his children. Eudorus raises Cymodocea, and gives her a letter for the pious Helena; then, imprinting with respect a farewell kiss upon her forehead:

"My spouse," said he, "become immediately a Christian; remember Eudorus; and from the summit of the tower, let the daughter of Jerusalem sometimes cast a look upon the sea which separates us."

"My father," said Cymodocea, with a voice interrupted by sobs, "my affectionate father, live for me, I will endeavour to live for you. Oh! Eudorus, shall I again see you, shall I again behold my father?"

Eudorus, as if inspired, exclaimed;

"Yes, we shall meet again, never more to part."

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safe, to change the black sails with which his vessel was furnished for white ones, provided for that purpose. Theseus proved successful, but forgot the injunctions of his father, who, seeing the vessel enter the port of Phalerus with her funereal trappings, and, therefore, taking it for granted that his son had perished, threw himself into the Ægean sea and was drowned.

The sailors bear away Cymodocea, the slaves lead off Demodocus. Eudorus throws himself into the bark which transports him to the vessel. The fleet departs from the Phalerus; the sailors, crowned with flowers, whiten the sea by the strokes of their oars; they invoke the Nereids, and Palemon, and Thetis, and salute as they pass the sacred tomb of Themistocles.

The vessel of Cymodocea bends its course towards the east, whilst that of the son of Lasthenes turns its prow towards Italy.

The divine mother of the Saviour watches over the innocent pilgrim; she sends Gabriel to the Angel of the seas, to command him to suffer none but gentle breezes to blow. Gabriel, having detached from his shoulders his white wings, bordered with gold, plunges from heaven into the waves.

At the sources of the ocean, under deep grottos, which ever resound with the roar of the billows, dwells the stern Angel, who directs the movement of the abyss. To instruct him in his duty, Wisdom took him with her, when, at the birth of time she walked under the sea. It was he, who, by order of the Almighty, opened, at the deluge, the cataracts of heaven; it is he, who, at the last day, will again roll the waves over the summits of the mountains. Seated at the source of the rivers, he directs their courses, he increases or diminishes their waves; he drives

back to the night of the poles, and confines in chains of ice, fogs, clouds and tempests; he knows the most hidden rocks, the most desert straits, the most distant lands, and discovers them, one by one, to the genius of man; he sees with a glance, both the gloomy regions of the north, and the burning climates of the tropics: twice a day does he open the flood-gates of the ocean, and restoring with his hand the equipoise of the globe, at each equinox brings back the earth under the oblique fires of the sun.

Gabriel penetrates into the bosom of the seas: whole nations and unknown continents lie engulfed in the watry abyss. How many different monsters which the eye of mortals shall never behold! How strong a ray of life, even in these dark profounds! But, what wrecks and ruins strew the bottom of the deep! Gabriel feels an emotion of compassion for mankind, and admires the divine power. He soon perceives the Angel of the seas, attentive to some grand revolutions of the waters; seated on a throne of crystal he held in his hand a golden curb; his sea-green hair flowed wet upon his shoulders, and an azure scarf enveloped his divine limbs. Gabriel salutes him with dignity.

"Potent Spirit," he says, "my brother, the pow-
"er which the Eternal has entrusted to you, suffi-
"ciently displays how exalted a station you occu-
"py in the celestial hierarchies! What a new

" world! What sublime intelligence! How hap-
" py must you be in the knowledge of such won-
" derful secrets!"

" Divine messenger," replies the Angel of the seas, " whatever be the object which brings you " hither, I receive with joy, a guest like you. To " appreciate justly the power of our master, you " should have seen him, as I did, lay the founda-" tions of this empire; I was present when he " divided into two parts the waters of the abyss; " I saw him subject the waves to the motions of " the stars, and bind the fate of the ocean to that " of the moon and of the sun; he covered Leviathan " with a coat of male, and sent him forth to sport " in these gulfs; he planted the forests of coral " under the billows; he peopled them with fishes " and with birds; he caused smiling isles to spring " from the bosom of a furious element; he regu-" lated the course of the winds; he controlled " the tempests by laws; and standing on the " shore, he said to the sea " Hitherto shall thou " come and no further, and here shall thy proud " waves be stayed." Illustrious servant of Ma-" ria, hasten to inform me, what sovereign com-" mand has caused you to descend to these ever-" varying grottos. Is time ended? Is it necessary " to assemble the clouds? Must the mounds of " the sea be broken? Abandoning the universe to " chaos, am I to re-mount with you to the skies?"

" I bring you a message of peace," says Gabriel

with a smile: "man is always the object of "the kindness of the Eternal; the Cross is about "to triumph on the earth; Satan is to be replun- "ged into Hell. Maria orders you to conduct "to their desired havens, the husband and the "wife, whom you see sailing from the shores of "Greece. Suffer none but gentle breezes to blow "upon the waves."

"Let it be done according to the will of the "Star of the seas," said the Angel who governs the tempests, respectfully inclining his head! "May Satan soon be shut up in the place of his "torment; often does he disturb my repose, and "in spite of me, unchains the storm."

So saying, the powerful Spirit chooses those gentle and fragrant winds which kiss the shores of India and the Pacific Ocean; he directs them to the sails of Eudorus, and also to those of Cymodocea, and causes the two gallies to advance by the same breeze, towards their opposite ports.

Favoured by this divine influence, Eudorus soon reaches the shores of Ostia. He flies to Rome. Constantine embraces him with tenderness, and relates to him the misfortunes of the church, and the intrigues of the court.

The senate had just been convoked for the purpose of deliberating upon the fate of the Faithful. Rome was absorbed in expectation and in terror. Dioclesian, however, when about to yield to the violence of Galerius, had determined, by a last

act of justice, that the Christians should have an advocate before the senate. The most illustrious priests in the capitol of the empire were at this time deliberating upon the choice of an orator worthy to plead the cause of the Cross. The council, in which Marcelline presided, was assembled by the light of lamps, in the catacombs; seated upon the tombs of the martyrs, the Fathers resembled old warriors deliberating upon the field of battle, or kings wounded in the defence of their people. There was not one of these confessors who did not bear upon his limbs the marks of a glorious persecution: one had lost the use of his hands, another no longer saw the light of heaven; the tongue of this one was cut out, but his soul still remained to praise the Eternal; that one appeared all mutilated by the flames, like a victim half consumed by the fires of a sacrifice. The holy old men could not agree upon the choice of a defender; none amongst themselves was eloquent but by his virtues, and each feared to hazard the fate of the Faithful. The pontiff of Rome proposed to refer the difficulty to the decision of heaven. They place the holy Evangelists upon the sepulchre of the martyr which served as an altar. The Fathers betake themselves to prayer, and ask of God to indicate, by some verse of the Scriptures, the advocate acceptable in his sight. God, who had inspired them with this thought, immediately caused the

Angel whose duty it is to inscribe the eternal decrees in the book of life, to descend. The celestial Spirit, veiled in a cloud, marks in the Bible, the desired decision. The Fathers arise; Marcelline opens the law of the Christians; he reads these words from the Maccabees:

"He clothed himself with a coat of mail like a "giant, he covered himself with his arms in the "combat, and his sword was the protection of all "the camp."

Marcelline, surprized, shuts and again opens the prophetic volume; he finds these words:

"His memory will be sweet as a concert of "music at a delightful festival. He has been di-"vinely ordained to cause the people to return to "repentance."

A third time does the sovereign pontiff consult the oracle of Israel; all the Fathers are struck with this passage of the Canticles:

"I am covered with a robe of mourning....I "have taken for my garment a hair cloth."

Immediately a voice (none knew whence it proceeded) pronounced the name of Eudorus! The old martyrs, suddenly enlightened, make the vaults of the catacombs re-echo with a lengthened Hosanna. They again read the sacred text. Astonished, they remark with what propriety all these words apply to the son of Lasthenes. Each admires the counsel of the Most High. Each recognizes the choice as holy and desirable. The

renown of the young orator, his exemplary penitence, his favour with the court, his habit of speaking before the princes, the commands with which he had been invested, the friendship with which Constantine honoured him, all justify the decision of heaven. They hasten to communicate to him the wishes of the Fathers. Eudorus humbles himself in the dust; he seeks to decline this sublime honour, this heavy burden. They shew him the passages of the Scripture; he submits. He soon retires to the tombs of the Saints, and by vigils, by prayers and by tears, prepares himself to plead the grandest cause that was ever brought before a human tribunal.

While he thought only of fulfilling in a proper manner the important charge committed to him, Hierocles arrived at Rome, supported by all the power of hell. This enemy of God had learned with despair the ill success of his violence at Lacedæmon, the flight of Cymodocea, and the departure of Eudorus for Italy. The mild orders which he had in the meantime, received from Dioclesian, discovered to him that his calumnies had not completely succeeded at court. He had hoped to overthrow a rival; and this rival was merely recalled and placed under the vigilant eye of the chief of the empire. He trembled lest the son of Lasthenes should effect his ruin in the good opinion of Dioclesian. To prevent any sudden disgrace, he determined to fly to Galerius,

who anxiously expected him at his councils. The Spirit of darkness, in the meantime, consoles the apostate.

"Hierocles," said he secretly to him, "you will soon be sufficiently powerful to obtain Cymodocea, even in the arms of Helena. This imprudent virgin, by changing her religion, affords you new hope. If you can persuade the princes to persecute the Christians, your rival will soon find himself included in the massacre; you will then subdue the daughter of Homer by the fear of torment, or you may reclaim her as a Christian slave escaped from your power."

The sophist, who took these suggestions for the inspirations of his own heart, applauded the depth of his genius: he knew not that he was but an instrument to carry into effect the designs of Satan against the Cross. Full of these thoughts, he hurried down the mountains of Arcadia, like the torrent of the Styx which falls from these very mountains, and communicates death to all who drink of its waters. He passes through Epirus, embarks at the promontory of Actium, lands at Tarentum, and stops not till he reaches Galerius, who then profaned by his residence the gardens of Cicero at Tusculum.

Cæsar was at this moment surrounded by the sophists of the school, who pretended that they also were persecuted, because their opinions were despised. They were engaged in making pre-

paration for the great question about to be discussed. They called themselves the natural judges of every thing which concerned the religion of man. They had solicited Dioclesian to grant to them, as he had done to the Christians, an advocate in the senate. Harrassed by their importunity, the Emperor had acceded to their request. The arrival of Hierocles filled them with joy. They appointed him the orator for the philosophic sects. Hierocles accepted an honour which flattered his vanity, and afforded him an opportunity of becoming the accuser of the Christians. The pride of perverted reason and the fury of love, exhibited to his distempered view the Faithful already vanquished, and Cymodocea already in his arms. Galerius, whose mind he corrupted and whose designs he seconded, allowed him a powerful protection, and permitted him to express himself at the capitol, with all the freedom which characterised the opinions of the false sages. Symmachus, priest of Jupiter, was to speak in favour of the ancient gods of the country.

The day which was to decide the fate of half the inhabitants of the empire, the day on which the destinies of the human race were menaced in the religion of Jesus Christ, the day so desired, so feared by Angels, by Dæmons and by men, this day arrived. At early dawn the prætorian guards took possession of the avenues to the capitol. An immense concourse of people was dis-

persed over the forum, around the temple of Jupiter Stator, and along the Tiber as far as the theatre of Marcellus: those who were unable to obtain a place clambered up on the adjacent roofs and on the triumphal arches of Titus and Severus. Dioclesian leaves his palace; he approaches towards the capitol by the Sacred Way, as if about to celebrate his victory over the Marcomanni and the Parthians. It was difficult to recognize him; he had been labouring for some time past under a languishing malady and under the pressure of vexations occasioned by Galerius. In vain had the aged Emperor endeavoured to give a brighter hue to his complexion; the paleness of death pierced through the brilliant colouring, and under the half-fallen mask of human power, appeared the marks of approaching dissolution.

Galerius, surrounded by all the pomp of Asia, followed the Emperor in a splendid chariot, drawn by tigers. The people trembled at the gigantic stature and furious air of this new Titan.* Constantine advanced next, mounted on a nimble courser; he attracted the attention and homage of

* Titan is said to have been the son of Cœlus and Terra, that is of Heaven and Earth; and as the name is often applied by the poets to the sun, and according to Mr. Faber, signifies a *diluvian*, he is in all probability no other than the patriarch Noah. See Lemp. in voc. Tit. Faber's Diss. on the Cabiri, vol. i, p. 44.

the soldiers and the Christians: the three orators marched behind the masters of the world. The pontiff of Jupiter, supported by the college of priests, preceded by the Aruspices and followed by the company of the Vestals, saluted the crowd, which acknowledged with joy the interpreter of the worship of Romulus. Hierocles, covered with the mantle of the stoics, appeared upon a litter, surrounded by Libanius, Iamblicus, Porphyrius and by a troop of sophists: the people, naturally opposed to affectation and vain wisdom, lavished on him epithets of ridicule and contempt. Last came Eudorus clothed in a mourning garment: he walked alone, on foot, with a serious air, with downcast eyes, and seemed to sustain the whole weight of the afflictions of the church. The pagans recognized with astonishment under this simple garb, the warrior whose triumphal statues they had seen; the Faithful bowed with respect before their defender, the old blessed him, mothers pointed him out to their children, while at all the altars of Jesus Christ, the priests offered up for him the holy sacrifice.

There was at the capitol a chamber called the chamber of Julian. Augustus had formerly decorated it with a statue of Victory. There was seen the milliary column, the beam pierced with the sacred nails,* the brazen wolf, and the arms of

* At the commencement of every new year a nail was driven into a certain beam in the capitol, in order to mark the lapse of time.

Romulus. Around its walls were suspended the portraits of the consuls Publicola* the equitable, Fabricius† the generous, Cincinnatus the rustic,‡

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* Valerius Publius, surnamed *Poplicola* or *Publicola*, on account of his great popularity. He assisted Brutus in effecting the expulsion of the Tarquins from Rome, and in the year of the city 244, was chosen consul: the same honour was conferred upon him in the years 246, 249 and 255. He died A. U. C. 251, or B. C. 502, so poor that his body was buried at the public expense. The Roman matrons mourned his death a whole year. See Lempriere. Plutarch in vita.

† It is for his noble conduct towards Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, that Fabricius is most to be admired. When ambassador at his court, Pyrrhus had attempted in vain to bribe him to his interest by offers of the most magnificent presents, which were always indignantly refused. In the war which Pyrrhus soon after waged against the Republic, the chief command of the Roman legions was conferred upon Fabricius, who, when the physician of Pyrrhus secretly offered to poison his master, had the magnanimity to refuse the infamous proposal, and to disclose the treason to the king. He was first consul A. D. 471, and died so poor that he was buried at the public expense, and a dowry given to his two daughters out of the public treasury. See Plutarch's lives.

‡ Lucius Quintius Cincinnatus, who ranks among the most illustrious of the ancient Romans, flourished, about the year B. C. 460. He was chosen consul in the year A. U. C. 294, only to complete the year of P. Valerius, who was killed in an attack upon the capitol which was seized by Herdonius, an ambitious Sabine, and when, towards the expiration of his turn of office, the senate proposed to re-elect him for another year, he absolutely refused, as being a violation of their own resolution against the continuance of the magistracy in the same person. It was not long, however, before he was again

Fabius the temporiser,* Paulus Æmilius, Cato, Marcellus, and Cicero the father of his country.

summoned to the service of his country. The Volsci and the Æqui rose in arms against the Romans and laid close siege to the city. In this threatening danger, Cincinnatus was unanimously appointed to the despotic office of *Dictator*. He was found by the messengers of the senate busily engaged in the cultivation of his little farm; he accepted the command, placed himself at the head of the Roman army, and after a desperate engagement, defeated the enemy and prescribed the conditions of a treaty. He resigned the supreme power within sixteen days after its assumption, returning to his farm a triumphal husbandman, "as if in haste to resume his interrupted labours." Twenty years after this event, and when eighty years of age, he was again made dictator, and after a successful campaign resigned his power a second time twenty-one days after receiving it. See Livius, vol. iii. Florian, i, c. 11.

* Q. Maximus Fabius, not more to be venerated for the brilliant virtues which adorned his character, than for his being regarded as the military model of our illustrious Washington. This resemblance is particularly exhibited in the policy which Fabius pursued when Dictator, in the conduct of the war against Hannibal, and for which he obtained the name of *Cunctator*, the *Temporiser* or the *Delayer*. He opposed the hero of Carthage, not by pitched battles, or engagements in the open field, but by hovering constantly around him, watching his motions, cutting off his supplies, harrassing him with petty skirmishes and partial assaults, making use only of small detachments of his troops, whilst himself, with the main body of the army, remained in posts of safety. The result of this war with the Carthaginians justified the cautious prudence of Fabius, and fixed the character of real merit upon the policy which he pursued. He flourished about B. C. 240. See Plutarch in vita Fabii.

These magnanimous citizens seemed placed in the senate with the successors of the Tigellinuses* and the Sejanuses,† as if to exhibit at one view the extremes of virtue and of vice, and to attest the frightful revolutions which time produces in empires.

In this spacious hall the judges of the Christians assembled. Dioclesian ascended his throne; Galerius seated himself on the right, and Constantine on the left of the Emperor; the officers of the palace occupied, each according to his rank, the steps of the throne. After having saluted the statue of Victory, and renewed before it the oath of fidelity, the senators ranged themselves around on the benches of the hall; the orators placed themselves in the centre. The porch and the court of the capitol were filled with the nobles, the soldiers and the people. God permitted the powers of the abyss and the inhabitants of the divine abodes to be present at this memorable deliberation; Angels and Dæmons distributed themselves among the senate, the first to calm, the second to excite the

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* Tigellinus, a Roman celebrated for his intrigues and perfidy at the court of Nero. Lemp.

† Ælius Sejanus an ambitious Roman who by corruption and intrigue endeavoured to remove Tiberius and place himself at the head of the Roman empire. He was accused of treason before the senate, A. D. 31, and the same day strangled in prison.

passions; those to enlighten, these to obscure the mind.

A white bull was first sacrificed to Jupiter, the author of good counsels: Eudorus during this revolting ceremony, covered his head, and, shook from his mantle some drops of lustral water which had fallen upon and sullied it. Dioclesian gives the signal, and Symmachus arises midst universal plaudits; versed in the sublime traditions of Roman eloquence, these words flowed from his mouth, like the majestic waves of a river, slowly rolling through a country which they embellish in their course.

THE ARGUMENT.

Harangues of Symmachus, Hierocles and Eudorus. Diocle-sian consents to pass an edict of persecution, but deter-mines first to consult the Sibyl of Cumæ.

BOOK XVI.

"MOST-CLEMENT Emperor Dioclesian, and thou, most illustrious prince Cæsar Galerius, if your divine souls have ever exhibited a splendid proof of their justice, it is in the important occasion which convenes this most august senate at the feet of your eternities.

"Shall we proscribe the worshippers of the new God? Shall we suffer the Christians to enjoy in peace the religion of their divinity? This is the question now proposed to the senate.

"May Jupiter, and the gods, the avengers of humanity, ever preserve me from causing blood or tears to flow! Why persecute men who fulfil all the duties of citizens? The Christians exercise useful arts; their wealth augments the treasure of the state; they serve with courage in our armies; in our councils they often give advice full of wisdom, of justice and of prudence. Besides, it is not by violence that the desired end is to be obtained. Experience has shown that the Christians multiply under the axe of the executioner. Would you gain them over to the re-

ligion of your country, summon them to the temple of Pity, and not to the altars of the Eumenides.

" But after having declared what appears to me to be conformable to justice, it becomes me to express with the same candour the apprehensions with which the Christians inspire me. The only reproach which can with propriety be attached to them, is that our gods are the objects of their derision and often of their insults. How many Romans have already been misled by erroneous reasonings! Ah, we talk of attacking a strange divinity, let us rather be careful to defend our own gods! Let us bind ourselves still more strongly to their worship, by the recollection of all that they have done for us. Were we well convinced of the grandeur and the goodness of our paternal deities, we should no longer fear to see the sect of the Christians grow and increase by the acquisition of those who abandon our temples.

" It is a truth long since known, that Rome is indebted for the empire of the world to her piety towards the Immortals. She has erected altars to all the beneficent Genii, to Fortune, to Filial-Love, to Peace, to Concord, to Justice, to Liberty, to Victory, to the god Terminus who, alone, arose not before Jupiter, in the assembly of the gods.*

* This probably is an allusion to the tradition recorded by Ovid in his Fasti, that when Tarquinius Superbus determined

Could this divine family displease the Christians? What man would dare to refuse homage to such noble deities? Will you ascend still higher? You will find the very names of our country, our most ancient traditions allied to our religion, and entering even into our sacrifices; you will find the records of that golden age, the reign of happiness and innocence, for the enjoyment of which Ausonia* is envied by the world.† Can there be

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to erect a temple to Jupiter on the Tarpeian rock, the gods all retired with great cheerfulness except Terminus, the god of boundaries, who absolutely refused.

Restitit et magno cum Jove templa tenet.

Fasti 2, 641.

* Ausonia was one of the ancient names of Italy.

† The poets divide time past into four ages, denominating them, according to their peculiar characteristics, the *golden*, the *silver*, the *brazen*, and the *iron* age. The golden age obtained during the reign of Saturn, when harmony and mutual love prevailed throughout the earth. This age lasted, according to the opinion of Bochart, under Saturn or Noah, one hundred years from the flood to Phaleg, in which period there was no division of land. So Tibullus:

"——— Non fixus in agris,
Qui regeret certis finibus arva, lapis."

The *silver* age was that in which mankind began to become less virtuous, and consequently less happy. Bochart says that in this age lands were divided and cultivated, houses were built, and the tower of Babylon erected. And the same poet says:

"Tum primum subiere domos,"—&c.

The *brazen* and *iron* ages were periods of still greater de-

any thing more engaging than the name of Latium, given to the country of Laurentum, because it was the asylum of a persecuted god?* Our fathers, as a recompense for their virtue, received from heaven, a hospitable heart, and Rome became the refuge for all unfortunate exiles. What interesting adventures, what illustrious names are attached to those migrations of the early ages of the world, Diomed, Philoctetes, Idomeneus, Nestor! Ah! when a forest covered the hill on which the capitol now stands, when cottages occupied the place of this palace, when the Tyber,

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generacy. The former, according to the same author, was "marked by the insurrection of Nimrod, the Bacchus of the ancients, first a hunter and afterwards a warrior, who transferred his power from wild beasts to men, and established a tyrannical government." The *iron* age is that in which we live. See a full description of these ages in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, lib. i, v. 89—and in Hesiod's *Works and Days*, v. 108.

* Latium was a small territory of Italy lying upon the river Tyber. It is said to have received its name from *lateo, to conceal*, because Saturn there concealed himself, upon flying from the resentment of Jupiter. So Virgil; Æneid, lib. viii, v. 319.

"Primus ab æthereo venit Saturnus," &c.

"—— Saturn fled before victorious Jove,
Driv'n down and banish'd from the realms above.
He by just laws embodied all the train,
Who rov'd the hills and drew them to the plain;
There fixt; and Latium call'd the new abode,
Whose friendly shores conceal'd the *latent* god."

Pitt's Æneid.

now so famous, bore the humble name of Albuna,* it was not then asked whether the God of an obscure nation of Judæa was preferable to the gods of Rome! To be convinced of the power of Jupiter, nothing is necessary but to consider the feeble origin of this empire. Four small rivulets have formed the mighty torrent of the Roman people; Alba, the beloved country of the Curiatii; the Latin warriors who united themselves to the warriors of Æneas; the Arcadians of Evander, who transmitted to Cincinnatus his love of herds and the blood of the Hellenes, the sweet germ of eloquence among the rude nurslings of a wolf; in fine, the Sabines who gave wives to the companions of Romulus; those Sabines clothed in sheep-skins, directing their flocks with a lance, subsisting upon milk and honey, and consecrating themselves to Ceres and to Hercules, the one the genius, the other the strength of the husbandman.

"These gods who have performed so many wonders, these gods who inspired Numa, Fabri-

* The ancient name of the Tyber was Albula, not Albuna. Thus Virgil: Æneid, lib. viii, v. 330.

"Tum reges, asperque immani corpore Tybris;
A quo post Itali fluvium cognomine Tybrim
Diximus; amisit verum vetus Albula nomen."
"There stern huge Tybris held his cruel reign.
The mighty flood that bathes the fruitful coast,
Received his name and Albula was lost."

Pitt's Æneid.

cius and Cato, these gods who protect the illustrious ashes of our citizens, these gods in the midst of whom our emperors at this day shine, are they divinities without power and without virtue?

"Dioclesian, methinks I behold Rome, laden with years, suddenly appearing before you under the arches of this capitol, and thus addressing your eternity:

"Great prince, have respect to this old age, to "which my piety towards the gods has preserved "me. Free, as in truth I am, I will ever adhere "to the religion of our ancestors. This religion has "subjected the universe to my sway. Its sacri- "fices removed Hannibal from my walls, and the "Gauls from the capitol. What, would they "overthrow this statue of Victory, without fear- "ing to arouse my legions which lie buried in the "plains of Zama?* Have I been preserved "from the most formidable enemies, but to be "dishonoured by my children in my old age?"

"It is thus, oh powerful Emperor, that suppliant Rome would speak! Behold, rising from

* Zama, or Zagma, is celebrated as having been the nearest city to the scene of the decisive battle between Scipio and Hannibal, in which were slain 20,000 Carthaginians, and the same number made prisoners, whilst the loss of the Romans was estimated at only 2,000. This battle was fought in the year 202, B. C. and decided the fate of Carthage.

their tombs along the Appian way, those republicans who vanquished the Volsci and the Samnites, to whose images we now do reverence; they ascend to this capitol which they fill with the spolia opima;* they come, crowned with branches of the oak, to unite their voice with that of their country. These sacred manes have not broken their iron sleep, on account of the violation of our customs or our laws; they were not roused by the noise of the proscriptions of Marius, or by the fury of the Triumvirate;† but the cause of heaven draws them from their sepulchres and they come to plead before their children. Romans, seduced by a new religion, how could ye consent to change for a foreign worship our beautiful festivals and our pious ceremonies?

"Princes, I repeat it, we do not demand the persecution of the Christians. It is said that the God whom they adore, is a God of peace and of

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* When the Roman general slew the general of the enemy, his spoils, styled by way of distinction, *spolia opima*, that is, *the richest spoils*, were suspended in the temple of Jupiter Feretrius at the Capitol. This happened but three times during the Republic. Wilson's Antiquities, chap. 8.

† The Triumvirate were three magistrates appointed to watch over the safety of the state: *triumviri reipublicæ constituendiæ*. Of these there were two: the first composed of Julius Cæsar, Pompey and Crassus, B. C. 60, which terminated in a civil war: the second of Augustus, Marc Antony and Lepidus, B. C. 43, which eventuated in the complete subjugation of Rome under Augustus.

justice: we do not refuse to admit him into the Pantheon;* for we wish, most pious Emperor, that the gods of all religions should protect you; but that his worshippers may cease to insult the majesty of Jupiter. Dioclesian, Galerius, senators, indulgence towards the Christians, protection for the gods of our country."

Having finished this discourse, Symmachus again salutes the statue of Victory, and takes his station among the senators. The minds of the assembly were differently affected; some, charmed with the dignity of the discourse of Symmachus, recalled to memory the days of Hortensius and of Cicero; others censured the moderation of the priest of Jupiter. Satan had no hope but in Hierocles, and endeavoured to destroy the effect of the eloquence of the high pontiff; the Angels of light, on the contrary, took advantage of this eloquence to inspire the senate with more humane sentiments. The casques of the warriors, the togas of the senators, the robes and sceptres of the augurs and the Aruspices, were seen in agitation; a confused murmur, the equivocal mark of disapprobation and applause, was heard. In a

* The Pantheon was a celebrated temple at Rome, built by Agrippa, and appropriated, as its name imports, to *all the gods*. It has since been converted into a church of Christian worship, and is still an object of admiration to the curious. Lempriere.

field, where tares and useless flowers of purple and blue, rise among the golden wheat, if but a zephyr breathes over the variegated forest, the weakest ears first bend their heads; presently the increasing breeze waves tumultuously the fruitful stalk and the steril weed; so appeared in the senate the movement of so many different men.

The courtiers attentively observed Dioclesian and Galerius, for the purpose of regulating their opinion by that of their master; Cæsar exhibited signs of anger: but the countenance of Augustus was unchanged.

Hierocles rises; he enwraps himself in his mantle, and preserves for some time a stern and thoughtful air. Initiated in all the arts of Athenian eloquence, armed with all its sophisms, subtle, skilful, a declaimer, a hypocrite, affecting a style concise and sententious, talking of humanity while demanding the blood of the innocent, despising the instructions of time and experience, seeking to conduct mankind through a thousand evils to happiness by systems, hollow of heart, applauding himself for his justice—such was the orator who entered the lists to attack every religion, and particularly that of the Christians. Galerius allowed unrestrained license to the blasphemies of his minister: Satan incited to evil the enemy of the Faithful; and the hope of destroying Eudorus animated the lover of Cymodocea. The Dæmon of false wisdom, under the figure of

a chief of the schools, lately arrived at Alexandria, places himself by the side of Hierocles, who, after a moment of silence, suddenly unfolds his arms; he throws his mantle behind him, presses his hands upon his heart, bows down even to the pavement of the capitol in saluting Augustus and Cæsar, and pronounces this harangue:

" Valerius Dioclesian, son of Jupiter, immortal Emperor, Augustus, eight times consul, most clement, most divine, most wise; Valerius Maximian Galerius, son of Hercules, adopted son of the Emperor, Cæsar eternal and most happy, Parthian,* triumpher, lover of science and a true philosopher; most venerable and most august senate, you permit then my voice to be heard. Overpowered by this signal honour, how shall I express myself with sufficient energy or grace! Pardon the weakness of my eloquence, for the sake of that truth which induces me to speak.

" The earth, in its primitive fecundity, gave birth to man. Men, by chance and from necessity, united on account of their common wants. The right of property began; violence followed; man was unable to repress it; he invented the gods.

" Religion once invented, tyrants used it to

* It will be remembered that Galerius assumed the title of Parthicus upon his victory over the Parthians.

their purpose. Interest multiplied errors; the passions mingled with them their dreams.

" Man, forgetting the origin of the gods, soon believed in their existence. They took for the unanimous consent of the people, what was only the unanimous consent of the passions. Tyrants, whilst oppressing mankind, were careful to erect temples to piety and to compassion; that the wretched might also believe in the existence of the gods.

" The priest, at first a deceiver, now himself deceived, doated on his idol; the young man—on the deified graces of his mistress; the unhappy—on the images of his sorrow: hence sprung fanaticism, the greatest of all the evils which ever afflicted the human species.

" This monster, bearing a firebrand in his hand, soon traversed the three quarters of the earth. He burnt, by the hands of the Magi, the temples of Memphis and of Athens. He enkindled the sacred war* which delivered Greece to

* The *sacred war* was so called from the circumstances which gave rise to it, or rather, from the object for which it was waged. Of these wars there were two; the first happened in the year 448, B. C. in which the Athenians and Lacedæmonians were auxiliaries upon opposite sides: the last, and that which is alluded to in the text, occurred in the year 356, B. C. concerning lands annexed to the temple of Delphi; it was first confined to the Thebans and Phocians, but soon extended throughout all Greece. Philip of Macedon took advan-

Philip. Ere long, if a hateful sect is suffered to extend itself, even in our time, and notwithstanding the increase of light, the universe will be plunged into an abyss of woe!

"I will now attempt, Princes, to exhibit evils which fanaticism has brought on man, by unveiling the origin and progress of a religion the most ridiculous and most horrible that the corruption of mankind has engendered.

"Oh that I might bury in deep oblivion these shameful outrages! But I am called to the defence of truth: the Emperor must be saved, the world must be enlightened. I know that I expose myself to the resentment of a dangerous faction. But it matters not: when the friend of wisdom contends for the happiness of his brethren and the sacred rights of humanity, he should close his heart as well against the threatnings of fear as against the supplications of pity.

"Ye have heard of that people, whose leprosy and whose deserts separated them from the human race, that odious people whom the divine Titus exterminated.*

"A certain impostor, called Moses, by a series

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tage of these dissentions, and by the fatal battle of Chæronea, B. C. 338, terminated the splendid history of Grecian liberty.

* Jerusalem was taken and destroyed by Titus, A. D. 70, 2177 years after its foundation. See Josephus' Wars of the Jews.

of crimes and gross deceptions, delivered this people from bondage. He led them through the midst of the sands of Arabia; he promised them, in the name of the god Jehovah, a land which flowed with milk and honey.

" After forty years, the Jews arrived at this promised land, whose inhabitants they massacred. This delightful garden was the steril Judæa, a small valley of stones, without grain, without trees, without water.

" Retired in their haunts, these plunderers rendered themselves remarkable for nothing but their hatred against the human race; they lived in the midst of adulteries, of murders, and of cruelties.

" What could spring from such a race? (this is the prodigy) a race still more execrable, the Christians; they have exceeded in folly and in crime the Jews, their fathers.

" The Hebrews, deluded by fanatic priests, in their impotence and degradation, expected a monarch who was to reduce the whole world to their sway.

" A report is one day propagated that the wife of a vile mechanic has given birth to this long promised king. A part of the Jews readily believe the prodigy.

" He whom they call their Christ, lives thirty years, in the obscurity of wretchedness. After these thirty years, he begins to preach; he associates with himself a few fishermen, whom he

styles his Apostles. He visits the cities, he secretes himself in the deserts, he seduces weak women and a credulous populace. His morality, they say, is pure; but does it excel that of Socrates?

"He is soon arrested for his seditious discourses and condemned to die upon the cross. A gardener steals away his body; his Apostles proclaim that Jesus is risen: they preach their master to the astonished crowd. The superstition diffuses itself, the Christians become a numerous sect.

"A worship, originating among the lowest grades of the people, propagated by slaves at first confined to desert places, is by degrees loaded with abominations which secrecy and vile and ferocious manners must naturally produce: thus, cruelty and infamy form the principal part of its mysteries.

"The Christians assemble at night among the sepulchres of the dead. The resurrection of the body is the most absurd, but the most harmless tenet of their faith. Seated at an execrable banquet, after having sworn hatred against both gods and men, after having renounced all lawful pleasures, they drink the blood of an immolated man, and devour the quivering flesh of an infant: this they call their bread and sacred wine.*

* The translator has taken the liberty of omitting the whole of the paragraph which immediately follows in the

"What, it was not enough to have sought to seduce mankind to the worship of an exciter of seditions, justly punished with death! It was not a crime sufficiently enormous to have endeavoured to reduce human reason to so low a state of degradation! no, the Christians must first proceed to produce from their religion a school of the most depraved manners, of the most unnatural crimes.

"Needs there any other proof to support what I have just advanced than the very conduct of the Christians? Wherever they insinuate themselves they produce disturbances; they debauch the soldiers of our armies; they carry disunion into families; they seduce credulous virgins; they arm the brother against the brother, and the husband against the wife. Powerful as they have been suffered to become, they possess temples, treasures, and they refuse to take the oath of allegiance to the Emperors, from whom they enjoy all these benefits; they insult the sacred images of Dioclesian, they would rather die than

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original, as containing charges against the Christians too revolting to the feelings to be tolerated even for a moment, and too vile and disgusting in their nature to be exhibited, even as an infamous libel, to the unsullied mind. It could add nothing to the picture which the sophist has been made to draw of himself, as this has been rendered sufficiently detestable, by the heavy colouring it has already received.

sacrifice at his altars. Have they not lately permitted the divine mother of Galerius to offer alone, victims for her son to the harmless Genii of the mountains? In fine, joining fanaticism to debauchery, they wish to hurl the statue of Victory from the capitol, to pull down from their sanctuaries your paternal deities!

"Let no one, however, suppose, that I now defend those gods which politic legislators, in the infancy of the people, thought necessary. We have no longer need of these resources. The reign of reason has commenced. Hereafter, no altar shall be raised but to Virtue. The human species every day approaches towards perfection. A time will come when all men, influenced by one and the same sentiment, shall regulate themselves by the illumination of the mind. I support neither Jupiter, nor Mithras, nor Serapis. But if a religion must still be reserved in the empire, the ancient worship is justly entitled to the preference. The new is an evil which must be extirpated by sword and fire. We must endeavour to cure the Christians themselves of their folly. A little blood may flow! Doubtless we shall be affected by the fate of the criminals; but we shall admire, we shall bless the law which immolates victims for the consolation of the wise, and the general happiness of the human race."

Hierocles scarcely finished his harangue, before Galerius gave the signal of applause. His eyes

inflamed, his face flushed with anger, the Cæsar seemed as if already pronouncing the fatal decree against the Christians. His courtiers raised their hands towards heaven, as if penetrated with horror and apprehension; his guards trembled with rage at the thought that the impious race wished to overthrow the altar of Victory; the people dwelt with shuddering upon their nightly riots, and their banquetings upon human flesh. The sophists who surrounded Hierocles applauded him to the skies; he was the intrepid friend of the princes, the real advocate of the people, the defence of truth, the support of virtue, a Socrates!

Satan inflamed their prejudices and their hatred; charmed by the words of the pro-consul, he flattered himself that his end would be more effectually attained by means of atheism than by idolatry: seconded by all the powers of hell, he increased the noise and the tumult, and imparted a wonderful appearance to the movements of the senate. Like the top spinning under the lash of the child, like the spindle ascending and descending between the fingers of the matron, like the ebony or ivory rapidly revolving under the chisel of the turner, so were their minds agitated. Dioclesian alone appeared unmoved: his countenance expressed neither anger, nor hatred, nor love. The Christians, dispersed throughout the assembly, seemed confounded and alarmed. Constantine, particularly, was plunged in profound grief:

he cast at intervals upon Eudorus a look of tenderness and apprehension.

The son of Lasthenes arose, unmoved by the frowns of the Cæsar, the base adulation of his courtiers, or the clamours of the crowd. His mourning garment, his noble figure, rendered still more interesting by an expression of holy sadness, attracted universal attention. The Angels of the Lord, forming around him an invisible circle, covered him with light, and communicated to him a divine assurance. From the height of heaven, the four evangelists hovering over his head, secretly whispered the words he was to repeat. From every part of the senate was heard, " It is the Christian! How can he answer?" Each endeavoured, but in vain, to discover in his looks, at that moment so calm, so animated, the expression of those crimes of which Hierocles had accused the Christians. As when the hunters, expecting to surprise a hideous vulture upon the border of a river, suddenly discover a swan swimming on the waves, charmed they stop; they contemplate the bird beloved by the muses; they admire the whiteness of its plumage, the loftiness of its port, the gracefulness of its movements; they lend an ear to its harmonious songs. The swan of the Alpheus delayed not to raise his voice; Eudorus bows before Augustus and the Cæsar; then, without saluting the statue of Victory, without a gesture, without attempting to seduce the ear or the eye, he speaks these words:

" Augustus, Cæsar, conscript Fathers, Roman people, in the name of the victims of an unjust hatred, I, Eudorus, son of Lasthenes, a native of Megalopolis in Arcadia, and a Christian, salute you!

" Hierocles commenced his harangue by excusing the feebleness of his eloquence: I also claim the indulgence of the senate. I am but a soldier; more accustomed to shed my blood for my princes, than to solicit in flowery terms the massacre of a crowd of old men, women and infants.

" I thank Symmachus for the moderation he has exhibited towards my brethren. The respect which I owe to the chief of the empire, compels me to be silent respecting the worship of idols. I shall, however, observe that Camillus, that Scipio, that Paulus Æmilius were not illustrious because they cultivated the worship of Jupiter, but because they withdrew themselves from the influence of the morality and the examples of the deities of Olympus. In our religion, on the contrary, the highest degree of perfection can be obtained only by imitating our God. We also place mere men in the eternal abodes; but it is not sufficient for the acquisition of this glory to have worn the royal fillet; it is necessary to have practised virtue: we abandon the Neros and the Domitians to your heavens.

" Nevertheless, the effect of religion, whatever be its nature, is so salutary to the soul, that the

high-priest of Jupiter has spoken of the Christians with complacency, whilst a man who acknowledges no God, demands our blood in the name of humanity and virtue. Ah, Hierocles, under the mantle which you wear, you wish to scatter desolation throughout the empire! Roman magistrates, you hazard the death of many millions of Roman citizens! For, conscript fathers, you cannot be ignorant that although we are but of yesterday, already do we fill your cities, your colonies, your camps, the palace, the senate, the forum; we leave you no place unoccupied save only your temples.

"Princes, our accuser is an apostate, and avows himself an atheist: he himself knows what title I could add to these. Symmachus is a man of piety, whose age, science and manners are equally respectable. In all criminal causes, the characters of the witnesses are always to be taken into consideration: Symmachus excuses us—Hierocles denounces us; which of the two should be regarded? Augustus, Cæsar, conscript fathers, people of Rome, deign to give me your attention, whilst I endeavour to reply to the accusations of Hierocles, and to defend the religion of Jesus Christ."

At this great name the orator paused; all the Christians bowed, and the statue of Jupiter trembled upon its altar. Eudorus proceeded:

"I shall not, like Hierocles, go back to the

cradle of the world, thence to decend to the question of the present moment. I leave to the disciples of the schools this vain scaffolding of hateful principles, of perverted facts and puerile declamations. We are not now discussing either the formation of the world or the origin of society: the only object is to ascertain whether the existence of the Christians is compatible with the safety of the state, whether their religion wounds either manners or laws; whether it is inimical to that submission which is due to the chief of the empire; in a word, whether morality and polity have any thing to charge against the worship of Jesus Christ. However, I cannot restrain myself from noticing the extraordinary opinion of Hierocles respecting the Hebrews.

"The particular policy of establishing the Jewish nation in the centre of a steril country, was too profound to be perceived by the accuser of the Christians. The legislator of the Israelites wished to form of them a people who might resist the attacks of time, preserve the worship of the true God in the midst of universal idolatry, and find in their institutions a vigour, which they did not of themselves possess: he inclosed them therefore in the mountain. Their laws and their religion corresponded to this isolated state: they had but one temple, but one sacrifice, but one book. Four thousand years have rolled away, and this people still exist. Hierocles, shew us

any example of a government so miraculous in its effects, and we will then listen to your railleries upon the country of the Hebrews."

A sign of approbation escapes Dioclesian, and interrupts the son of Lasthenes. Unmoved by the oratorical gestures of Symmachus and the declamation of Hierocles, the Emperor was struck with the reasons of policy which were urged by the defender of the Faithful. Endorus had dwelt upon this subject with address, for the purpose of engaging the mind of the prince before he spoke of the Christians. The moderate part of the senate who feared Galerius, Publius, præfect of Rome, devoted to Cæsar, but an enemy to Hierocles, the courtiers, always attentive to the opinions of their master, the Christians, whose fate was still in suspense, all perceived the favourable sentiments of Dioclesian: they bestowed the greatest praises upon the orator. The soldiers, the centurions, the tribunes were affected at seeing their general obliged to defend his life against the accusations of a rhetorician; this noble race of men easily return to liberal and generous sentiments. So much reason united to such beauty and youth, interested the crowd, which is ever the sport of feeling. The apprehensions of Constantine were changed into joy; he encouraged his friend by his gestures and by his looks. The Angels of light, redoubling their zeal around the Christian orator, imparted to him each moment

some new grace, and prolonged the sounds of his voice like melodious echos. As when the brilliant snow falls from the ethereal vault—the north wind is hushed; the silent fields with joy receive the numerous flakes, which shelter its plants from the ice of winter: so when the son of Lasthenes resumed his discourse, the assembly preserved a profound silence that they might catch those pure expressions which seemed to descend from heaven to prevent the desolation of the earth.

"Princes," said he, "I shall not enter into the proofs of the Christian religion: a long series of prophesies all accomplished, splendid miracles, innumerable witnesses, have long since attested the divinity of Him whom we call the Saviour. His sublime virtues are known throughout the universe; many Roman Emperors, without submitting to the dominion of Jesus Christ, have honoured him by their respect; celebrated philosophers have done justice to the beauty of his morality, and Hierocles himself has not denied it.

"It would be strange indeed if those who adore such a God, should be monsters deserving of the flames. What, shall we consider Jesus Christ as a model of kindness, of humanity and of chastity, and yet pretend to honour him by mysteries of cruelty and debauchery? In pagan worship, is the festival of Diana celebrated by the prostitutions of the festivals of Venus? Christianity, it is said, has sprung from the lowest grade of

the people, and hence arises the infamy of its worship! Will you reproach this religion with that which constitutes its beauty and its glory? It seeks, that it may console, all those whom mankind neglect and disregard; and this you impute to it as a crime! Do you then think that humanity is to be found only under the purple; and that a God of consolation is intended only for nobles and for kings? So far from having imbibed the baseness and ferocity of the popular manners, our religion has corrected these manners. Tell me: can any be found more resigned under misfortune, more faithful to his word, more punctual in the performance of his duty, more chaste in his actions, than a true Christian? We are so far removed from barbarity, that we avoid your sports, in which the blood of man forms a part of the spectacle. We believe that between the commission of murder, and seeing it committed with pleasure, there is but little difference. We feel such an abhorrence to a dissolute life, that we shun your theatres as the school of profligacy and the road to death. But, whilst justifying the Christians in one point, I perceive that I leave them exposed in another. We fly society, says Hierocles, we hate mankind!

"If it be so, our chastisement is just; let death be our portion. But first come and reclaim from our hospitals the poor and the infirm whom you have abandoned; summon before you those Ro-

man females who have deserted the fruits of their shame. They believe, perhaps, that their children have fallen into the abodes of infamy, the only asylum afforded by your gods to abandoned infancy? Let them recognize their newborn offspring in the arms of our wives! The milk of a Christian has not poisoned them; their mothers by adoption will restore them, before they expire, to their mothers by nature.

"Some of our mysteries, imperfectly understood and falsely interpreted, have given birth to these calumnies. Princes, why am I not permitted to unveil before you these secrets of innocence and purity? Rome rises, says Symmachus, and supplicates you to leave to her the deities of her fathers. Yes, Princes, Rome does rise, but not to sue for impotent gods; she rises to demand Jesus Christ, who will establish among her children modesty, good faith, probity, moderation and a strict adherence to morality.

"Give me," she exclaims, "that God who has "already corrected the vices of my laws; that God "who does not authorize the sacrifice of children, "the prostitution of marriage, the exhibitions of "murder; that God who covers my bosom with "the monuments of his beneficence; that God who "preserves the light of letters and of arts, and "who seeks to abolish slavery throughout the "earth. Ah! if I should again see the Barba-"barians at my gates, I am sensible that this God

" alone would be able to save me, and to change " the decrepitude of my age into immortal youth."

" It now remains to repel the last and most terrible accusation of Hierocles, if it be possible that the Christians can be terrified at the loss of property or life. We are seditious, says our accuser; we refuse to worship the images of the Emperor, and to offer sacrifices to the gods for the father of the country.

" The Christians seditious? Driven to extremity by their persecutors, and pursued like wild beasts, they have not uttered the slightest murmur: nine times have they been massacred, and, humbling themselves under the hand of God, they have left to the world the task of rising in opposition to the tyrants. Let Hierocles name one of the Faithful, who has engaged in a conspiracy against his prince! Christian soldiers whom I now behold before me, Sebastian, Pacomius, Victor, tell us where you received those honourable wounds with which you are covered? Was it in popular insurrections, while besieging the palace of your Emperors, or in facing, for the glory of your princes, the arrow of the Parthian, the sword of the German and the battle-axe of the Frank? Alas, generous warriors, my companions, my friends, my brothers, I feel no alarm respecting my own fate, although I have now some reason to be sensible of the value of life, but I cannot help feeling for your destiny!

Why have you not chosen a more eloquent defender? Shall I have merited a civic crown for preserving you from the hands of the Barbarians,* and yet be unable to protect you from the sword of a Roman pro-consul?

"But to conclude. Dioclesian, you will find among the Christians respectful subjects who will obey you without servility, for the principle of their obedience comes from heaven. They are men of truth; their language and their conduct correspond: they do not receive benefits from a master while cursing him in their hearts. Demand from such men their fortunes, their lives, their children—they will give them; because all these belong to you. But if you endeavour to compel them to offer incense to idols, they will die! Pardon, oh Prince, this Christian liberty; man has duties to perform towards heaven also. If you exact from us marks of submission injurious to these sacred duties, Hierocles may call the executioners; to Cæsar we will render our blood which is Cæsar's, and to God our souls which are God's."

Eudorus resumes his place, throws his half-fallen toga around his shoulders, and conceals the anguish of his bosom under a modest blush.

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* Alluding to his achievments against the Franks and his consequent reward. See vol. i, p. 205.

How can I express the diversity of sentiment which the discourse of the son of Lasthenes excited in the assembly? There was a mixture of admiration, of fear, of fury: each exhibited by his gestures love or hate. These admired the beauty of the accused religion, those discovered in it nothing but a reproach upon their manners and their gods. The warriors were affected, and deeply interested in favour of Eudorus.

"What will it avail us," cried they, "to shed our blood for our country, to endure slavery among Barbarians, to triumph over the enemies of our Prince, if a sophist may destroy us at the capitol?"

For the first time in his life, Dioclesian appeared moved; indeed when permitting the persecution of the Faithful, God employed Christian eloquence as the means of sowing the seed of faith in the Roman senate. The masculine simplicity of the speech of Eudorus triumphed over both the calumnies of Hierocles, and the touching recollections with which Symmachus had surrounded the statue of Victory: every thing seemed to announce that the Emperor was about to give a decision favourable to the Christians.

Hierocles alarmed, endeavoured to appear calm and victorious; but rage and fear were, in spite of himself, depicted in his look; thus when a tiger has been precipitated into the ditch which a shepherd of Lydia has dug beneath his path, the

ferocious animal, having long struggled, lies down with an appearance of tranquillity in the fatal enclosure; but his rolling eyes and quivering jaws discover how keen are his emotions of fear and rage at having fallen into the snare.

Galerius soon restores hope to his minister. This furious Cæsar, accustomed to the prostitute language of flattery, is enraged at the virtuous expression and noble assurance of an honest man. He declares that if the Faithful are not punished, he will abandon the court, and place himself at the head of the armies of the east:

"For these enemies of heaven would lay upon me their sacrilegious hands."

Hierocles, recovering his audacity, observes, that there were mysteries of which no explanation had been given; that, after all, these factious men refused to sacrifice to the Emperor, and endeavoured, by a seditious eloquence, to excite the soldiers to insurrection.

Too much accustomed to yield to the violence of Galerius, Dioclesian was intimidated by his threats. He knew full well that, by proscribing the Christians, he deprived himself of a powerful protection against the ambition of the Cæsar: but the old man did not possess sufficient energy to contemplate the chance of a civil war without shuddering. Satan, by a prodigy, completes the terror of the superstitious mind of Dioclesian.

Suddenly the buckler of Romulus falls from the ceiling of the capitol, wounds the son of Lasthenes, and, rolling on, covers the brazen wolf which was struck with lightning at the death of Julius Cæsar. Galerius exclaims:

"You see, oh Dioclesian, that the father of the Romans cannot endure the blasphemies of this Christian! Imitate his example; crush these impious men, and protect, at the capitol, the genius of the empire."

Dioclesian, spite of the remorse of his conscience and the dictates of his policy, promised to grant an edict against the Faithful; but, as a last resource of his genius, he determined that the gods should decide in their own cause, and aid him, with Galerius, in supporting the load of future execration:

"If the Cumæan sibyl," said he, "approves the resolution which you compel me to adopt, the edict you require shall be promulgated. But, whilst awaiting the response of the oracle, it is my will that all the citizens be allowed to enjoy the rights and the liberty of their own worship."

Having pronounced these words, the Emperor retired abruptly from the capitol. Galerius and Hierocles departed in exultation; the first, meditating the most ambitious projects; the second, mingling with the same projects, designs of love and of vengeance. Constantine, overwhelmed with

grief, withdraws with Eudorus from the curiosity of the crowd. Hell raises a cry of joy, and the Angels of the Lord, in holy sadness, fly to the feet of the Eternal.

END OF VOL. II.